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Billy Kane—White and Unmarried*

A ROMANCE OF THE PARISIAN UNDERWORLD

By John D. Swain

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

BILLY KANE—known in the underworld and at police headquarters as the Hermit, because he worked alone and had no pals—was completely reformed by reading a sentence of less than twenty words, on a pleasant June morning in the old Brevoort breakfast-room.

You will at once guess that it was some ringing message from Holy Writ, or perhaps a faded line in his dead mother's handwriting, which wrought the miracle. Kane had never turned a page in the Book of Books, and his mother could neither read nor write. The magic words came to him in a telegram announcing that by the death of his uncle, Ten-Carat Murphy, he had inherited certain funds.

Ten-Carat Murphy—so called from the ugly yellow stone which he wore in an old-fashioned corkscrew setting day and night, in flannel shirt, starched bosom, or pajama coat—had lived at life's extremes. If you sought him in vain at the newest and most expensive hotel in town, you would have done well to look for him in the quarter where free lunches and twenty-five-cent rooming-houses abound.

He had regularly won and lost several modest fortunes a year. Having made a clean-up of nearly a hundred thousand at New Orleans, he was seized with his first—and last—illness before he had time to drop it at Lexington; whereupon, and after the customary probation, Billy Kane found

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himself sole possessor of this considerable sum of ready cash, one yellow diamond, an equally yellow elk's tooth, and a pair of battered but serviceable binoculars.

By this act of Providence the Hermit found himself lifted from the freebooting into the conservative class. He became, in a modest sense, a capitalist, and thus arrayed against the hereditary foes of private ownership.

The sensation was not wholly agreeable. He had no training for it. All his gifts belonged on the other side of the social wall. There were few men outside the movies who could draw quicker and shoot straighter without sighting than he could, and fewer still who could make complicated locks turn obediently to the right. He could walk as noiselessly as an alley cat, and possessed the same wiry strength and quickness. He knew where to sell jewels with "no questions asked." None of these talents were of any special use to a taxpayer.

Kane had never posed as a Robin Hood, and held no illusions as to any sentimentality in his profession.

"Sure, I never took anything off a poor widow woman," he once said; "but if she had a rope of pearls it'd be different."

That is to say, like every crook, the Hermit went where the stuff was to be found. It happened to be true that not one of the men whom he relieved had refrained from acquiring far greater sums in ways that were morally as culpable, even though no statute could touch them. The Hermit knew this, but did not resort to it as an excuse or need it as a consolation.

Working always alone, suspected by the police and by his underworld rivals alike, nobody had anything on him, because he never talked shop, even in his sleep, nor to a pretty woman. He might be caught with the goods some day, but it would not be through a "squeal"—that Damoclean sword ever dangling above the head of the ordinary crook, who is gregarious and boastful, and curiously confiding at times. He had no old associations to break off, no pals to desert, in laying aside his flash-light, gum shoes, and jimmy; but neither had he any friends to go to, or any one to kill a fatted calf over his reformation.

His life had been exciting, full of climaxes, punctuated by opulent periods, when his shadow was cast oftener by the red and white lights than by honest sunshine. He had had duels of wit, and some-

times of cruder weapons, with the police. All this he would miss; and for what? A net income of about four thousand; not so much, these days! Far less than he had stolen, even if a little more certain.

What to do with it? As an old dog, learn new tricks? Lay aside the jimmy for the mid-iron? Buy—and read—standard sets? There were no new blossoms to be plucked along the primrose path which he had not already garnered. His income would not give him any more than his regular pickings had.

One fact alone stood out incontrovertibly—as a capitalist, it was illogical to take further risks. The very apex of absurdity would be reached when the press announced the arrest of a wealthy burglar. Willy-nilly, he was forced to become a respectable citizen.

A day or two after the receipt of the telegram which wrought such a change in his life, Kane paid a visit to Deputy Assistant Police Commissioner Ryan, whose heavy-lidded eyes expressed guarded surprise at the honor.

"Lo, Hermit!" he greeted Kane. "Come to have a heart to heart?"

"Nothing like that! Had an idea of making a little ante for the relief fund."

"Thasso? What you planning to pull now?"

"You may not know it, but I'm a plutocrat now."

"Cleaned up, huh? Thinking of retiring from business?"

"You said it! Nix on that clean-up stuff, though. Suppose you heard about Ten-Carat Murphy cashing in?"

"Yep. Damned sorry, too! Straight as they make 'em. Him and me has sat in many a little game together. He never dealt one off the bottom of the pack in his life."

"Well, he was my uncle and only relative," explained the Hermit. "And as he died right after he'd picked the winners at New Orleans, I happen to be pretty well healed."

"You don't say so! Thought we had your record pretty complete, but never knew you was any connection of old T. C. Now, I s'pose, you're a law-and-order guy, and look on us from a new angle, hey?"

"Uhuh. You get the idea. I haven't had any cards from the Vanderbilts or Goulds yet, and maybe the glad tidings that a new millionaire has arrived hasn't

reached 'em; but I thought I'd tip you off I'm *through*. I don't want to be bothered by the dicks, because it's wasting your time and mine. As I got only the friendliest feelings for you all, I thought I'd chip in two fifty to the fund; but since you and my uncle was pals of a sort, I'll add as much for him, and call it five hundred. Sort of a pledge of good faith."

"Well, Hermit, we are sure obliged, and we got nothing on you. You're not even mugged in our gallery, and I'm ready to say so at any time."

The Hermit nodded, drew a little red book and a fountain pen, and rather awkwardly made out his first check on the trust company he had selected, and in which he had already deposited his own roll, pending the formalities of probating his uncle's will.

"So-long, chief!" he said in parting.

"Good luck, Mr. Kane!" grinned Ryan. "Just how do you aim to kill time?"

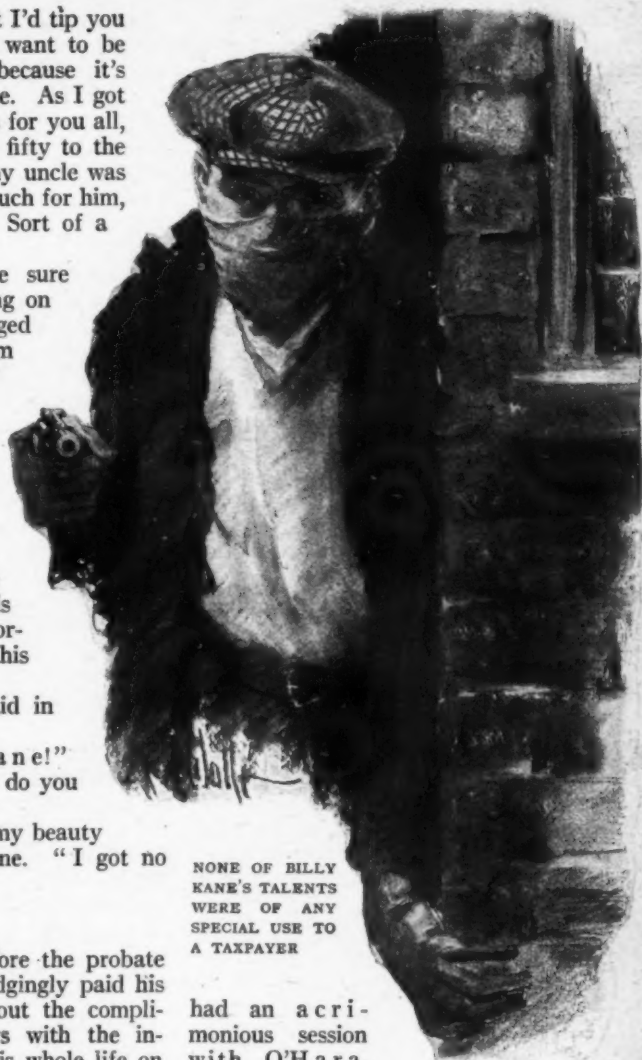
"That's what's spoiling my beauty sleep," confessed Billy Kane. "I got no idea at all."

II

WHILE the will was before the probate court, and later, as he grudgingly paid his inheritance tax and filled out the complicated questionnaire, always with the inherited dislike of putting his whole life on record, it seemed to Mr. William Kane, retired, that never had so many promising prospects dazzled his eyes.

He sat one night in the little back room of Chug O'Hara's place, listening to the bibulous confidences of a lonesome Iowan who wore a stone as big as the Hermit's late uncle and much whiter, and who displayed a stupefying roll every time he bought a round. Once he dropped the bundle on the floor, whence his bored audience retrieved it and returned it, noting that it included many yellow notes. The Iowan did not even thank him.

Breaking away at last, and putting the Westerner into a taxi for his hotel, Kane



NONE OF BILLY KANE'S TALENTS WERE OF ANY SPECIAL USE TO A TAXPAYER

had an acrimonious session with O'Hara, who demanded his rake-off. If he is living to-day, Chug still firmly believes that the Hermit renegeed on him.

Running down to Atlantic City for a few days, Kane discovered a palatial country villa closed for a few weeks, and entirely masked by its high stone wall and luxuriant shrubbery. Instinctively he scaled the wall, undisturbed by the broken glass cemented upon it, and gave the place the once over. He estimated that it would take him possibly seven minutes to force a certain window, after disconnecting its expensively futile burglar alarm; although, if pressed for time, he might do it in four or five. A

week after his return to the city he read of a sixty-thousand-dollar haul made there, and of the prompt arrest of the burglars, who had clumsily neglected to wear cotton gloves.

He even picked up, right on Fifth Avenue, a sapphire bar pin worth at least five thousand—the first time in his life he had ever stumbled on anything better than a leaky fountain pen. He promptly turned it in to Commissioner Ryan, thus stilling certain ignoble doubts in that hardened official's mind.

III

WILLIAM KANE, American citizen, white, unmarried, aged twenty-eight, no occupation—so stated the ex-Hermit's passport, and truly stated; but nothing is less illuminative than bald fact. As a character study, all this was worth far less than the excellent hand-woven paper upon which it was written.

Paris! The city to which, it has been said, the souls of good men who have resisted earthly temptation repair after death; the great, industrious, rather frugal capital which stages a show for tourists who have always believed that the city stands for unabashed vice, and who would be bored to extinction by the life actually lived by the vast majority of its inhabitants. We know, of course, that the real Parisian sips colored sirups every afternoon while playing dominoes, takes his family to the cinema, or picnicking along the Seine, on Sundays, and dons his nightcap before eleven o'clock, save once a year when he goes to the opera, and on Christmas Eve.

There is another current, flowing in sinister silence beneath the great life-stream of bourgeois Paris, to be sure. It is not visible, must be sought in its own crooked channel, and is not always to be found even there. It does not court publicity, and its so-called cabarets are like the Bohemian resorts of other cities, where every one may be found—save Bohemians!

Of this phase of Paris the Hermit knew nothing. He did know, of course, that Paris had its gunmen. He had even heard them referred to as Apaches. Of their real life he knew about as much as he knew of the equally cruel but nobler red man whose tribal name had been borrowed. Which is to say, he had read many dime novels as a youth, and had seen William Hart in his ripper years.

In going to Paris, Kane went simply to have a good time. There, it was creditably reported, wine was cheap, women kind, and song was free of even a war-tax. Thither had gone convivial souls known to him, to return after a more or less brief season with marvelous tales and flat wallets.

In due time he arrived, and registered at a rather expensive hotel on the Boulevard des Capucines, where the cooking was precisely like that of other big hostelrys in the world capitals, and the patrons were chiefly Americans. In the tourist free-masonry, he found himself rubbing elbows with wealthy compatriots to whose homes his only entrée had been through a pantry window or a coal-chute. He was to them a personable young fellow countryman who seemed to have money to spend. His crudeness amused them. His clothes were irreproachable; a Fifth Avenue tailor built them that way.

He won a little from the papas at poker, and spent it on their daughters in flowers and theater-tickets. He was regarded as a good fellow; and he was. As he paid no more attention to one than to another, anxious mamas did not pry into his past or future.

There was one family in whose company he found himself rather oftener than with the others. In a sense, he felt that they were old acquaintances; for he had visited their Long Island home, one very dark night, and often wore—in a stickpin—a lovely ice-blue diamond which had formerly adorned one of Mrs. Welter's fat fingers. In its new environment she had several times admired it openly. Kane had smilingly urged her to accept it as a souvenir of their pleasant camaraderie. Of course she had refused; but, as he said in one of the soliloquies he held before his great gilt shaving mirror:

"Anyhow, what more can a guy do to make good?"

Thereafter he never felt that he had stolen this particular gem. Not that he cared, one way or the other!

Dorothea, only daughter of old Welter, whose sole business was evading as many taxes as possible, was a pretty, somewhat anemic child of an age anywhere from eighteen to twenty-four, with the intellect of a Pekingese and a set of bare nerves. She perpetually craved excitement; and as she had always had her own way, she achieved only ennui.

She smoked many little gold-tipped cigarettes scented with musk, and had seen and read everything racy in the way of literature and drama of the past decade, without deriving a solitary consoling thrill. Between her and Kane no sentiment whatever existed; but they were drawn together by a sort of animal magnetism. For he, too, was ridden by a devil of unrest.

Men like himself must either have constant excitement or blow up. Such inherent energy, properly directed, builds colonies or creates masterpieces. Suppressed or diverted, its victims become drug fiends, paranoics, or criminals.

Kane had native ability enough to have been a power for good. Environment had turned him toward crime. He had satisfied his craving for action by pitting himself against the ordered forces of society. Suddenly he became a member of that society, but without any of its traditions; and a month in Paris drove him onward toward insanity.

He was neither a debauchee nor a drunkard. He was piloted by sleek guides through the usual stage-set naughtiness which is not Paris at all, but which unhappily stands for it in the minds of otherwise intelligent men. He unerringly detected the false note, the forced laughter, the pallor under the rouge, the utterly mercenary cast of everything.

He did the Latin Quarter, and enjoyed it more; but sagely reflected that after all it was merely college pranks with a Gallic flavor. He had no background for the appreciation of university life.

On some of his tours—even on some in which she never could have indulged at home—Dorothea accompanied him and agreed with him. She looked on inscrutably from her queer young-old eyes, smoked many cigarettes, and was mildly bored.

Kane himself interested her more. She instinctively felt something hidden, something baffling, about him. Nothing in the way of autobiography that he could have related would have shocked her. She would have laughed heartily—which she rarely did—over the episode of the diamond.

He was young and receptive enough to pick up with facility many of the polite little conventions of her sort of people, and his chatter was losing much of its sidewalk piquancy. Still, he never tired her, as every one else did after the briefest com-

panionship; her parents, for instance, tired her unutterably.

Her strange eyes sought to penetrate through his serenely veiled ones to the rebellious soul she sensed behind them; but, when apart, neither ever thought of the other save in the most casual way. Both were a menace to social order; always potentially dangerous, because people of their type, after waiting in vain for something to happen, take life in their own hands and "start something."

The American tourists came and went. The Hermit met the men at the American Bar, or made one of a slumming-party. He met some of their women. Perhaps no other nation in the world is so extraordinarily given to presenting chance males to its wives and daughters.

The Welters ran over to London for a week, on the chance of a presentation at court. Billy Kane—hermit no longer—had tired of paying blackmail to avid guides for all sorts of tame peep-shows, and was prowling about on his own. He moved by chance, almost entirely ignorant of Parisian topography, often losing his way. In such cases, he could now say quite nicely in French:

"*Pardon, monsieur*, but could you perhaps have the goodness to indicate to me the Boulevard des Capucines?"

He had memorized this convenient paragraph, without being able to analyze it. Sometimes his polite hearer erupted in a flood of explanations; whereupon Billy thanked him effusively, lifted his hat, and tried the next passer-by. When he found one who pointed with cane or finger, he followed the direction; and by frequent corrections of his dead-reckoning, always arrived soon or late at the one street he knew. That he did not mention the hotel itself was with him a curious and quite unconscious survival of the *fear of being followed*. There had been weeks in the Hermit's life when his address was solicitously sought!

Instinctively, too, he always carried his gun. Several improved types of automatics had appeared since he spent an entire afternoon selecting his. The blueing was mostly worn off; but he had taken it apart and set it up again and again, kept it lightly oiled and perfectly clean, and knew it as he knew his own right hand. With it he had many times bored out the pips on a playing card from as far off as ordinary

eyes could identify it. More, he could draw and fire with one flickering motion.

IV

So thus lie the characters in our little drama. Old Ten-Carat peacefully asleep in his grave, dreaming perhaps of winning an endless succession of long shots.

drama, because he could understand nothing that was spoken.

If his ears were sealed in this city of strange tongues, his eyes were not. Everywhere he beheld votaries of his old underworld at work, hunting or hunted. In glittering cabarets, whose thin-stemmed glasses tinkled in protest when the barefoot sirens sang a third off the key, he saw prospects framed at little marble-topped tables; and the routine was so familiar that he did not need to hear their furtive conversation.

He watched a gang of swell mobsmen cleverly

"NOW, I S'POSE, YOU'RE
A LAW-AND-ORDER GUY,
AND LOOK ON US FROM A
NEW ANGLE, HEY?"



Dorothea Welter in London, being presented to their bored but gracious majesties, and no less bored than they were, could they have guessed

it. William Kane, gentleman of leisure, wandering aimlessly from café to cabaret in a city whose history was sealed to him, and whose tongue he did not understand.

Sometimes Billy found himself in most prosaic quarters, where plump bourgeois played dominoes while their wives gossiped over their gooseberry sirup. Or it might be one of the *rôtisseries* of Les Halles, filled with white-aproned marketmen and butchers; or one of the endless chain of restaurants famous for nothing whatever save the excellence of their cuisine and the amazing similarity of their waiters, their long divans, and their little round tables. Vaudeville he took in, of course; but he avoided the

assemble a crowd on a fashionable little shopping street, and then go through and clean up. For an hour one afternoon he followed a French detective, or *flic*, trailing a man, who evidently sensed that he was being shadowed and doubled cleverly in and out of shops, hotels, and cross streets. Kane keenly relished the game, and only desisted when he saw that the detective had noted him, so conspicuously American in his tailoring.

He began to see that matters were far less haphazard here than back home. There were fewer technicalities behind which a prisoner could hide; fewer immunities. On the other hand, more latitude was given the

underworld so long as it kept to itself. There were places, and quarters, where they lived unmolested and ruled their own roost, so long as they did not menace society. They had their own customs, their own gang rulers, whose word was law, and who now and then passed and executed sentence of death on traitors. There were certain evil resorts where they might be found in force any night, and observed by the curiously indiscreet visitor—were he able to find them.

Trouble was, they changed so quickly. As soon as strangers began to invade an Apache *brasserie*, its wild habitués migrated in a body, leaving only its camp-followers to reap a harvest of francs or drinks or cigars from gaping Yankees and cockneys, to whom they related blood-curdling lies. Kane never had been able to identify one of their strongholds. His own criminal instincts enabled him to detect unhesitatingly the spurious character of such Apache dens as had been pointed out to him.

Then, one night, paying his two francs entrance-fee to one of the innumerable dance-halls—"The Mill of the Half-Gods" it announced itself in incandescent purple letters—he sensed a different atmosphere the instant he stepped on its big square of waxed parquet.

It would have been impossible for him to explain wherein this place differed from any one of the dozens in which he had whiled away an hour on any other night. There were the same vast mirrors multiplying the considerable throng of idlers; the same waiters with white, impassive faces; the same oily, effusive *directeur* with black spade beard, shining hair, and a jovial pretense of being there solely and simply because he loved to see everybody happy.

The patrons, too, were seemingly of the usual types. Many foreign tourists, mostly English and American, with a sprinkling of Italians and Russians. There were a few students with their pert companions; some swagger officers, in blue uniforms; a Bulgar prince, *incognito*; professional dancing men ineffectually disguised as guests. From time to time one of these last sauntered to the center of the hall and chose a partner from the dozen or more girls attached to the house. Thereupon ensued a confusing riot of lingerie, shimmering silk, pink flesh, sparkling eyes, and disordered hair, culminating in the deft kick of a slender satin toe, and a long-suffering silk hat

sailed through the air toward the firmament of chandeliers.

All this was old stuff. So were the chattering *bouquetières* who at once surrounded Kane upon his entrance, until he had paid an exorbitant ransom for the wilted gardenia one of them pinned to his lapel, adding a kiss for good measure; whereupon they vanished like leaves in an October gale. Still, his instinct told him that the Mill of the Half-Gods, though it might grind as fine as any other mill in Paris, had something they lacked.

Two stately girls whose combined wardrobes, save for enormous hats, would have packed easily enough into a trout-creel, undulated to where he had paused to light a cigarette.

"Sorry! I don't speak French," he responded to their musical cascade.

"*Engleesh?*"

"Uhuh," he agreed amiably. "Sure!"

The blond girl smiled.

"*Non—Américain!*" she decided.

"Nice yo'ng man; you come weeth us, we show you a ver', ver' much better place, yes?"

"No," corrected Kane.

"*Tu n'est pas gentil, m'sieu!* We are hongry—fameesh. You weel not deny to us a leetle refreshment?"

"I will," Kane callously insisted. He touched lightly with a forefinger the brunette's bodice. "You are careless with your winnings, miss!"

The girl glanced down, startled and angry. A thick roll of notes which she had stuffed there showed a bare eighth of an inch above the black satin against which her firm, rice-powdered flesh stood out.

The girls vanished, as had their humbler sisters the flower maidens. Kane laughed and forgot them.

The sightseers began to mill around the dancing space, where a young girl was executing a *pas seul*. She was almost boyish in her lack of curves, yet with a kind of pliant angularity. Her impudently pretty face was crowned by an almost absurd wealth of black hair, whose sole adornment was a little twinkling green incandescent bulb. Green was her chiffon costume, too, and her stockingless feet were incased in green suede and strapped slippers. Altogether, she looked more like a katydid than anything else.

There are dancers who creditably execute certain intricate steps they have

learned. Others originate new and more difficult ones. A few only are able to articulate with their limbs. Of this limited circle was Andrée Duphot.

Extemporizing, so to speak, according to the moods of her audience, Andrée talked at them with her toes, mocked them, told them intimate and highly frivolous secrets, and intimated that she could relate their own as well. Heels or head in air mattered not; her legs were quicksilver, her entire body defied equilibrium, and seemed to scorn the very laws of gravitation.

sional career, removed a twenty-four-jeweled watch from a waistcoat. Less than two minutes later he had the girl in his arms before a ring of



SUDDENLY KANE FOUND HIMSELF HOLDING ANDRÉE'S LEFT HAND AND BOWING TO THE "BRAVAS" AND "ENCORES" OF THE CROWD

She beheld Billy Kane, open-mouthed, a lighted match burning unheeded in one hand; and with a flirt of one green-shod foot and a saucy wrinkling of her nose, she picked his heart out of his breast as deftly as he had ever, during his profes-

cheering compatriots.

V

BILLY was a good dancer of the Coney Island school, and was naturally lithe and cat-like; but performing with his little partner was like em-

bracing a soap-bubble. Her mouth opened, showing much unspoiled ivory; her eyelids closed to slits, through which jet-black rays of flame played upon his flushed face. Now shy and demure, Andrée danced like a little school-

Suddenly he found himself holding her left hand, and bowing to the "*bravas*" and "*encores*" of the crowd, and the delighted smirks of the hovering *directeur*. Upon the floor at their feet rained francs, boxes of monogrammed cigarettes, and flowers. Billy hastened to gather them up for her, dropping them into his hat, and gently urging her to a little table in one of the alcoves ranged along the wall.

A small regiment of waiters, flower-girls, candy-girls, and venders of souvenirs, hemmed them in at once. Kane was prepared to do his full duty; but Andrée scattered them with a volley of French idioms. To his offer of a bottle of wine she smilingly shook her head.



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girl after half a dozen lessons from a second-rate master. In a flash she wriggled free, and, retreating, swaying, kept always a scant three inches from his questing hands. With a leap like a trout, her arms clasped tight about his neck, she forced him to become a human pivot, about which she revolved in a cloud of green and white.

"I shall be fat, no?" she explained.

She accepted a tiny glass of grenadine and water, sipping it daintily and eying Kane above the rim of her glass. She knew him instantly for an American, but was puzzled to settle his social status. He was clean-cut, good-looking, and amiable; he wore excellent clothes, he was as polite as

the average Yankee, yet he was not quite a gentleman.

A *nouveau riche*? Quite possible. A gambler? His clothes were too quiet, his hands too hard and muscular. He danced well, but she sensed in his technic the open-air school from which she too had graduated, rather than the polite academy. Not a university man; certainly not of the embassy. Nor by any means man of art or letters; nor—she felt sure—had he any of the earmarks of the American business man, tired or otherwise. She was intrigued, and a little piqued, because she rather excelled in snap-shot estimates of the male animals whom she met.

Kane, meanwhile, conscious of her scrutiny, but undisturbed by it, smoked quietly and feasted his eyes on her radiant little self, wondering how far down her back her midnight hair would fall were it loosened. He admired the size and brilliance of her eyes and the length of her lashes, the healthy whiteness of her skin and her graceful gestures. He guessed her weight and the span of her waist, estimated the sizes of her shoes and gloves, wished he could speak a little French.

Manlike, he did not go beneath the skin in his surmises; whereas she, after a brief approval of his physical make-up, busied herself in speculation upon his vocation and character. Upon the whole, he was the better repaid when the jazz quartet struck up again and she had to do another turn.

"Come on, kid!" he urged. "Let's show 'em some real class!"

They danced again, and, after another brief rest, for the third time. One or two envious tourists who sought Andrée as a partner were dismissed with scant ceremony. For the first time since arriving in Paris, Kane was really enjoying himself.

Then, abruptly, something happened.

They were standing idly at the rim of the dancing circle, watching a plump and agile Spanish *gitana* bounce about like a live rubber ball, opposite a chalk-faced clown in evening clothes. Andrée's hand rested on Kane's black sleeve, a flake of white; her lips were parted in a half smile as she listened to his droll efforts to tell her what he thought about her. Most of the words were new to her, but their intention was as old as her memories—say sixteen years, assuming that she remembered little of her first two or three years toddling about the gutters of Montmartre.

About them rose a babel of small talk in half a dozen languages. A melancholy young Hindu was listening to an alert Japanese student, who spoke very precise and bookish French. A party of fair-haired Swedes, all with glacier-blue eyes and high cheek-bones showing in lean, intelligent faces, intently watched the dark Spanish beauty. Top-hatted Frenchmen, with splendid whiskers, and wearing red ribbons diagonally across their gleaming bosoms, gestured and rallied one another in staccato idiom. Bored-looking Britons lounged about, repelling the efforts of lone American tourists to strike up a friendly acquaintanceship. Marvelously arrayed—or disarrayed—unattached women patrolled the hall, with eyes bright and searching as crows following a cultivator.

The air was heavy with mingled odors of musk, tobacco, cordials, patchouli, wilted roses, and perspiration. It was heady—subtly disturbing—a fit medium for any sort of neurotic explosion. Out from the ruck of it all stepped a figure familiar enough to the habitués, but in Kane's eyes as weird as a character from vaudeville.

The man who advanced toward them was short and wiry, with a sallow face and jet-black hair carefully oiled, and with a lock coquettishly coiled on either temple. A *caporal* drooped languidly from the corner of his thin lips, and a wide-vizored cap was pulled well down over his eyes. His shoes were of tan, sharp-pointed as stilettos, with fawn-colored, buttoned tops. About his neck he wore a red kerchief, and another larger one served as a belt for his baggy velveteen trousers. He was instantly recognized by the Frenchmen present as an Apache, and by some few of them as a leader of note among this sinister fraternity of cutthroats.

His outstanding feature was an almost total lack of nose, that organ being so flat and bridgeless as to give him the singular appearance of a death's head—which similitude was enhanced by the ivory tone of his flesh and the peculiarly dead look of his eyes. In the Middle Ages "the noseless one" was a familiar nickname for death. It was easy enough to see why, as Chicoq—so known—advanced with an oddly noiseless and stealthy glide to where Andrée, not aware of his presence, was saying outrageously frank things to Kane, secure in her knowledge that he could not possibly understand her. Even had he been a fin-

ished French scholar, he would have been equally puzzled.

Kane saw the Apache, but did not appreciate the situation until Chicoq had shot out a skinny claw and sunk his fingers into the white flesh of Andrée's arm, whirling her about, while a little whimper of pain and surprise cut short her monologue.

As soon as she saw who had seized her, fear blazed in her eyes, to be instantly succeeded by rage.

"*Scélérat!*" she screamed, stamping her foot and trying to wrench herself free.

She proceeded with a fluent and terrifying account of Chicoq's immediate and remote ancestry, which indicated that scarcely a drop of human blood flowed in his dishonored veins.

Kane sized up the situation instantly. His right hand caught the Apache's left, nearly twisting the wrist in its socket.

"Where do you get that stuff?" he growled, thrusting Chicoq back as the latter released Andrée with a wince of pain.

Up to this point the Apache had felt no special resentment toward Kane. From his place behind a post supporting the gallery which encircled the room, he had sullenly watched Andrée weave her spell upon the young American, as he had seen her do many times before with other men. His jealous rage was wholly directed against her.

Now, roughly handled by the stranger, he turned his gaze upon Kane, less in anger than with a sort of wonder that any man should have the temerity to affront him, Chicoq, a bad man and a reputed killer. His eyes were flat and unwinking, like a serpent's; and their dense, dead black, seeming all pupil, gave them a peculiarly malignant stare.

For perhaps five seconds he stood thus, motionless; and then, with a gesture so lightning-quick that many of those looking on did not see it at all, his right hand sought the scarf which formed his belt, wherein was hidden the needle-pointed Apache knife.

Kane, however, saw the movement and understood it. His own automatic rested loose in the pocket of his dinner coat. He could have drawn it and placed every one of its small, steel-nosed bullets in the places where they would do the most harm, before his victim's body touched the floor. In his own backyard he would unhesitatingly have done so; but a canny instinct warned him

not to do this save as a last resort, in a strange city governed by unfamiliar laws.

What he did was perfectly natural from his national standpoint. With such promptness that there was no measurable time between the Apache's gesture and his own response, his left fist shot out and caught the Frenchman on the point of the chin. It landed a trifle quartering, as a seaman would say—just right to exert the most powerful leverage upon the base of the brain. It was not a heavy, pushing blow, but sharp and stabbing. Chicoq fell as an old coat drops from its hook; and not a quiver could be detected thereafter.

The affair was over so abruptly that a little sigh exhaled from all those who had been holding their breaths from the instant Kane had wrenched the fellow from Andrée's side. She at once began to cry and talk at the same time, pushing the American away with her little hands, telling him that he must leave at once, as his life was not worth an old shoe otherwise; all of which he fortunately did not understand. Involuntarily he moved backward toward the door, aided by the anxious *directeur*, who wrung his hands and called Heaven to witness that never before had such grist come to his respectable mill!

At the door, a little uncertain, he paused to find a suave and handsome young Frenchman at his elbow. Andrée had fled.

"Pardon me, *m'sieu'*," he said in perfect English. "It is really better to do as *mademoiselle* begs. Nothing can be gained by lingering. If the *gendarmes* arrive, unpleasant notoriety will follow to annoy *m'sieu'*, whom I congratulate upon being a skilful boxer. To lay out the engaging Chicoq is what a thousand lads will envy you within the hour."

"But he'll think that I'm a quitter—that I beat it while he was down and out."

"*Permettez!* It will be some time before he thinks anything whatsoever. See! Even now the waiters bear him away."

It was so. They were lugging off the Apache like a sack of potatoes—removing the evidence.

"If *m'sieu'* will so far honor me as to accept a little refreshment at a near-by place?" the young Frenchman requested, taking Kane's elbow in a friendly yet respectful manner.

There really seemed nothing better to do; and he was glad to find some one to talk to. They passed out together, pro-

foundly salaamed to by the *portier*. Kane's final backward glance rested on the brass-buttoned figure of a little *chasseur*, who was devouring him with the adoring eyes of hero-worship. Never would little Victor forget this night! He was more than half convinced that he had beheld M. Dempsey, the American champion.

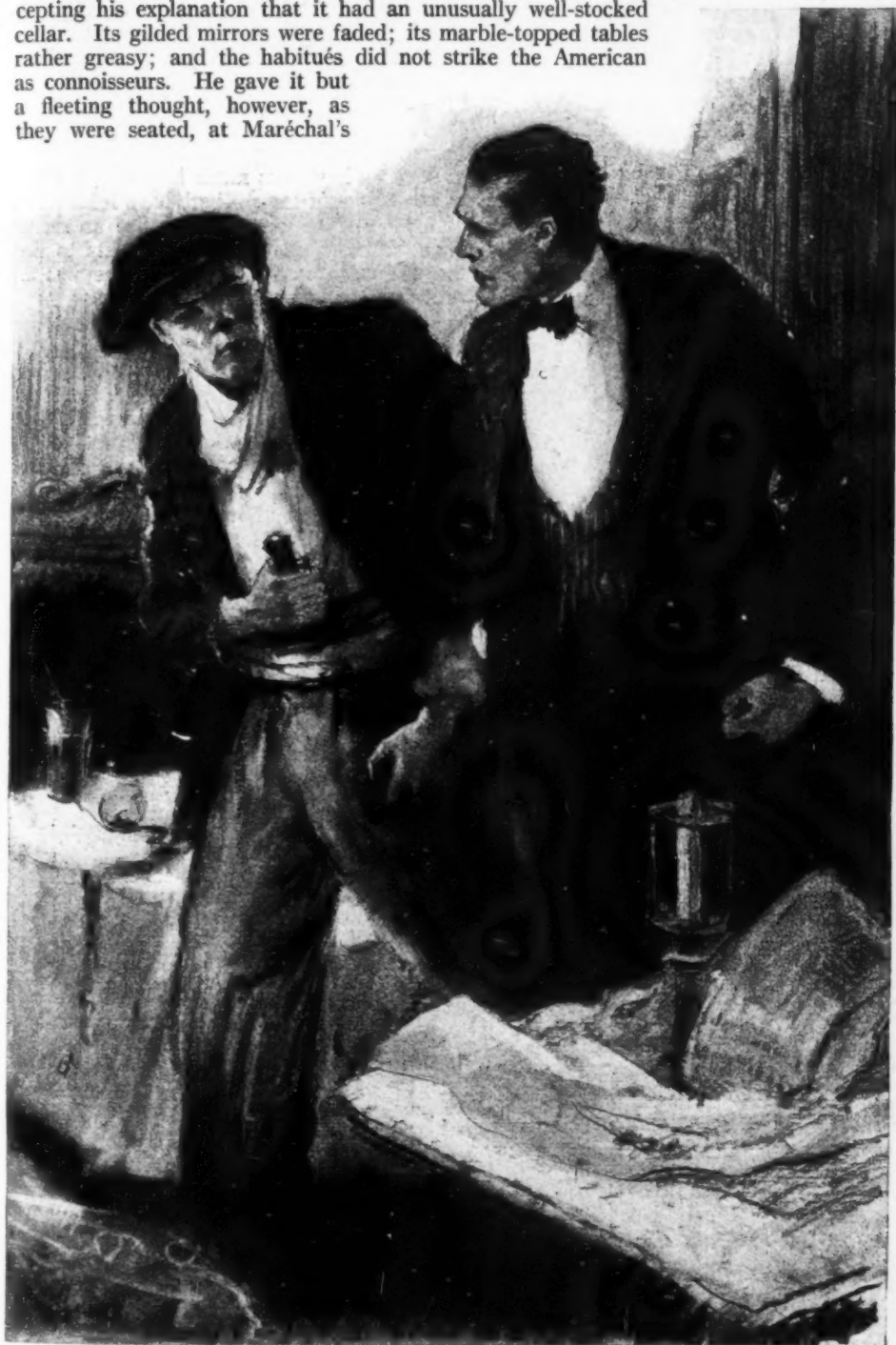
VI

THE *brasserie* to which the Frenchman, who introduced himself as Maréchal, piloted Kane seemed to him rather dingy and unattractive to win the regard of so smart a gentleman, even ac-



ANDRÉE'S ACCOUNT OF CHICOQ'S IMMEDIATE AND REMOTE ANCESTRY INDICATED THAT SCARCELY A DROP OF HUMAN BLOOD FLOWED IN HIS DISHONORED VEINS

cepting his explanation that it had an unusually well-stocked cellar. Its gilded mirrors were faded; its marble-topped tables rather greasy; and the habitués did not strike the American as connoisseurs. He gave it but a fleeting thought, however, as they were seated, at Maréchal's



THE APACHE TURNED HIS GAZE UPON KANE, LESS IN ANGER THAN WITH A SORT OF WONDER THAT ANY MAN SHOULD HAVE THE TEMERITY TO AFFRONT HIM, CHICOQ, A BAD MAN AND A REPUTED KILLER

command, "*pas si près de la porte*"—well away from the entrance, and at one side.

The bottle of wine that Maréchal ordered was of a famous year, and justified his choice. Kane was not a wine-drinker; but he was not wholly oblivious of the full body and rich bouquet of the deep-toned Burgundy, as the *garçon* poured a few drops into Maréchal's glass before filling his.

"In your hotel, *m'sieu'*, I care not which of our hostelrys you have honored with your patronage, you would have difficulty in matching this vintage at four times the price. *À votre santé!*"

He lifted his glass, squinting at the ruby flames that seemed to seethe in it as the electrolie rays struck down upon the surface of the wine.

Maréchal interested Kane. He answered his questions regarding the Apaches, their habits and haunts. Of Chicoq he professed to know nothing save that he was a reputed leader, and enamored of the little dancer.

"And she?"

Maréchal shrugged.

"Who can say? Beauty and the beast, *hein!* But it is said that Mlle. Andrée has many lovers, but no sweetheart."

All the time, Kane was conscious of a close but guarded scrutiny from the Frenchman's intelligent eyes. He had white, slender, carefully tended hands, which he used in quick, nervous gestures. He was dressed in good taste, without jewelry of any sort.

Presently, greatly to Kane's interest, Maréchal gave him a well-known "high sign"—a signal internationally familiar to high-grade crooks. It was the sort of thing that would attract no suspicion whatever—a perfectly natural yet unmistakable sign.

This was indeed interesting! So thought Kane, who did not betray by the flicker of an eye that it meant anything to him. The man might be a detective, of course, but probably was a criminal—a dip, perhaps, or a card-sharp. His hands were that sort.

Meanwhile they chatted amiably, as two congenial young men might. Kane bought the best cigars he could—by no means equal to the wine. Time passed agreeably, the Parisian suggesting places in his city which might amuse the American, who scribbled addresses all over his cuffs, to Maréchal's amusement.

Suddenly recalling that he had no sort of

an idea of the hour, Kane consulted his watch. Instantly there passed across the face of Maréchal a fleeting expression that completely changed him. For a second his soul peered out of the neat hedgerows and parterres he had cultivated in the way of manners.

Crooks have this much in common with the children of Israel—both have from time immemorial been obliged to flee at short notice; hence they like their assets to be in the most portable form. Kane was a rough and ready judge of jewels, and had in the old days always carried a number about with him, usually set in rings or scarf-pins, sometimes loose gems. At present he wore an exceedingly valuable platinum watch carried more or less carelessly—in the manner of most crooks—attached simply to a fob, its pendant a magnificent Hungarian opal.

Two minutes afterward he was vastly amused by a little legerdemain on the part of his engaging companion. Turning in his seat, Maréchal called Kane's attention to a man nodding over a *bock* at the far end of the room.

"He is a *flic mouchard*—one of our most renowned detectives."

"Looks more like a fuddled cabby to me," Kane commented.

"Ah! That is his art. You may be sure that is precisely what it suits his purpose to look like, at this moment."

While talking, with his shoulder half turned toward Kane, the hand of Maréchal crept out beneath the table-edge. His soft, flexible fingers, moving so suavely that Kane could not feel them at all, expertly removed the watch, together with its opal fob, and withdrew as quietly. Kane, admiring his skill, made no move to recover it. He chose to let his friend play out his hand.

Before Maréchal turned to face the table again, he signaled a waiter lounging at a little distance.

"Bring us a fresh carafe," he ordered. "This water is warm."

"*Bien, m'sieu'*," the man murmured.

At the words, Kane was barely able to detect the transfer of the watch to the waiter's hand, and instantly thereafter to the pocket of his jacket. So that was the idea! In a moment more, Billy's faithful repeater would indeed be gone forever.

Even as the waiter turned to go, Kane dropped his cigarette-case to the floor at


sought Maréchal's in silent agony; but the latter paid not the slightest attention to him. His vivacity waned; once he even half yawned, and apologized elaborately. When Kane said he guessed he'd be getting on to his hotel, he met with no protests. They parted cordially at the next corner.

It had been a temptation to take the watch out again, casually, and note Maréchal's expression; but Kane felt, somehow, as if he might find the man useful later on. Certainly he ought to know a lot about Paris!

There might be some interesting joints he could show, if only amicable relations could be preserved.

As it was, Kane chuckled to think of the interview between him and the *garçon*. There would be plenty of recriminations!

Just what had become of the American stranger's watch would prove a live topic between them for some time, if the poor waiter could con-



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his left. The waiter instantly bent to recover it. He was up with it in a flash; but not so quickly as Kane's left hand had flickered in and out of the pocket, which was for a second level with his elbow. The next moment the man had hurried away to the serving-room at the rear.

He was gone a long time; and when he returned with the carafe, his face was unable to conceal its agitation. His eyes

vinced the dip that he had not disposed of it while in the serving-room.

VII

CHICOQ, meanwhile, had suffered unspeakable loss of face. Lay violent hands

upon a Frenchman, whether admiral or Apache, marquis or man servant, and his honor is temporarily ruined. You may shoot him full of lead, or insert a sharp knife into his anatomy, and while he will feel the sincerest regret, he will harbor no special animosity. Tweak his nose, or punch it, and he craves your warm heart's blood and the perdition of your soul.

Chicoq, when in a retiring-room he finally opened his eyes, reached for the knife in his sash. Thus neatly had Kane severed the cord of consciousness. He resumed his action at the point where he had been interrupted; and when he found that he was somewhere else, on his back, with a *directeur*—who feared and disliked him equally—bathing his temples with cooking-brand, he was stunned at the disgrace.

After five minutes of frantic cursing—which even the *directeur*, born in Paris, as were his father and grandfather before him, could not half understand—the Apache inquired who his assailant was, and where. When he learned that he was a stranger, never before seen at the Mill of the Half-Gods, and that he had gone none knew where, Chicoq called for Andrée Duphot.

That young person, now sedately clad in cheap black serge with a black straw hat, could tell no more. *M'sieu'* had seen her, had danced with her, had bought her one so little grenadine. For the rest, he had not even told her his name. Doubtless if Chicoq—*vaurien*—had not interfered so rudely as to rouse the anger of *m'sieu'*, he would have told her all, as other gentlemen usually did—his name, age, address, income, favorite perfume, marital woes, and his feelings toward her. For the rest, she was sorry he had been rough with her poor cabbage, her rashly impulsive Chicoq!

Another tirade of gutter invective from the Apache had not ceased when they passed out of the side entrance and turned toward the Hill of the Martyr.

Andrée Duphot, with every inducement to be otherwise, had somehow attained the age of eighteen and remained a good girl. She would have spurned the adjective, doubtless; but it was so. The quarter in which she grew up was quite free from hampering morals, and her childish ignorance remained with her until she was nearly seven. After that, she was "wise" to many things which the plump bourgeoisie dwelling less than a quarter of a mile from her slum never even suspected.

Morality is the artificial code which society establishes when it has lost its old primitive instincts. Civilization states that certain acts are right, or wrong. Savages know, intuitively, what is best for the race, and peacefully club to death individuals who break the tribal custom.

In most respects, this primal instinct is superior to codes and statutes. It is what preserved that healthy brat, little Andrée, the child of a drunken cabaret singer and an ex-model, in the crooked streets which climb Montmartre like ill-made stairs.

She learned to dance on the cobblestones, and could climb drain-pipes, work her way hand-over-hand along a clothes-line, or scale a ten-foot fence as easily as a young monkey. As she was a pretty and precocious child, her thrifty parents sent her out into the boulevards and restaurants as a vender of flowers, where she wheedled many coppers from kind old gentlemen.

Very soon she proved that her legs were more nimble than those of the regular dancers at the cheaper cabarets; and as she possessed an abundance of *blaguerie* and sharp wit, she shone at both ends, which few of her rival artists did. She had no difficulty in securing engagements, and broke and remade them at her whim. She would leave the most *recherché* resort for no reason at all, and display her unique talents in some cellar, where little white money ever dropped into her apron. She had been at the Mill of the Half-Gods barely a week when Billy Kane had wandered in.

Andrée regarded breaking hearts as woman's chief end in life. She did not pity the men, because obviously their hearts were made to be broken by somebody—and she felt that she could do the job better and more thoroughly than anybody else. She did not bar the haughty *demimondaines* nor the jeweled and furred ladies of polite society. Where a heart needed breaking, little Andrée was ready day and night to attend to the matter, whether in a smelly *boutique*, the home of a prim little tradesman, or one of the arrogant mansions of the Faubourg Saint-Germain. But her own heart had never so much as suffered one little crack. It is doubtful if she had ever danced as much with the same man in one evening as she had with Billy Kane, or felt so kindly toward one. It wasn't love at first sight—nothing like that; but it was a quite unusual interest.

When Chicoq—whom she rather ad-

mired, but liked least of all among the body-guard who trailed her from one café to another as she migrated, frequently to the despair of the *patron* and the *maitre d'hotel*—lost his head with such dire consequences, Andrée promptly terminated her engagement, collected her wages to the minute, and departed in company with the Apache.

She did not desire or need his protection; but as both lived on the Butte, she could not very well avoid him. She was not afraid of him—the children of Montmartre seem to be born fearless—but she was afraid for the young American.

She knew that Chicoq would never forget the blow in the face he had suffered in public, the news of which would sweep through every foul crevice of Montmartre to the discredit of the Apache leader. She knew, also, that Kane would come back to the Mill of the Half-Gods looking for her, and that Chicoq would know this, too. Therefore she promptly resigned. Tomorrow she would sign up at some far-distant resort, trusting to luck that her ill-assorted rivals would never meet.

She did not allow it to distress her; it was to be expected that men would fight over her, just as they had done as far back as she could remember; but she would do the little she could to keep these two apart. Thus she dismissed the American indifferently when her companion cursed him heartily, and did not make the mistake of trying to divert him from his purpose. Rather, she yawned prettily and advised him to gather his chosen ones and prepare to garrote the young American on the first opportunity, as he would certainly be no match for him alone. Chicoq would seek to do so anyhow, but with less zeal than if she seemed to hinder him.

The Apache, leaving her at the foot of the long flights which led to her breezy aerie at the top of a many-storied house, was convinced that she felt no more interest in Kane than in any other personable and prosperous male she had met. He regretted that his impulsiveness had led him to act before she learned the foreigner's name and address. He might be a casual, here to-day and gone to-morrow; but if he remained in Paris, the noseless one was sure that he could find him sooner or later. It would not be at Notre Dame—nor at the Louvre!

Andrée, her muscular little legs dragging a little, plodded up flight after flight in the dark well of the old house in which she dwelt. Coming at last to the very top landing, she softly touched the wrought-iron latch of a paneled and battered door, and entered an immense attic-like room containing a jumble of mismated furniture, a few moth-eaten rugs, some cheap lithographs, whose figures wavered in the faint rays of a single candle stuck in a cordial-bottle, and two beds—a large canopied one and a white iron cot.

In the big bed, clasped in each other's arms, slept the two pale little *midinettes* with whom Andrée shared her room. She smiled at them, removed the boots from her tired feet, lighted a cigarette, and in her stockinged feet pattered over to one of the two low, wide windows.

Leaning upon the sill, she gazed out over Paris asleep—if Paris ever does sleep. So high was her perch that she might have been an observer in an airplane. Behind her loomed the dark mass of the *Sacré Cœur*. Far below, the wings of the *Moulin Rouge* still lazily revolved. In the distance, banded with golden globes, the Seine moved calmly through the night, on its journey to the cleansing brine of the sea.

Andrée tossed her cigarette away. It fell in a gleaming parabola, seeming to take a full minute before it died on the cold pave far below. Then she turned away—no need to draw shutters here, where only the moon could look in—and doffed her clothes.

From her silk stocking she took a number of paper bills and one napoleon. These she carefully hid with many others in a sardinetin beneath a loose board in the floor. Andrée possessed the thrift of her race as completely as her peasant sisters. The coppers and francs in her purse she did not bank—only gold and paper.

For an instant, extraordinarily pretty in a pink silk *robe de nuit*, her black hair cascading over her slender shoulders, her face a little white and tired, her bare toes showing beneath the edge of the long robe, she stood beside her iron cot, murmuring a few words and crossing herself before a tiny blue and white Madonna holding on her knees a shallow basin of holy water. Then, blowing out the candle, she dived into bed as one dives from a spring-board, and was almost instantly engulfed in the tides of slumber.

(To be continued in the January number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE)



YULE SONG

NOW that far over height and hollow
Sweep the winds and the driven snow,
Song comes fleet as the wings of the swallow—
Hey, for the holly and mistletoe!

Now that the dawns and the eves grow crisper,
And there is warmth in the back-log's glow,
Sweet lips carol and fond lips whisper—
Hey, for the holly and mistletoe!

You and I in the blown wild weather,
Oh, my love, what a joy to know
All of the rites of Yule together!
Hey, for the holly and mistletoe!

Sennett Stephens

Caring for the Public Health

IT IS A DISQUIETING FACT THAT ALMOST ONE-THIRD OF THE MEN EXAMINED FOR WAR SERVICE WERE REJECTED FOR PHYSICAL DEFECTS—THE GOVERNMENT'S CAMPAIGN TO IMPROVE OUR NATIONAL STANDARDS OF HEALTH

By Hugh S. Cumming

Surgeon-General, Public Health Service

NO subject can be more important to the people of any nation, individually and collectively, than the maintenance of health. Our own government is making an organized effort to improve the standards of health in the United States. A Federal bureau, the Public Health Service, is charged with this important duty, but the success of its work depends largely upon the active cooperation of Federal, State, and local health authorities and voluntary organizations. Practical experience has proved that the proper coordination of public health activities can best be obtained under the Federal aid extension principle.

After the war emergency passed, the Public Health Service formulated a program to meet pressing after-the-war needs. That these needs are urgent is indicated by the fact that in the military draft almost one-third of all registrants were rejected by examining boards on account of physical defects and diseases. In large measure these defects and diseases could have been prevented had proper attention been given to them, especially in childhood.

This unsatisfactory condition of the public health, persisting in spite of the energetic work of many health departments and voluntary agencies, indicates clearly that health work has not received the attention that it merits from governmental authorities. While preventable disease rates have been lowered in many cases, and campaigns against isolated diseases and insanitary conditions have met with success, there has hitherto been no national campaign dealing with public health in all its phases.

Our present program is a comprehensive one. It includes departments of industrial hygiene, rural hygiene, railway sanitation,

and municipal sanitation. It will deal with water-supplies, milk-supplies, and sewage-disposal. It will campaign against tuberculosis, malaria, venereal diseases, and the diseases of infancy and childhood. It will promote health education. It will undertake the collection of morbidity reports, and the organization and training of a reserve force for duty in emergencies.

While the appropriations that Congress has placed at the disposal of the Health Service are not large, valuable results are being obtained. We must of necessity concentrate on the various problems in the order of their importance to the public health. At present our studies are being devoted principally to the subjects of child hygiene, the prevention and control of malaria, tuberculosis, influenza, pneumonia, pellagra, and occupational diseases, the pollution of streams, public health administration, and neuropsychiatry.

SOME DISQUIETING STATISTICS

Consider for a moment some of the problems that confront us in one department of hygiene—that dealing with children.

How many know that approximately eighteen thousand American mothers died in childbirth last year?

How many know that one in every ten children born alive in the registration area of the United States during the year 1918 died before reaching the age of one year, and that more than one-half of these deaths could have been prevented?

How many have heard that approximately one-fifth of all the deaths which occurred in the United States during the past year were of children under five?

How many realize that perhaps two-thirds of the children attending our public

schools have been found to be suffering from dental decay, and are they aware of the bad effect of dental neglect on the growth and development of these children?

Has it ever been brought home to more than a few that practically seventeen million schoolchildren in this country are without medical supervision?

Is it generally realized that the results of the examinations under the military draft told the tragic story that the hampering physical defects observed by the Public Health Service in the children of the country have been allowed to remain uncorrected, and that they persist in the adult to such degree that only a fraction more than seventy per cent of the young men of the country, when called to the national defense, were found fit for service?

The investigation of the health problems of children is no new function of the Public Health Service, for it has long realized that there is such intimate interrelation of all health problems that the successful solution of one of them is reflected by improvement in others.

For a number of years there has been a gradual decline in the general death-rate of the country, accompanied by a similar decline in the infant death-rate. This has been due mainly to better administration of public health organizations, more general education in public health matters, and improved sanitation of the domestic and civic environment of the people.

For example, sanitarians quite generally recognize the value of the so-called Mills-Reincke statistics, which show a marked decrease in the general death-rate of cities, independent of the reduction of typhoid fever deaths, following the substitution of a safe for a polluted water-supply. This decrease is chiefly due to reduction in those diseases which are grouped under the heading of diarrheal diseases of childhood.

THE WAR AGAINST MALARIA

Let us consider malaria. This is a thoroughly preventable disease, for if malaria-bearing mosquitoes were eliminated there would be no malaria. Yet there are seven or eight million cases of malaria annually in the United States, causing a heavy economic loss to the country. Malaria is at its height when crops are harvested, and in some sections of the country there are times when crops lie unreaped because of the prevalence of malaria.

As a result of malaria surveys conducted by the Public Health Service, active anti-malaria measures are now being undertaken in forty-four communities, while thirty-five communities are maintaining the activities brought about by the surveys made in previous years. State departments of health are also beginning to appropriate money for the investigation and control of malaria. Meanwhile the improvement in the general health and economic efficiency of the whole population, following the eradication of malaria in heavily infected regions, also exercises an important effect upon infant mortality in these districts.

The Division of Scientific Research has devoted attention to the study of the tubercular poison, of the exact mechanism by which the disease is arrested, and of the chemotherapy of the disease. This work is being carried out in certain hospitals of the service; in other hospitals special studies in neuropsychiatry are being undertaken.

Previous researches by the service in pellagra have shown that this disease is due to an improperly balanced diet, and now attention is being directed toward the discovery of the precise dietary faults which bring it about. It is owing to the work of the service, and to improved economic conditions, that pellagra has very materially decreased in parts of the United States where it was formerly prevalent.

To combat the spread of trachoma—a highly communicable disease of the eyes, frequently resulting in blindness—the Health Service maintains a number of hospitals at which operations for the cure of the disease are carried out. Field clinics are also held for the purpose of instructing physicians in the methods used by the service. As a result, trachoma has been eradicated from a number of districts where it was previously prevalent.

Leprosy is one of the world's most dreaded maladies, and for ages it has been regarded as an incurable scourge of humanity. At the Leprosy Investigation Station in the Territory of Hawaii the service has studied various methods for the treatment of this disease, and recently very encouraging results have been obtained from the use of a special preparation of chaulmoogra oil. Chaulmoogra oil is pressed from the seeds of an East Indian tree, and it has been used for some time in the treatment of various constitutional and cutaneous diseases.

The starting-point in the belief that leprosy could be cured was the observation that now and then the course of the disease appeared to be favorably influenced by treatment with chaulmoogra oil. The treatment was attended with many difficulties, however, and could not be carried out in all cases. Attempts were made either to isolate the active constituents of the drug or to devise means for making its continued administration feasible. The latter was accomplished by preparing what is known as an "ethyl ester" from the chaulmoogra oil. The results thus far have been so satisfactory that lepers come willingly for treatment; and following a course of treatment extending for about a year, forty-eight lepers were paroled last fall, and have since remained free from disease.

Two years ago Congress created a Division of Venereal Diseases in the Public Health Service, appropriating two hundred thousand dollars for the work, and placing an assistant surgeon-general in charge. A supplemental appropriation of one million dollars was made, to be allotted to State boards of health for the purpose of cooperating with the Public Health Service in this important phase of hygienic work. This fund has been distributed, and at the present time there is a fully organized bureau at work in every State except Nevada.

This work is of great importance, and has been organized on a three-phase program, including medical measures, educational measures, and legal measures. In carrying out the work of control, there have been established approximately five hundred clinics where persons infected with venereal diseases may receive proper scientific treatment.

Much of the success of the medical phase of the program depends upon the cooperation given by the physicians of the country. Every effort is being made to enlist the active interest of all practising physicians, not only to report cases coming under their observation, but to see that every case is properly treated until cured.

In the realm of industrial hygiene the Public Health Service is studying intensively certain trades and occupations, the occupational diseases incident thereto, and the means for their avoidance. In cooperation with the Bureau of Mines, special studies are being made of miners' phthisis, gas poisoning in mines, and the effect upon health of humid atmospheres. In connec-

tion with the industrial hygiene work, relief is furnished to injured civilian employees of the government, relief stations being maintained in a number of Federal plants.

In the field of rural sanitation the Public Health Service is bending its energy to the problem of giving our rural districts the same degree of health-protection which is enjoyed by our large cities. Life in the country should intrinsically be healthier than city life, but, because of poor sanitary conditions and lack of health organizations, it is attended by many dangers due to the inroads of preventable diseases.

The studies in stream-pollution have been mainly directed to problems connected with the self-purification of streams, and to the establishment of fundamental data from which the standards for permissible loading of streams with sewage may be derived. The problem of trade wastes has also been studied, and in a number of instances methods have been evolved which make it possible for industries to dispose safely of their wastes.

Besides the field investigations of the diseases of man, the Public Health Service operates the Hygienic Laboratory at Washington, which is one of the finest public health laboratories in the country. Here, aside from strictly research work, control is exercised over the manufacture and sale of viruses, serums, toxins, and analogous products. A special appropriation is made for this purpose. Periodic inspections of the plants manufacturing biological products are made, and samples are regularly tested at the Hygienic Laboratory. In this way the danger of having disease transmitted by the use of contaminated products is minimized.

ON GUARD AGAINST IMPORTED PLAGUES

To prevent the introduction into the United States of Asiatic cholera, yellow fever, typhus fever, bubonic plague, and other quarantinable diseases, the Public Health Service administers the national quarantine laws and maintains all the maritime quarantine stations in the United States, the Philippine Islands, Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Virgin Islands. In all, the service maintains sixty-three quarantine and inspection stations in the United States, and twenty-six in our insular territories. During the past fiscal year more than twelve hundred thousand persons,

passengers and members of crews, were inspected at these stations, and more than thirty-five hundred vessels were fumigated for the destruction of rats and mosquitoes.

As a further protection against the introduction of diseases into the United States, medical officers of the Public Health Service are attached to the immigration stations, for the purpose of making medical examination of all arriving aliens.

To prevent the spread of certain epidemic diseases in the United States, like bubonic plague, yellow fever, and typhus fever, Congress has appropriated for the use of the Public Health Service an epidemic fund, to be used in cooperating with State and local health authorities in the control of these diseases. In 1905, under authority of this appropriation, the last epidemic of yellow fever in New Orleans was eradicated. Since that time, yellow fever has not appeared in epidemic proportion in the United States.

Under the same authority, bubonic plague has been brought under control on the Pacific Coast and in New Orleans, and Health Service organizations cooperated in the control of bubonic plague at Pensacola, Florida, and Galveston and Beaumont, Texas, where a few cases of plague were reported some months ago.

After the war, in providing for the medical and surgical care of disabled soldiers and sailors, Congress appropriated more than ten million dollars for hospitals for the Public Health Service, and made the discharged soldiers and sailors beneficiaries of its work. During the last fiscal year the service expended more than twenty million dollars for the maintenance of this medical care. It has now fifty-six hospitals either owned or leased, and holds contracts with more than eighteen hundred civil hospitals for the care of discharged soldiers and sailors.

Some enthusiastic health agencies have questioned whether the war risk work may not absorb too much of the personnel of the Health Service; but such misgivings are not well founded. That work will be supplemental to its disease prevention activities. For example, the caring for the tuberculous among nearly five million former members of our armed services will take care of a large share of the tuberculosis in the United States.

So, too, with neuropsychiatry; a large part of this problem in the United States

will be met by the Health Service through the care and treatment of discharged soldiers and sailors suffering from nervous and mental defects. Furthermore, many of the hospitals will become research centers, and will develop better means of cure and prevention; and just as the Public Health Service has grown out of the Marine Hospital Service, it may be expected that a larger and better health service will grow out of this enlarged hospital work.

To obtain information as to the prevalence of communicable diseases, the Public Health Service receives reports from consular agencies throughout the world, and from State and local health authorities in the United States, wherever such information is available. These reports are compiled and published weekly for the benefit of sanitarians everywhere, especially for those connected with quarantine agencies.

In all the tasks that have been enumerated—and they are only a part of the work it has to do—the Public Health Service cooperates very definitely with State, county, and local health authorities. In so far as appropriations by Congress have permitted, it is assisting them to establish full-time health organizations on the most modern and practical lines.

How much this work is needed is proved by the fact that our surveys have shown that only about three per cent of the rural counties of the United States have whole-time health departments. In thirty-five counties in which Federal assistance has been made available, the work has had spectacular results. In such cases the Public Health Service contributes a certain amount toward a health budget, and by giving expert advice helps the county authorities to proceed along the most approved lines. It is gratifying to note that in practically every instance the county volunteers a larger sum for the prosecution of the work for a second year.

To conclude this brief review of the activities of the Public Health Service, mention should be made of the instructive pamphlets that it prepares and issues on subjects relating to the health of individuals and communities. Of these more than twenty-three million copies were distributed during the last fiscal year.

The Public Health Service is ready at all times to cooperate with the people of the United States in any case in which it can be helpful.

The Medal of Virtue

BY FARNSWORTH WRIGHT

Illustrated by F. W. Small

"A PACKAGE for Mlle. Josephine Duprez!"

The three men and three women who were making merry in the café raised their eyes questioningly. A champagne cork popped.

"A package for me?"

"For you, certainly, if you are Mlle. Josephine Duprez," said the postman, shaking the rain from his cape.

The girl lifted her glass for a quick sip of champagne, and rose. Her gown was cut low in the front and back, and the train dragged.

"A birthday present! A birthday present for Josephine!" shouted Yvette, letting herself fall sidewise into the arms of her male companion.

Every one laughed uproariously, as if Yvette had said something immensely clever. It was evident that the liquor was already going to their heads, although it was only mid afternoon, and Josephine's birthday party was to last far into the night.

"Is it from you, Amédée?" inquired Josephine. "How original you are, to send it to me through the mail!"

She leaned over to plant a kiss on his cheek, but her aim was bad, and the kiss fell on his open mouth. Every one laughed again. Amédée threw his arm around her, and squeezed her until she cried out. Struggling from his embrace, she ran to the postman, and snatched the package from his hand.

"*Merci, monsieur le facteur,*" she thanked him. "But, *parbleu*, this looks more like a letter than a package! Are you sure it is for me?"

"It is for you, certainly. Ah, thank you, *monsieur*," he added, as Amédée poured him a glass of champagne.

He shrugged his shoulders once again to shake off the rain, and touched glasses around the table.

"To your very good health," he said; "and to the felicity of *mademoiselle*, for I perceive it is her birthday party."

"I am twenty-one," said Josephine.

The postman drank his champagne in little sips, smacking his lips, and chewing the bottom of his mustache, not to lose a drop of the sweet liquor. He drained the glass; then, bowing low, he went out into the blustering storm that was drenching the city of Orléans.

"Open the package, Josephine."

"Open it. A ring, I'll wager!"

"From the Emperor of China!"

"No, from the President of France!"

"From the hunchback in the Rue St. Germain—the one that makes moon-eyes at her!"

A peal of laughter greeted each of these sallies. Josephine succeeded in undoing the package. It contained a little bronze medal. The accompanying parchment proclaimed that the Society of Jeanne d'Arc for the Encouragement of Morality had bestowed on Mlle. Josephine Duprez the medal of virtue in recognition of her many good deeds.

"A medal of virtue for Josephine!"

Her companions shrieked hilariously, and fat Albert's voice went out in little flickering gasps at the top of the scale.

Yvette tore the medal and parchment from Josephine's hands. Her comrades all tried to read at once.

"For the encouragement of morality!" barked Amédée.

"Our Josephine has become a saint!" Yvette proclaimed.

"Hail to our little St. Josephine!" cried Jacqueline with mock reverence.

"For virtue!" piped Albert, between gasps.

Josephine stood bewildered. A crimson flush became visible under the rouge on her cheeks.

"A medal of virtue for Josephine!" gurgled Paul, convulsed, as if he never had heard of anything so ridiculous.

"She is blushing! She is blushing!" screamed Jacqueline, clapping her hands.

A hot surge of anger flamed up in Josephine. She snatched the medal from Albert's fat fingers.

"No matter what I am, I am not what *you* think!" she exclaimed.

Clasping the medal to her breast, she ran out into the street.

II

A cold spray smote Josephine's forehead, but it was a full minute before she comprehended that it was raining. She stopped to rest, breathing hard, for she had been running. A rude wind drove the rain into her face, and a storm of resentment made turbulent riot in her heart. A touselled dog barked at her, and a sudden quickening of the shower sent the cold rain trickling down her neck.

Who was *she*, to be awarded a medal of virtue? How well justified her companions were in laughing! A cocotte, a card cheat, a liar, a thief, she believed her withered soul incapable of noble thoughts or noble deeds. The medal was certainly not for her. She must restore it to its owner.

She hurried through the streets, oblivious of the rain that was beating upon her and pouring down her back in little rivulets. She knew, though her companions did not, that there had once been another Josephine Duprez in that quarter. To her the medal belonged, for her good deeds were known throughout the city, although few knew her by her real name. She now lived in the big convent two miles away, near the Loire, where she was called Sister Dolores. It was to this convent that Josephine turned her steps.

A pair of gendarmes looked curiously at her as she hurried through the rain in low-cut evening gown, spattered with mud, her train dragging over the wet cobblestones, her long plume sagging heavily before her chin. She was thankful that the rain kept the people out of the streets. Her heart gave a little jump of exultation as she realized that in returning the medal she was doing at least one virtuous deed.

She caught occasional glimpses of the great Gothic cathedral which looms over Orléans. Its massive spires seemed like fairy tracery, even from near at hand.

As she hurried furtively across the corner of a public square, her eyes fell upon an equestrian statue of Jeanne d'Arc, the patron saint of the city, whose life and death are portrayed in the cathedral's stained-glass windows. The cheerful light of a Jeanne d'Arc bakery winked at her through the falling rain. She passed Jeanne d'Arc hotels, Jeanne d'Arc bookshops, Jeanne d'Arc cafés. The whole city seemed to do homage to the white soul of the maid, "*La Pucelle d'Orléans*," whom Josephine, in a low jest, had named "*la plus sale d'Orléans*." She muttered a swift prayer to the saint whose memory she had dishonored, but checked herself with a pang of fright. Would that spotless maid receive a prayer from one so fallen?

She reached the convent in a state of agitation bordering on hysteria. She hesitated a minute on the steps. Then, summoning courage, she rang violently. A nun appeared.

"Sister Dolores!" exclaimed Josephine. "I must see Sister Dolores!"

Sister Dolores was out in the city, ministering to the poor, Josephine was told; but she insisted.

"I must see her!" she cried, almost fiercely, clutching the medal tightly to her breast. "I have come all this way in the rain to seek Sister Dolores. Where is she? When will she return?"

The nun, judging from the girl's agitation that the matter was urgent, gave her three street addresses, and Josephine set out again on her search.

She passed through a squalid quarter, choosing the narrower and less frequented streets. The rain was driving down with increased violence, and Josephine's wet clothes clung to her flesh. A panic fear assailed her lest she might not be able to find the good nun to whom the medal really belonged. A gnawing sense of depression followed the exhilaration caused by the champagne.

She found herself at last in a lane so narrow that she could touch the houses on both sides by merely extending her two arms. The walls seemed to press in on her, and a great weight lay on her heart.

She knocked at the first of the addresses, and inquired whether a sister of charity had been there. A child, half-clad and ill-fed, motioned up a dark stairway. Josephine crept up to the landing, and knocked at the door. Her heart was beating wild-

ly. The door opened, and she found herself face to face with Sister Dolores.

III

JOSEPHINE staggered weakly toward the sweet-faced nun, but for a minute she could not utter a word. Then she held out the medal in both hands. The parchment was crumpled and dripping.

"For you!" she cried.

"The medal!"

Sister Dolores looked



"A MEDAL OF VIRTUE FOR JOSEPHINE!" GURGLED PAUL, CONVULSED, AS IF HE NEVER HAD HEARD OF ANYTHING SO RIDICULOUS

at her curiously. The plume of her hat sagged heavily across her face, dripping water. Her gaudy gown was water-soaked and mud-bespattered. Her train was soiled and tangled. Her bodice, cut low, showed the heaving of her breast as she held out the medal to the nun.

"For you! The medal of virtue!"

Sister Dolores seemed not to understand.

"Sit down, my poor girl," she said. "Then you can tell me what it is all about."

Josephine did not take the proffered chair. Two or three starved-looking children huddled in a corner, frightened at this



must be for you. They all made fun of it—Amédée and Albert and Paul, Yvette and Jacqueline—so I took it away from them.”

Beseechingly she held out the medal and the damp, crumpled certificate. The water dripping from her garments formed a pool on the floor.

“It was my birthday party,” she continued. “I went to the convent, and they—they said you were here—and I came—to find you—to give you the medal.”

The nun gazed at her in pity, seeming puzzled.

“Don’t you see it must be for you?” Josephine implored. “Look!”

She opened the water-soaked parchment.

“‘Mlle. Josephine Duprez,’” she read. “‘For her many good deeds.’ Ah, that is for you! And the postman—he brought it to me—at my birthday party. I—I am a—a—but you would not understand! I am the worst! Yes, it has come

“YOU SAY THERE IS NO GOOD IN YOU, YET YOU LEFT YOUR BIRTHDAY PARTY TO RESTORE THIS MEDAL TO ME”

sudden apparition. Josephine stood in the center of the room.

“They made fun of it—of your medal! The postman brought it—for Mlle. Josephine Duprez; but it is not for me—it is a medal of virtue. I—I knew your name was Josephine Duprez—like mine—and it

to that! I steal at cards. I look over the men’s shoulders when they play. I signal to Amédée what cards they hold. For five years I have led this life. And I was bad before that. I steal—I lie—I sell myself. And the postman brought me a medal of virtue! But I knew it was for you.”

The nun took the parchment, still uncomprehending. She smoothed it out and read it. Josephine turned to go.

"Wait, my sister; you must sit down and rest," said Sister Dolores. "You are tired and wet. You have come a long way in the rain."

"Yes, a long way," repeated Josephine absently.

She remained standing.

"You have made a mistake," said Sister Dolores tenderly, after a pause. "This medal is for you."

"No, no, no! It is for virtue! See, where it is engraved: 'The Medal of Virtue!' It is given for good deeds!"

"Are you then incapable of good deeds?"

"Assuredly, for, look you, I am a—a bad woman. I live in sin—it is my occupation. I am lost beyond hope. Pray for me, sister!" she exclaimed, sinking to her knees in a sudden access of terror. "Pray for me! I am lost! I am lost!"

"And yet—you left your birthday party to bring me this medal—in the rain—clothed as you are?"

"It was yours, Sister Dolores. I could not keep it."

"Are you not Mlle. Josephine Duprez?"

"Yes, but the medal was for virtue! That could not be for me."

"You could have kept the medal. You could have had much mirth over it. You could have ridiculed it with your companions, and added to the gaiety of your birthday party."

"But it was not for me, sister! It belonged to you."

Sister Dolores held out her arms.

"My poor child! You deceive yourself," she said. "You say there is no good in you, yet you left your birthday party to restore this medal to me. You have spoiled your happiness and angered your friends; you have walked miles in the rain; you have made yourself miserable to do a simple deed of duty that you could easily have left undone. Yet you call yourself lost to noble impulses. Do you not see the springs of good in your nature? In truth, the medal belongs to you. You have earned it."

She forced the medal into Josephine's hands. The girl's pent-up feelings broke their gates, and swept away the reserve she had frantically tried to maintain. She flung her arms about the nun, sobbing violently. Her breast heaved; her heart was pounding. She poured her sorrow and remorse into the sympathetic ears of Sister Dolores. Her years of shame stood out like sickly specters before her awakened eyes, and she saw her wasted life in all its black ugliness.

But when the storm of tears had spent itself, and the passion of grief had moderated, her face was alight with new hope. The nun's words had uncovered hidden waters, and Josephine realized that she was not incurably evil. She still had good aspirations; she still was capable of noble thoughts and actions. With that realization came the knowledge that her old life was gone like a tale that is told.

Arm in arm with Sister Dolores, she left the house, and these two daughters of Eve passed out into the storm together.

THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS

Is thy spirit weary, child?

Take it up into the mountain.

There is healing in the wild,

There is cleansing in the fountain;

There the streams

Shall bring sweet dreams,

And there are pleasures past the counting.

Wonder waits you starry-eyed,

Joy that hath no measure,

Bliss that you have never tried,

Like recovered treasure;

There the bright day

Shall be all play,

Life only laughter, love, and leisure!

Richard Leigh

The Sensational Feats of Motion-Picture Stars

ARE THEY GENUINE OR "FAKED"?—A FRANK DISCUSSION OF A QUESTION THAT HAS BEEN ASKED BY THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE IN THE AUDIENCES BEFORE THE SCREEN

By Dorothea B. Herzog

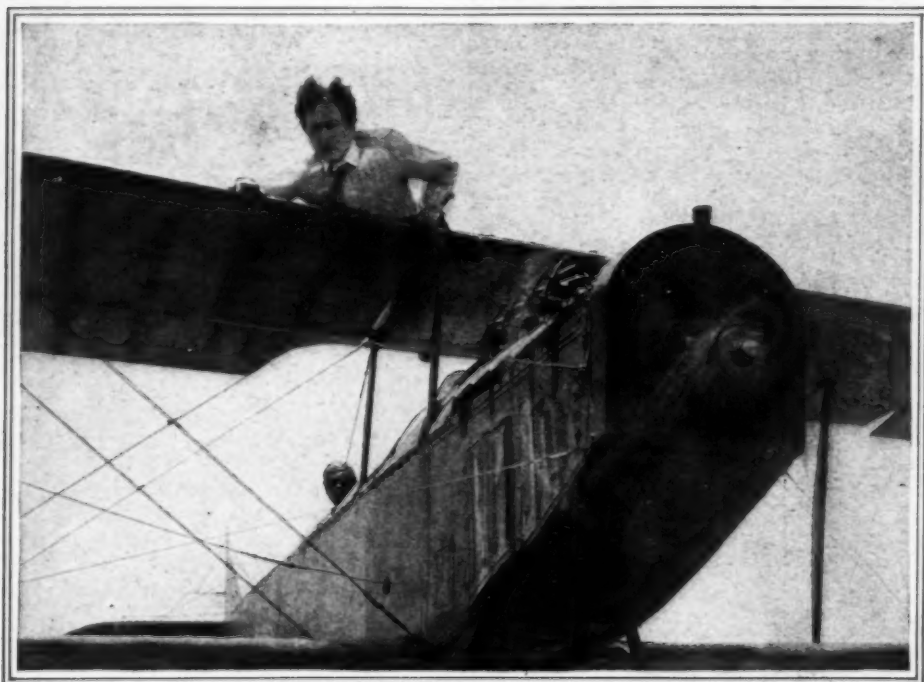
"O-O-O-OH, what a jump!" cried the breathless girl, leaning forward, all excitement, and clasping and unclasping her hands.

"Aw, say now," her companion replied with patronizing kindness, "where do you get that stuff? That kid's faking it. Don't you know another poor simp made

that leap—some one that needs the dough but don't give a hang for his life?"

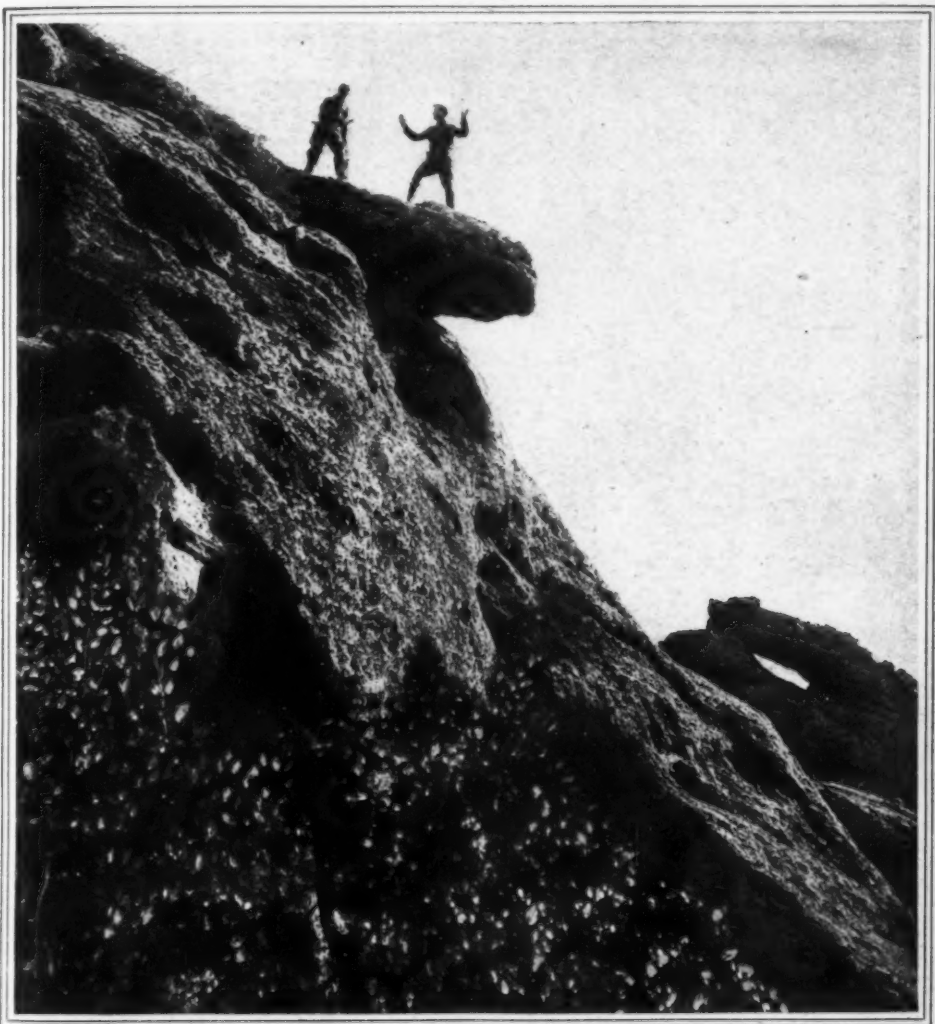
She faced him, fairly sputtering.

"You know too much," she observed witheringly. "Charley Schwab ought to have you help him run his business. You don't know a darn thing about that movie guy. I say he did make the leap!"



AN ACROBATIC FEAT ON AN AIRPLANE THAT MAY OR MAY NOT BE AS PERILOUS WHEN PERFORMED BEFORE THE CAMERA AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN FLASHED UPON THE SCREEN

From a photograph by the Paramount-Artcraft Pictures



TOO CLOSE TO THE EDGE FOR COMFORT'S SAKE, BUT SUCH A SCENE IS QUITE IN THE DAY'S WORK OF THE MOTION-PICTURE HERO

From a photograph by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company

He eyed her askance, shrugged, and was silent.

But the girl was right. The "movie guy" did make the sixty-foot leap from a moving freight-car to the waters below. It was in the second episode of the thrilling serial, "For Better or for Worse," and the leap saved the hero from the merciless clutches of his pursuing enemies.

How few people in the audience of five hundred gave the young star credit for this sixty-foot jump? Rather, how many gave the credit to a dummy or to a double?

This skepticism toward the genuineness

of motion-picture "stunts" finds its origin partly in the early pictures, where daring deeds were performed by a so-called extra, who doubled for the star for a mere pittance of five dollars a day. Partly, too, it arises from a not unreasonable reluctance to believe that any one can be so foolish as to risk his life to make a picture.

Motion pictures to-day are on a higher plane than those of six years ago. To-day they are at least in the adolescent stage of their growth. Every detail is cared for with artistic skill, and realism is everywhere the key-note.

From the standpoint of realism, it is interesting to view three different types of pictures that are extremely popular—the serial, the two-reel slap-stick comedy, and the five-reel comedy or drama.



A MOTION-PICTURE EPISODE THAT IS "REAL STUFF"—AN ACROBATIC HERO LEAPS FROM THE TOP OF A MOVING TRAIN AND GRASPS THE TELLTALES THAT WARN OF THE APPROACH TO A TUNNEL OR LOW BRIDGE

From a photograph by the Fox Film Corporation

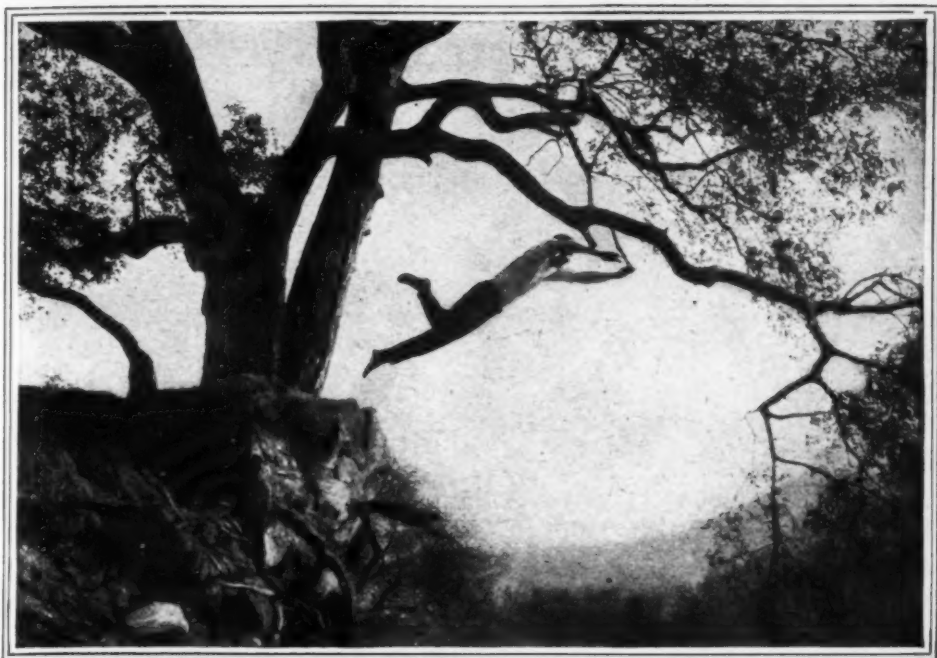
The serial is the physical type of picture. It is usually a wild, harum-scarum series of thrilling scenes that show the hero and the heroine courageously battling against their many enemies in an effort to wrest from

them the precious stone, or the bit of printed information relative to a marvelous invention, which the villains have stolen, and to return the object to its rightful owner. Through fifteen episodes—two reels making an episode, and a new one appearing each week—the hero and the heroine perform hazardous and hair-raising feats, flirt fearlessly with death, are tortured by their captors, and are always in a most precarious position when "continued next week" is flashed on the screen. And after all the thrills and exhilarating escapades, the fifteenth episode shows the hero and the heroine trapping their cowering enemies, returning the treasure to its rightful owner, receiving a fitting reward for their labors, and, in a final close-up, clasping each other close.

In this type of picture are found the man and the woman in whom slumbers that love of the adventurous which characterized the knights of old; for serial work is physical action pure and simple. Herein, perhaps, lies the answer to the question whether any one can be so foolish as to risk his life to make a picture. It is this element of adventure and danger that lures newcomers into the serial field.

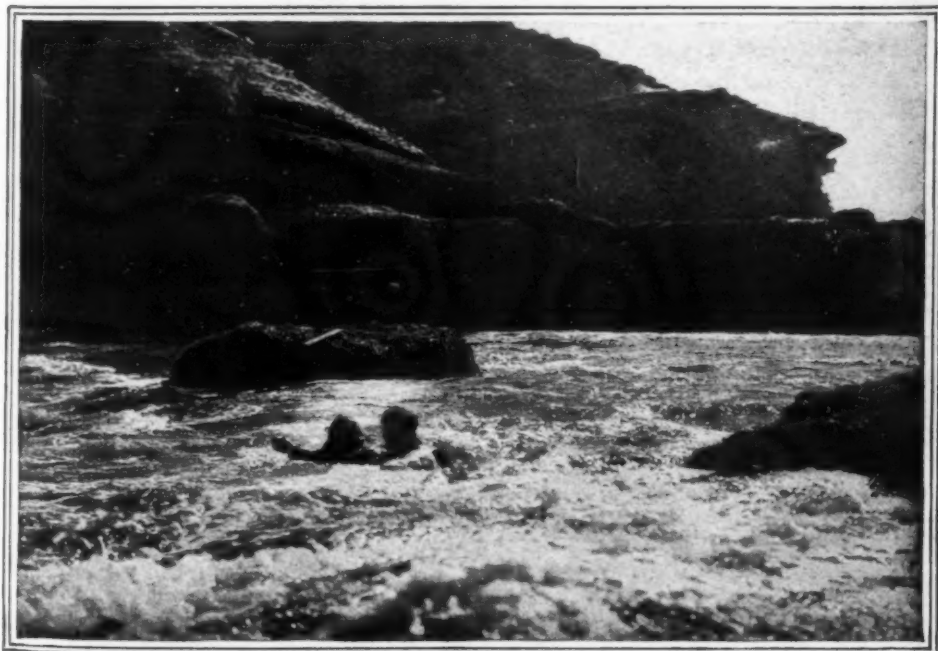
There is a story of a circus acrobat who went to California and secured a position in a studio. He started as a "prop," won his way to small

parts and thence to a villain in a serial. The exhilaration and excitement of the work enraptured him. His gymnastic ability, his experience, and his physical fitness, in addition to an utter indifference to dan-



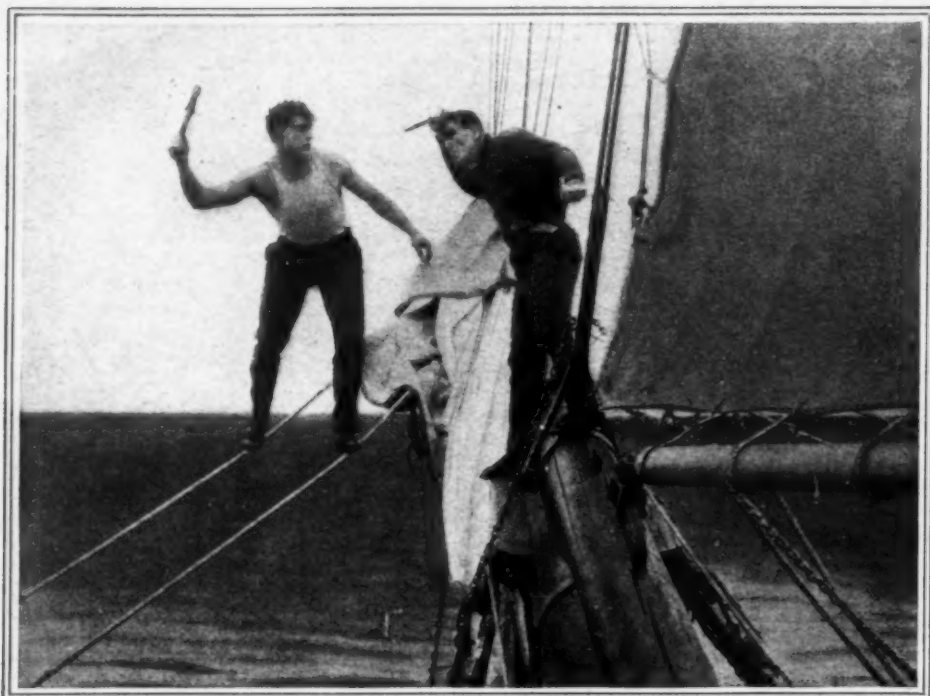
THIS IS TRULY A SENSATIONAL-LOOKING LEAP, BUT IT IS NOT TOO PERILOUS A FEAT TO BE ACTUALLY PERFORMED IN A THRILLING SERIAL

From a photograph by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company



ANOTHER EPISODE OF A SENSATIONAL SERIAL, IN WHICH THE HERO AND HEROINE SWIM ASHORE TOGETHER THROUGH THE SURF

From a photograph by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company



PRECARIOUS FOOTING FOR A KNIFE DUEL, BUT PERHAPS THE ACTORS WERE PROFESSIONAL ACROBATS BEFORE THEY WENT INTO MOTION-PICTURE WORK

From a photograph by the Fox Film Corporation

ger, interested a director. Now the man is starring in his own right. He laughs defiance at the scenario-writer, and taunts him to conceive situations more perilous than preceding ones; and the scenario-writer racks his imaginative brain in vain. Every feat is performed with almost fiendish agility and ease, and the idea of engaging a double to do them is never for a moment entertained.

In the two-reel slap-stick comedy there is, to a milder degree, the same unconcern for personal safety. Comforts and conveniences are passed up in the effort to provoke mirth from a critical audience.

A slap-stick comedian stood on a water-tank forty feet above a slowly moving train. It was his duty to jump and land on top of a car. He did it. His monkey make-up and the linking of this scene with the ludicrous ones preceding and following put the action across and won the precious approval of the fans.

But how many people give the cinema stars credit? Like the young man who patronizingly informed the girl that a double

did the "dirty" work, so declare the majority of motion-picture enthusiasts.

Merciful Providence, or some mysterious power of nature, must take special pains to protect these death-defying daredevils. Statistics show that the accidents they suffer are very few. In California, the home of motion pictures, where more than thirty-seven companies produce, the accident rate in the studios and on locations runs between five and twenty a month.

Picture a studio set being erected. Picture the carelessness of carpenters in leaving boards full of nails in conspicuous places. Follow the hasty progress of the property men in and about the set. See them skirt the boards—there, one has stepped on a nail. He is at home for a week. Herein lies the cause of many minor accidents.

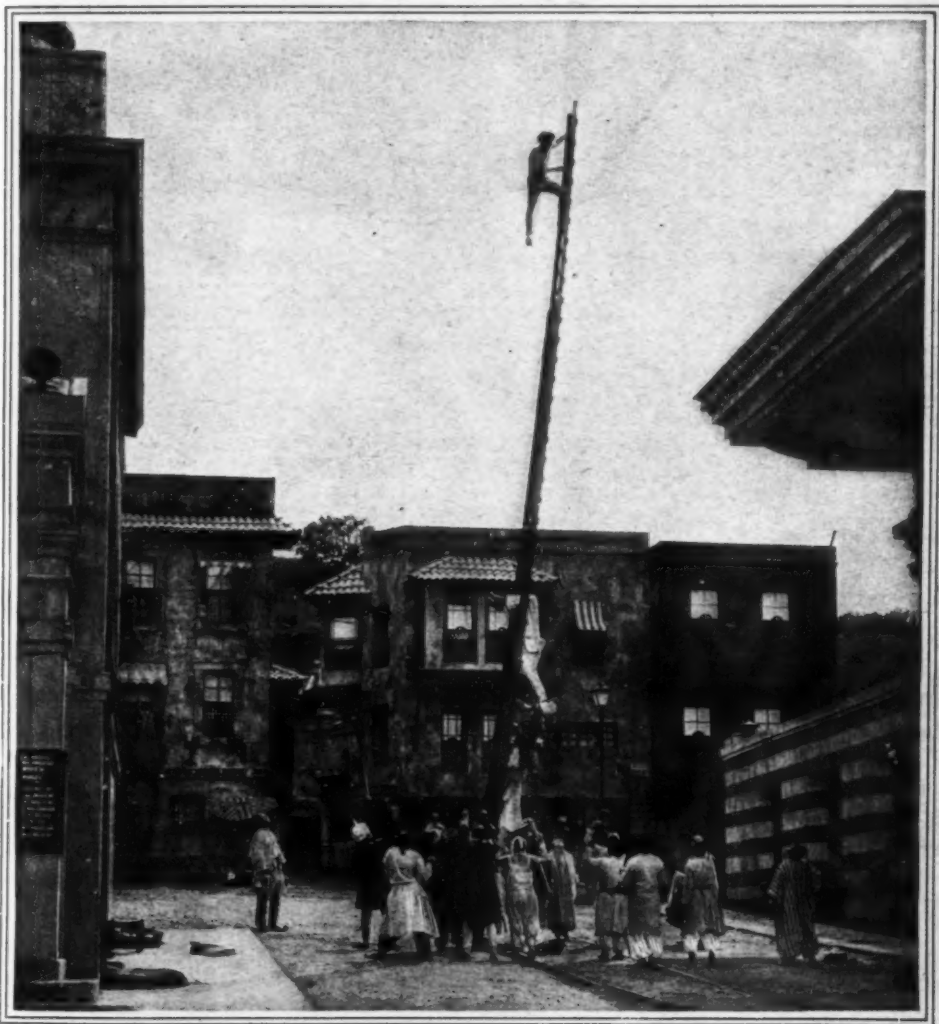
A law of the State of California requires an employer engaged in a hazardous occupation to insure his employees, so that in case of accident the injured man will receive a sum of money enabling him to subsist during his convalescence. In case

of death, burial expenses must be defrayed and a lump sum paid to the dead employee's family. All injuries are reported to the Workmen's Compensation Committee.

The report of the California Workmen's Compensation Committee, to which all accidents must be reported, gives the following figures for the motion-picture industry in the year 1918-1919—temporary injuries, 1,052; permanent injuries, 18; fatal injuries, 3. Is this not an amazingly small total, considering the stupendous scale on which pictures are produced?

It may be estimated that the thirty-

seven companies make an average of four pictures in two months' time in their respective studios. This means that one hundred and forty-eight pictures are simultaneously in course of completion. Each picture has at least fifty different sets—in all, seventy-four hundred sets within two months. Again, take into consideration the carelessness of the property-men and the risks involved in taking perilous scenes. On the face of it, is not a total of less than eleven hundred accidents in a year, the great majority of them causing no serious injury, a remarkably low record?



EDDIE POLO, A SERIAL STAR WHO WAS ONCE A CIRCUS ACROBAT, MAKES A THRILLING ESCAPE FROM A HIGH BUILDING BY SWINGING THROUGH THE AIR ON A LONG LADDER

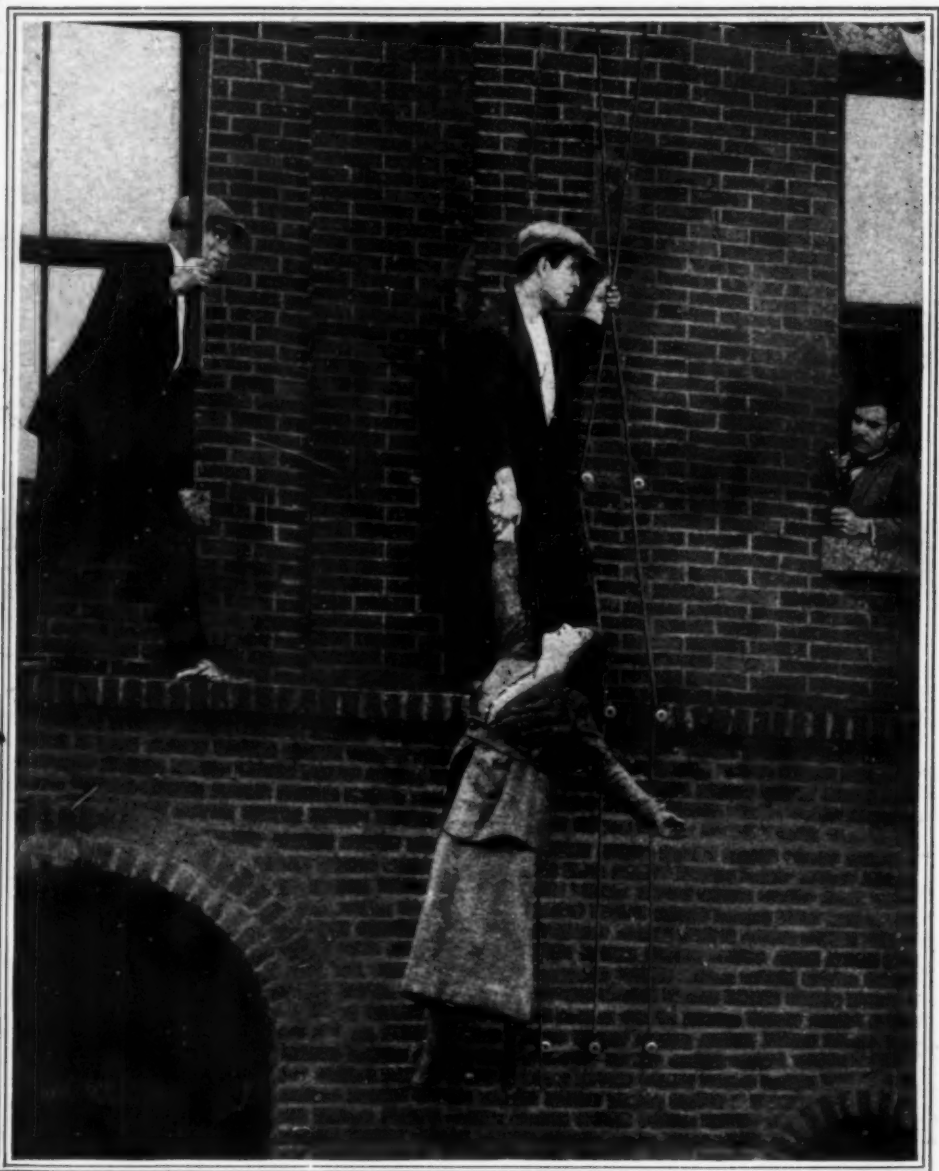
From a photograph by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company

While it is true that serial and comedy stars actually perform the sensational feats pictured to the skeptical public, it is also true that stars appearing in five-reel plays very rarely undertake any risks.

We all know that the popular stars receive phenomenally high salaries, far outstripping those of serial and slap-stick

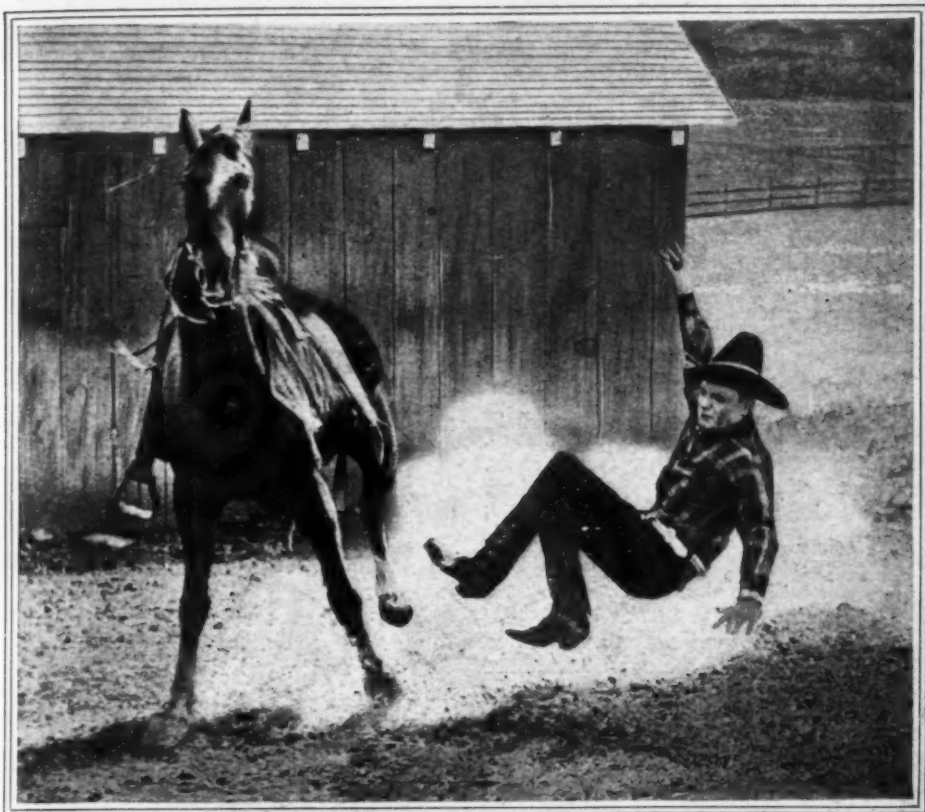
comedy stars. In self-protection, then, the companies cannot permit them to imperil their lives or limbs, so serious would be the financial loss if they were incapacitated.

Suppose a four-thousand-dollar-a-week star was permanently injured by taking such chances as the serial actor takes. Assuming that he or she had already begun



HIS ESCAPE CUT OFF ON BOTH SIDES, THE SERIAL STAR THREATENS TO DROP THE GIRL TO THE STREET BELOW UNLESS HIS ENEMIES PROMISE NOT TO MOLEST HIM

From a photograph by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company



WHILE GALLOPING AT FULL SPEED, THIS COWBOY STAR FALLS FROM HIS HORSE, SUPPOSEDLY SHOT BY PURSUING BANDITS

From a photograph by the Fox Film Corporation

work on a picture, and several thousand feet of film had been "shot," the company might stand to lose as much as fifty thousand dollars, or even twice that sum.

Film is expensive, costing four dollars per hundred feet. On the face of it, this may seem a trifle, but in the long run such an item mounts up to an impressive sum. To be sure, the loss of forty dollars for a wasted thousand feet does not create a stir in production circles; but when a director "shoots" eight hundred thousand feet of negative from which to select twelve thousand feet for a twelve-reel special, his costs sky-rocket heavenward. A thirty-thousand-dollar waste in films is not to be overlooked; and this was the debit figure of one of our prominent directors who recently released a big and costly feature.

There are other large items to consider. A skilled director probably receives at least twelve thousand dollars a year. A clever

camera man is another consideration, drawing perhaps as much as eight thousand dollars. The scores of property-men who erect the sets designed by a highly trained technical department mean a large pay-roll.

Furthermore, much care is devoted by the technical department and the art director to the lighting effects of the picture, to the costumes, decorations, and the many little touches which stamp the seal of the artist on the finished product. Hundreds and hundreds of dollars' worth of valuable time is spent by the company's executives in deciding on the picture in which the star shall appear. Considering all these items, it is easy to see that the company might lose fifty or even a hundred thousand dollars on a picture cut short by the permanent injury of the star.

No one can take the place of a popular film star. The discerning eye of the keenly observant public is far too eagle-like!

Chocolates and Diamonds

BY CHARLES B. STILSON

Illustrated by De Alton Valentine

"EH, Ramsay, I want one hundred thousand dollars!"

Ponderous and white and square-bearded, James G. Farquhar, president of the Electric National Bank of Dorchester, sat teetered forward on his swivel chair. His mouth was cupped by the transmitter of his interior telephone, and his mustache overflowed it. One big, clean, stubby finger hovered over a battery of pearl buttons which made a panel on his desk resemble the keyboard of a concertina.

Saturday, March 20, was the day, and a clock on the wall of the president's office indicated a quarter to noon.

"Yes, Mr. Farquhar."

At the other end of the telephone connection, Ben Ramsay, the cashier, held a line of belated patrons before his cage while he listened to the voice of authority.

"Make it a packet of one hundred of those thousands that came from Washington week before last," went on the president, the echo of a nearly extinct Scottish burr in his heavy voice.

"Yes, sir. Shall I make out a charge slip, sir?"

"No; I will draw my personal check, and send McGhee with it. Give him the bills."

Click went the transmitter, and *click* the heels of Red McGhee, the messenger, as he arose with a jerk from his chair near the president's door. He crossed to the desk and stood at attention. Red had served three months in an S. A. T. C., so he knew how to stand at attention, if you please. Otherwise he was an undisciplined young scamp. While the check was being written he rolled his eyes and made outrageous grimaces at Miss Minnie Sinclair, the president's stenographer.

None the less, Red was impressed. It was something, even in the precincts of the Electric National Bank, to see a man write

his personal check for a cool hundred thousand dollars, "just like that." It was something more to be allowed the honor of carrying that hallowed sum, if only the length of the banking offices.

Blond and bland, Miss Minnie inserted a plump and capable finger in a pound box of Hearthstone Comfits, cornered and captured its last lone item, a fat and succulent chocolate "pep," and began to eat it with relish.

After the departure of the messenger, President Farquhar drummed on his glass desk-top and watched Miss Sinclair demolish the pep.

Minnie adored chocolates. Farquhar detested them, or thought he did; he never in his long life had tasted one. In his boyhood in Galloway such things had not been. Later he had not had time or inclination to acquire the taste.

As he watched his stenographer, there grew on the ruddy area of shrewd old countenance between his mustache and his hair the expression of one strongly tempted to meddle in what concerned him not. But he knew Miss Sinclair to be as Scottishly independent as himself; and she was a very gem of stenographic efficiency. So he wisely curbed the impulse.

The pep disappeared. Miss Sinclair regretfully made sure that it really had been the last, pushed the box into her wastebasket, and, noting on her wrist-watch the near approach of noon, began to put her desk in order.

Miss Sinclair was well aware of Farquhar's disapproval of chocolates; but she considered it distinctly none of his business. Moreover, she knew her worth, and that her predilection for her favorite Hearthstones did not make it less. She wished there were more of them. Presently there would be; young Mr. Thomas Gillespie had been commendably regular with

his tributes of late. In lack of them, Miss Minnie took up a copy of that morning's newspaper.

"Oh, what a darling!"

Miss Minnie's blue eyes were riveted to the center of the first page. There, occupying three columns' width, was the cut of a woman's face and bust and the "inset" enlargement of a great diamond pendant in the shape of a five-pointed star.

Almost needless to say, Miss Sinclair's soft expletive was not excited by the woman's pictured face. Even the most flattering work of the "retouch" artist had been unable to conceal that it was a hard face—beautiful, perhaps, in a way, but hard as the diamonds in her stolen pendant; for the pendant had been stolen.

Miss Sinclair scanned the black headlines, and then became absorbed in details.

Mrs. Percival Todd, owner of face and diamonds, and widow of Percival Todd, late president of the Dorchester Headlight Works, had been hostess at a ball the night before. She had worn for the occasion the Star of Rangoon, the magnificent pendant which Mr. Todd had given her on the occasion of their marriage.

The ball had been a brilliant affair. So had the pendant. Now both were memories to Mrs. Percival Todd.

Somehow, somewhere in the course of the evening, the Star of Rangoon had twinkled out of the firmament of Mrs. Todd's opulent bosom, and had disappeared. And the Star of Rangoon, according to the version of the *Herald's* police reporter, was worth not a penny less than fifty thousand dollars!

Followed a history of the jewel, which took its name from its central gem, a flawless blue diamond of three carats' weight, said to have been once a favorite in the collection of the Raja of Mysore, and by him dubbed the Star of Rangoon.

"Foolishness! Serves her right!"

Miss Minnie started as the words were accompanied by a square-tipped finger, which swooped over her shoulder and rested accusingly on the half-tone forehead of Mrs. Todd. The digit was that of Farquhar, who had arisen to indulge his favorite habit of pacing noiselessly across the rugs between his desk and his door.

"Criminal—to tie up fifty thousand dollars in a gewgaw like that!" he snorted.

Farquhar's finger switched to the Star of Rangoon.

"I think it is wonderful," said Miss Sinclair wishfully.

"Oh, aye, I'm not denying that a bit jewel sets off a woman—and mayhap a man," rejoined Farquhar, and he complacently fingered a carat-and-a-half stone which adorned his own black cravat. "But fifty thousand dollars—it's rank eediocy!"

He walked around and paused in front of the stenographer.

"You have seen me, James G. Farquhar, this day sign my check for one hundred thousand dollars," he went on; "and doubtless you have noticed this many the time." He pointed toward his cravat. "Well"—he bent forward confidentially with a canny glint in his old eyes, which were as blue as the girl's—"no doubt you and others think that it cost me a pretty penny; but it didn't. I'll tell you a secret, my lass. 'Tis not a diamond at all. No—just a plain white sapphire, and worth maybe thirty-five dollars in the market. But I'm president of a bank and a rich man; so none of them doubts that it's just as fine a diamond as any."

Farquhar straightened up, chuckled, and marched to his desk. Miss Sinclair laughed—not with him, but at him.

Poor old James G. had told her no secret. That white sapphire on his millionaire's cravat had long been a stock joke, and had never deceived even his servants.

II

RED MCGHEE arrived with the bills.

There they lay on the glass desk-top, in a neat oblong packet, with a yellow bank band for a girdle—one hundred brand-new thousand-dollar bills, crisp and uncrinkled, in all their unspent glory. Red had laid them down reverently. He started back toward his chair, stepping sidewise, loath to remove his eyes from them.

Then the clock began to chime. Red looked at it, grabbed hat and coat from the rack by the door, and departed.

"Just a minute, lass."

Miss Sinclair, her mouth full of hat-pins, turned from the mirror, and saw the banker stroking the packet of bills with his fingers.

"I was wondering if maybe now you wouldn't help me do these up somehow," he continued.

"Surely." Miss Sinclair crossed over to him. "How—"

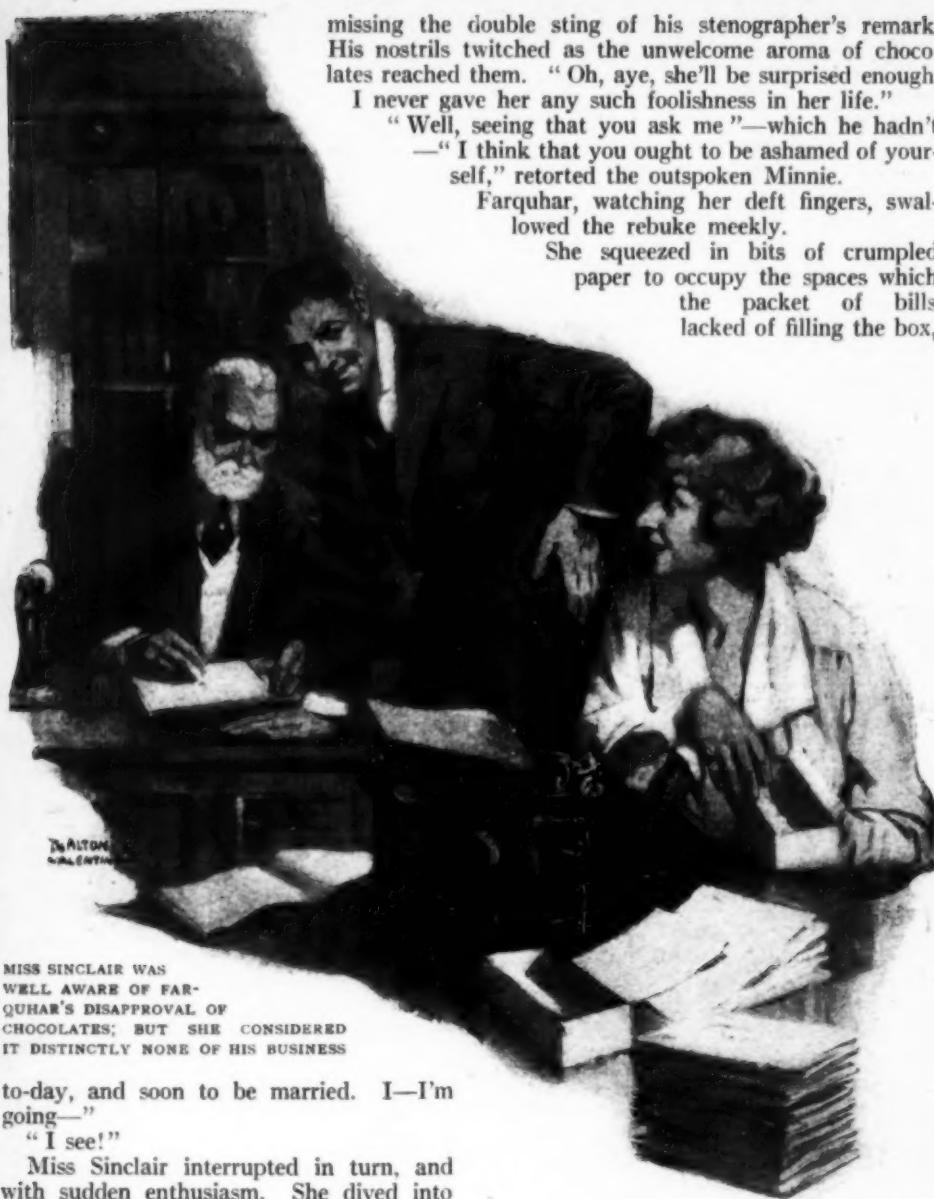
"You see, it's for my Kirstie," he interrupted. "The lassie will be twenty-one

missing the double sting of his stenographer's remark. His nostrils twitched as the unwelcome aroma of chocolates reached them. "Oh, aye, she'll be surprised enough. I never gave her any such foolishness in her life."

"Well, seeing that you ask me"—which he hadn't—"I think that you ought to be ashamed of yourself," retorted the outspoken Minnie.

Farquhar, watching her deft fingers, swallowed the rebuke meekly.

She squeezed in bits of crumpled paper to occupy the spaces which the packet of bills lacked of filling the box,



MISS SINCLAIR WAS WELL AWARE OF FARQUHAR'S DISAPPROVAL OF CHOCOLATES; BUT SHE CONSIDERED IT DISTINCTLY NONE OF HIS BUSINESS

to-day, and soon to be married. I—I'm going—"

"I see!"

Miss Sinclair interrupted in turn, and with sudden enthusiasm. She dived into the waste-basket and retrieved the discarded chocolate-box, with its wrapper, its distinctive cord of gilt and mauve twist, and other trappings.

"How will this do?" she asked. "I think they'll just about fit it." She added, rather maliciously: "Miss Farquhar will think you are bringing her a box of Hearthstones—and how surprised she will be!"

"Eh? Yes, I think the box will do," assented Farquhar, without enthusiasm, but

and wadded it tightly, so that it should not "shuck" if the box were shaken. Over the top she laid the blanket of cotton tissue and the dainty doily of paper lace which had covered the chocolates.

While she was wrapping the box, the telephone-bell rang. Farquhar swung about and answered. The caller was a heavy stockholder in the bank. He was also a long-winded telephonist.

Miss Sinclair completed her task to her satisfaction, bestowed a final pat on the bow-knot which she had tied in the mauve and gilt cord, laid the box on the desk, and took her departure.

Two minutes later Red McGhee, who had been gassing with the clerks at the rear of the bank, introduced his flaming head into the president's office again, in search of the stenographer. Red was grinning broadly, and for cause. Finding Miss Sinclair gone, and President Farquhar still yessing and noing at the telephone, Red took his grin away with him, but left its cause behind.

When he had succeeded in satisfying the stockholder upon a mooted point in the bank's investment policy, Farquhar, glancing from the window into Main Street, saw that Drummie, his chauffeur, was waiting for him at the curb with his sedan. So he grunted his way into his overcoat, cupped his white head in its flat-topped derby, and hurried out.

Not until he was nearly at the front door, and Henry, the colored porter, was fumbling with its lock, did the banker remember the hundred thousand dollars which he had meant to take with him. He hastened back to his office, took the package from Miss Sinclair's desk, admired the neat manner in which it was wrapped, and slid it into the side pocket of his overcoat.

At the curb he paused to admonish Drummie with animation because of a mud splash on the running-board of the sedan. While he was thus engaged, the rear tire on the side where he was standing blew out with a violent explosion.

It was a muddy day. When Farquhar had cleared his eyes sufficiently to view the results to his person, only a Presbyterian conscience prevented a blowout of another sort; but by an effort he repressed the rising tide of sin. Sundry passers who had paused expectantly were disappointed.

Drummie drove the limping sedan to a garage. Farquhar walked across the Four Corners and boarded a trolley-car.

Owing to the bad weather and the abominable traffic conditions for which Dorchester is noted, the car was crowded. Farquhar surrendered a nickel to a harassed conductor in the rear vestibule, and valiantly butted his way forward in response to the misleading information that there was "lots of room up front." He proceeded all of six feet before he exploded that

rumor; then he jammed and affixed his two hundred and twelve pounds' weight to a creaking strap.

Suspended from the next strap was a sandy young man—more correctly a youngish man—whose name might have aroused Farquhar's clannish feelings had he known it. He was Mr. Andrew McKechnie, and he stood well toward the summit of a profession which is the very antithesis of banking. But beyond a few toe-treadings, rib-nudgings, and glarings, due to the idiosyncrasies of the trolley-car, Mr. Farquhar and Mr. McKechnie did not at that time become acquainted.

Mr. McKechnie was not entirely lacking in acquaintance on the car. In the rear vestibule was a long, lean, blue-eyed man with a wisp of chin-whisker, two scraps of mustache, and a moribund stogy, who nurtured a lively desire to cultivate a knowledge of Mr. McKechnie which theretofore had been limited to sight and repute. He did not, however, seek to penetrate into the crowded car, but stood where he could keep a casual eye on his man's green fedora.

Mr. McKechnie was an observant person—just how observant will presently be seen. The car-wheels had not made many revolutions from the Four Corners before he became aware of the lean man, and was not pleased with the discovery. Finding himself, in his own parlance, "dead up against it," he made his dispositions accordingly, and they were worthy of him. At the Church Street crossing he alighted from the car and strolled leisurely westward toward the post-office, which had been his destination when he left his hotel half an hour before. The lean man swung off the car behind him, and followed.

McKechnie carried in one hand a smallish oblong parcel tied in gilt and mauve cord, which was the exact counterpart of the one on which Miss Minnie Sinclair had expended a labor of sympathy in Farquhar's office. He carried it carelessly; nay, he swung it with ostentation, as he proceeded toward the post-office.

At Pindell Alley he paused to light a cigarette. Behind him the lean man touched a match to his stogy. It cannot be said that either man was unaware of the other. Both of them were smiling. As they went on, the distance between them grew less. When McKechnie passed through the revolving door at the main en-

trance of the post-office, the lean man was in its next compartment.

Midway on his journey homeward Farquhar, who by that time had attained to the dignity and comfort of a seat, thought again of the camouflage box of Hearthstones, which the harrowing experience of the blowout had driven from his mind. He clutched nervously at the pocket of his coat, in sudden realization of the perils of thus toting one hundred thousand dollars on a crowded street-car. On finding the box safe, he sighed and grinned—the latter at the thought that he, James Gordon Farquhar, twice in one hour had actually forgotten the existence of the tenth part of a million dollars.

In the hallway of his home, old McLeod extracted Farquhar from his overcoat, and was scandalized at the condition in which he found that usually impeccable garment. Farquhar took from its pocket the white-wrapped box and passed on into a big room, half library, half drawing-room, where a wood fire was crackling in an old-fashioned fireplace.

A slender girl with glints of red in her dark hair met him before the hearth, voicing a cheery, "Hello, daddy!" and raised on tiptoes to kiss his brush of mustache.

Farquhar's heavy features softened. This was his motherless bairn, Christie Farquhar, whom another man was soon to take from him. Without ado he placed the box in her hands.

"I've brought you something for the day, Kirstie," he said.

Despite himself, his voice was solemn. One hundred thousand dollars was one hundred thousand dollars.

"Oh, thanks, daddy!" Christie kissed him again. In vain she sought in the appearance of the box an index to his emotion. "Hearthstones, too!" she exclaimed, as on second glance she saw the gilt cord with its distinctive thread of mauve, which proclaimed that delectable brand of confection. "How I love 'em!"

Proof that if Farquhar had never indulged his daughter in this variety of "foolishness," some one else had done so.

A shade of annoyance at the reception of the supposed chocolates passed athwart Farquhar's features. He retreated hastily to his chair and smoking-table by the window, and took refuge behind a newspaper. It chanced to be that morning's edition of the *Herald*. Again he was confronted by

the pictured charms revealed by Mrs. Percival Todd's modish corsage, and the magnificence of the Star of Rangoon, with its central blue stone and its seventy-five lesser satellites.

Christie had borne her prize to the settle at one side of the fireplace. Christie was a good girl—so good that it never entered her head to cavil because her millionaire father had chosen to make glad her twenty-first birthday with the munificence of a dollar box of chocolates. From behind his newspaper Farquhar watched her as she unwrapped his gift.

"Why, daddy, were you going to mail them to me?" she asked, glancing up.

"Hardly, seeing that I was coming right home."

Farquhar's voice was testy, in resentment of the imputed extravagance.

"Well, you put a postage-stamp on 'em, anyway," rejoined Christie.

Evidently the waste had been wrought by Miss Sinclair's "young man."

"O-o-oh!" Christie pirouetted across the floor. "Have some, dad."

Farquhar gazed into the opened box, which she extended toward him, and metaphorically he froze. He felt his eyes stir in their sockets, and creep-mice at play in the roots of his hair. For Christie had removed a dainty doily of paper lace and a thin blanket of cotton-tissue, and exposed to her father's fascinated gaze the top layer of an artfully packed pound of Hearthstone Comfits, fat and squatty and brown and tempting in their crinkled paper husks.

"Take some, dad," urged Christie, oblivious to her father's painful emotion, and waving the box alluringly under his nose.

"Tchk! Tchk!"

From the old banker's throat issued sounds like those of a clock giving warning that it is about to strike.

What, in the name of three hundred and thirty-three thunders, asked his bewildered old brain, was the meaning of this infernal metamorphosis? What dire agency had transmuted one hundred thousand dollars in greenbacks into one dollar's worth of miserable, chocolate-coated trash?

"No, no, Kirstie! Take 'em away! I never eat 'em!" he ejaculated, partially recovering himself, and waving Christie from him. He wanted to think.

While he was forcing his rocking faculties to function, Christie returned to the fireside with her booty.

"O-o-oooh! You wonderful, sly old dad!"

Farquhar, already strained to the snapping-point, winced like a goaded elephant. Christie came dancing across the room again. Moved by curiosity to explore, she had lifted the brown cardboard diaphragm, and exposed the bottom layer of chocolates.

There, under Farquhar's bulging eyes, flanked by maple creams, peeps, and pralines, lay the Star of Rangoon!

III

WITH an inward groan, but no audible manifestation, the banker stared at it aghast. A curiously helpless expression crept across his astute old face.

Christie, speechless from other sentiments, agitated the chocolate-box. The great jewel, well set off by the contrast of brown paper cups and



AWESOMELY CHRISTIE DARED
TO LIFT THE JEWEL

confections, glittered frostily in the window-light. It seemed to the dazed and dizzied banker that in their setting of greenish Oriental gold the central blue gem and its seventy-five companions winked at him hilariously, like the eyes of mischievous sprites, enjoying his discomfiture.

Awesomely Christie dared to lift the jewel. She set its gleaming splendors against her father's black coat-lapel. Farquhar mentally shrank from its touch. His poor little white sapphire stick-pin seemed turned to dull, dead glass by the propinquity of this flamboyant interloper. He became aware that his daughter had clambered upon his knee, and with face hidden upon his shoulder was crying softly. They were tears of sheer happiness.

Farquhar's heavy features worked. He stroked her hair with awkwardly gentle fingers. All the while he was thinking.

His reflections were not pleasant. First of all, he had somehow or other—imps of perversity only knew how—lost one hundred thousand dollars in bills. Secondly, he had just as unaccountably come into possession of this accursed, glittering, despicable gewgaw, had bestowed it upon his daughter as a birthday gift, and had made her undeniably happy thereby. Thirdly—and Farquhar again moaned within himself—the jewel had been stolen. How was he to explain his possession of it—he, the respectable millionaire president of the oldest and most solid financial institution in Dorchester?

In Farquhar's startled mind, that last outweighed all other considerations. On the smoking-table beside him lay the newspaper. The half-tone eyes of Mrs. Todd glared at him accusingly. He reached out, folded the paper hastily, and stuffed it into the side pocket of his coat. Christie must not see that!

While Christie thanked him, he was so absorbed with the impossible situation that he scarcely heard her.

"Listen, Kirstie, lass; you'll not be telling George about this—not yet?" he asked cunningly.

George was George Wharton, soon to become his son-in-law.

"Why, surely not, daddy—if you don't wish it."

Christie drew back and looked at him with vague puzzlement.

"All right," said he eagerly. "And you'll let me take this, now that you have seen it? I—I want to have a case made for it. I got it very unexpectedly. I had intended to give you something else."

Already he was cautiously removing one barb of the trident from his flesh.

So they sat and admired the Star of Rangoon—that is, Christie did—until Mc-

Leod announced dinner. Farquhar then dropped the jewel in his waistcoat pocket.

Scarcely was the meal finished when young Wharton came to take Christie to a *matinée*. Farquhar welcomed their going with glee. Now to get on the trail of his hundred thousand dollars!

Left alone in his library, he assembled the evidence on his smoking-table—the box of chocolates with its wrappings and cord, and the diamond star.

As Christie had said, there was a postage-stamp upon the wrapper—a thirty-cent stamp.

It was patent to Farquhar that somewhere between the bank and his home some one, for unguessed reasons, had traded parcels with him. It was equally patent that the swap had been effected purposely, seeing that it had involved picking his pocket. But why should it have been done at all? And why the postage-stamp?

To aid him in solving these problems, Farquhar called up Anthony Skelton, the commissioner of public safety, and requested the immediate attendance of the most discreet member of the Dorchester Detective Bureau, on "a very delicate matter."

As the banker stood high in the city's political councils, the request bore instant fruit. Within fifteen minutes a touring-car stopped before his door, and a tall, hawk-faced young man hastened up the walk with a springy, swinging stride.

Commissioner Skelton had sent his best. The man was Detective Captain Scott Makris himself. Skelton had caught him at his hotel, where he had just dined, after a long and none too pleasant morning at the residence of Mrs. Percival Todd.

Makris was a man not easily surprised; but it was with a grunt of blended relief, triumph, and incredulity that his fingers closed upon the glittering and tangible hardness of the Star of Rangoon.

"We know who took the stone," he declared, when he had heard Farquhar's story. "There is a chap in town who makes a specialty of such stuff, and has the nerve and the front to get away with a deal of this sort. We've had our eye on him. We had hoped to get him with the goods on. This complicates matters, though. Clever work, I'll say;" and he laughed shortly. "Nevertheless, we have him anyway; for if he's caught with the money on him, it will be Hobson's choice for him."

"But understand, young man, I'm not to appear in this in any way, shape, or form," warned Farquhar with emphasis.

"Not appear?" echoed the detective captain. "But your money—this!" He waved the diamond star under the banker's nose. "My dear sir, how can you hope *not* to appear? Of course, we may be able to keep it out of the papers. The commissioner can do that."

"I said not to appear in any way," repeated Farquhar grimly. "I meant just that. I have a reputation in this community, young man, which is worth more to me than a dozen Stars of Bassoon. It must not be allowed to suffer, sir. I am in a very delicate position, and you have got to help me out of it. That's why I asked Skelton for a discreet man. Gad, I should be a laughing-stock if any of this got out!" he groaned. "To say nothing of Kirstie."

Detective and banker were mutually silent for a moment.

"I have seen plenty of things that looked easier," said Makris, not too cheerfully. "It begins to smell strongly like compounding a felony; but we'll see what we can do. May I use your phone?"

There was a telephone-booth in the hall. Makris obtained a connection with police headquarters, and asked if Detective Hilfer had been heard from.

"Yep, cap, he come in more'n an hour ago," answered the desk sergeant. "He's been waitin' for you. He brought the Ice Man in with him, an'—"

"Put him on."

It may be explained here that "Ice Man" was one of the trade names of Mr. Andrew McKechnie. It had been bestowed upon him by the admiring police of a continent, as much in tribute to his frigid nerve as in allusion to the commodity in which he was a connoisseur—"ice" being vernacular for diamonds.

"Bagged McKechnie, eh?" said Makris, when he heard on the wire the deliberate drawl of his Swiss assistant. "Did he have anything on him?"

"Yes, captain. He haf a leetle white box. I teenk he wass going to mail heem. I haf take heem away from eet in the post-office."

"Did you open it?"

"No; I haf keep heem in my pocket. I wass wait for you to come."

"Right! Now bring McKechnie, box and all, to No. 43 Lakeside Terrace. Tier-

ney can help you, if he's about. I will show you a trick that will surprise you."

Twenty minutes later Hilfer's attenuated figure and drooping stogy appeared before his chief; and Andrew McKechnie was stretching slender, exquisitely trousered legs from one of Farquhar's library chairs, and speculating as to the amount of "private stock" in the Farquhar cellars. After an appraising glance at the banker's canny face, he decided that any such speculation was hopeless.

McKechnie had at once recognized Farquhar as a recent traveling companion in a State Street trolley-car. It did not follow that he would admit as much. Being non-committal was something at which the Ice Man was also a bit of a specialist.

"Did you ever see this before, McKechnie?" asked Makris.

He held the Star of Rangoon up for Andrew's inspection.

Farquhar started at the sound of his visitor's name, and began to give him more than casual attention. Hilfer started at sight of the jeweled star, and involuntarily clapped a hand to the breast of his coat. Makris smiled at the Swiss's agitation.

"Part of the trick, Hilfer," he said.

Only McKechnie was entirely unmoved. He watched the play of light across the lustrous facets of the seventy-six diamonds. To him it was a silent language, and he understood and loved it; but he did not respond.

"Can't say that I ever did," he replied; and then, with a show of languid interest: "Pretty piece of work, though. I read about it in the paper. Did this old guy here pinch it?"—with a jerk of his head toward Farquhar.

The banker gasped and sputtered.

"Very good, Andy," rejoined the captain familiarly; "but I think that within about five minutes you are going to tell us about your doings at Mrs. Todd's ball last night. For, Andy, I think that for once we have you just where we want you, and that I can convince you of it."

"Meaning just what, please?" asked McKechnie urbanely.

"Why, this is about the size of it, Andy—would you rather face a jury on a charge of stealing jewelry which is worth, so the papers state, fifty thousand dollars, or on a charge of stealing one hundred thousand dollars in cash—both instances being larceny from the person?"

For an instant a tinge of doubt shadowed the brown eyes of the imperturbable Ice Man, but for the instant only.

"You'll have to tell me the answer to that one," said he.

"Let's have the other box now, Hilfer. This is the rest of the trick," was the reply of Makris.

When the Swiss had produced from his inner pocket the counterpart of the box which stood on the smoking-table, the captain put it into the hands of the banker.

"Open it, please, Mr. Farquhar, and identify its contents," he suggested. "We will be witnesses. I'm afraid, Andy, that you made a very bad slip."

McKechnie, realizing that a game was in play wherein he might have a stake, leaned forward in his chair. Hilfer chewed his stogy. Makris smiled like a satisfied stage-director.

His stubby fingers trembling somewhat, Farquhar unknotted the cord of gilt and mauve, unwrapped the box, and lifted its cover. He inserted a finger beneath the doily of paper lace. Suddenly he tore doily and cotton away.

Chocolate almonds, pralines,

peps, maple creams, and caramels—there they were, all the tempting array, perfectly packed and symmetrical, as the contents of a box of Hearthstone Comfits should be—only those, and nothing more!

IV

FARQUHAR, after a vicious jab which ruined a candied cherry and assured him that his eyes saw truly, set the fatal box beside its twin upon the table, and drew his hand weakly across his forehead, blazing a trail of crimson and brown. Makris's jaws closed with a snap. McKechnie eased back into his chair. Hilfer, who did not understand, smiled amiably.

"And the trick, what iss eet, captain?" he asked.



"OPEN IT, PLEASE, MR. FARQUHAR, AND IDENTIFY ITS CONTENTS," MAKRIS SUGGESTED

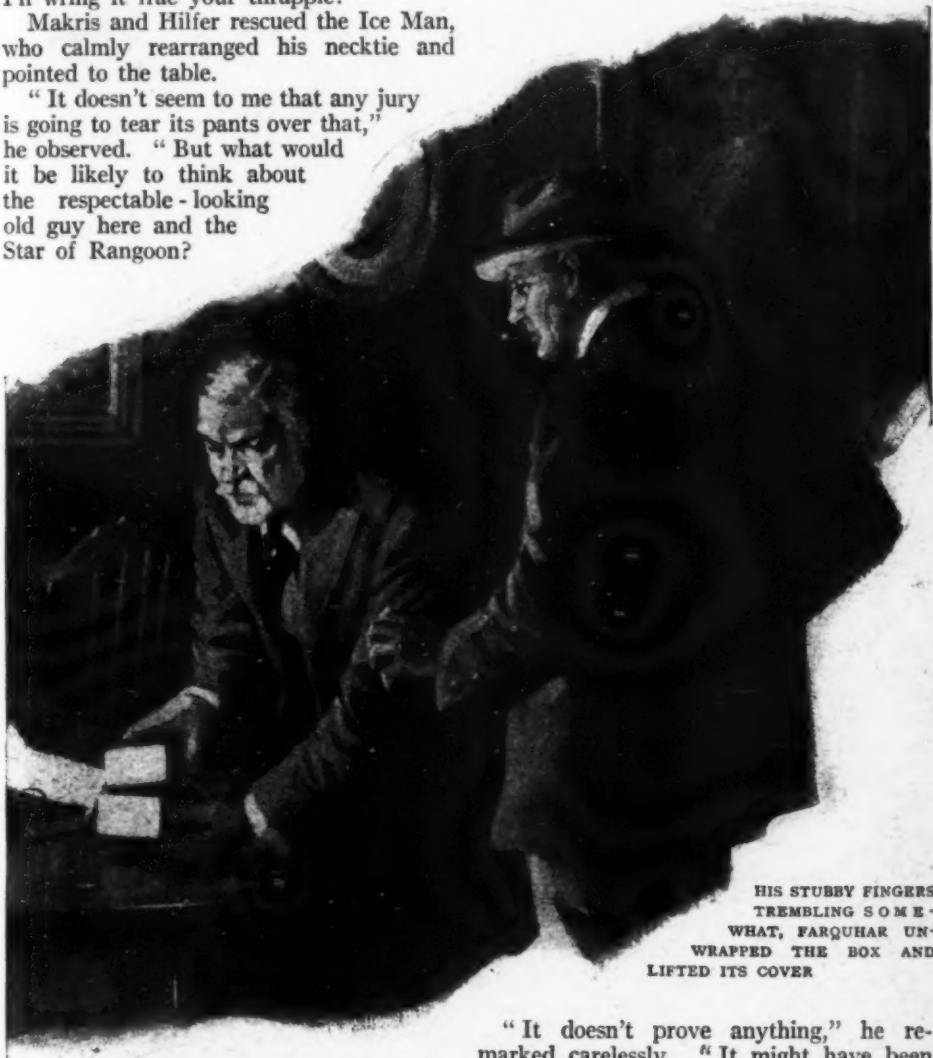
"Damn!" Farquhar's Presbyterian conscience exploded. He threw himself at the unresisting Ice Man and shook him by the collar. "Ma hundred thousand dollars, mon!" he bawled, reverting to the dialect of Galloway. "What hae ye dune wi' ma hundred thousand dollars? Tull me, or I'll wring it frae your thrapple!"

Makris and Hilfer rescued the Ice Man, who calmly rearranged his necktie and pointed to the table.

"It doesn't seem to me that any jury is going to tear its pants over that," he observed. "But what would it be likely to think about the respectable-looking old guy here and the Star of Rangoon?"

had fluttered to the floor, unnoticed by all but him.

As the Swiss straightened up with it, the Ice Man twisted in his chair, and swift as a leopard reached and snatched it. He glanced at it, laughed, and flipped it skillfully upon the table.



HIS STUBBY FINGERS
TREMBLING SOME-
WHAT, FARQUHAR UN-
WRAPPED THE BOX AND
LIFTED ITS COVER

Appears to me that he should worry a particle!"

In his hasty and bungling removal of the wrappings from the box of Hearthstone Comfits, Farquhar had missed a piece of evidence. Hilfer now bent and retrieved it—a small oblong bit of pasteboard, which

"It doesn't prove anything," he remarked carelessly. "It might have been in either box."

Makris picked up the card.

"No, it doesn't prove anything," he repeated wearily, and read from it: "'To my darling Minnie, from T. G.'"

"Eh? What's that?"

Farquhar came out of his daze and his chair together. He seized the bit of paste-

board, glowered at it, and then burst into a laugh which, but for its volume, would have been pure hysteria.

"So he has a darling Minnie, too—and at his age!" cut in the quiet voice of the Ice Man.

But Farquhar heeded not this outrageous insinuation.

"Come with me to my office, young man," the banker said to Makris. "I'm thinking that we can straighten this tangle out in a jiffy there."

Now that he had seen a ray of light, Farquhar's old Scottish brain was working like a clock. He picked up the recently opened box, considered the damaged cherry; then, wonder of wonders, he proceeded to devour it! He at once replaced it with another from the box which he had given Christie. Then he laboriously began to wrap up the box again, replacing the telltale card.

"And this?"

The detective captain held up the Star of Rangoon.

"Oh, aye; bring it along too," the banker told him.

"What about me?" asked McKechnie gently.

"Why, Andy," replied Makris with unconcealed regret, "it looks very much as if we shall be compelled to turn you out into the March weather. I had hoped otherwise. Take him back to headquarters, Hilfer, and treat him kindly. We'll keep him until we are sure. And say, Hilfer, that was a hell of a trick I promised to show you. Forget it!"

"Yess, captain."

On the glass top of Farquhar's desk at the bank, partly covered by the papers which he had pushed hither and yon while he had been telephoning, lay the third white box, bound with gilt and mauve cord—just where Miss Sinclair had laid it at his elbow. Farquhar replaced the other box on the slide of Minnie's desk.

"Now, young man," said the banker, when he had made sure that the packet of thousand-dollar bills had undergone no transformation, "now I want you to get me out of the double hole that I'm in. I want you to buy this Star of Bassoon foolishness for me."

"But I—" Makris started to protest.

"Come—it's easy," interrupted Farquhar, slapping him on the shoulder. "We

carry Mrs. Todd's account here at the bank—and it's none such a long one. She'll be glad to sell. Come, look at the fix I'm in. I know you can get the thing back to her, and no questions asked; but I've gone and given it to my Kirstie for a birthday gift; and though I do not hold with such foolishness, the bairn was unreasonably pleased with it, and I'm minded to let that gift stand. Besides"—with an access of Scottish caniness—"I'll be much money in pocket by doing it—not but that Kirstie will get it all some day, anyway. I doubt that the gewgaw's worth anything like fifty thousand dollars. We'll just offer Mrs. Todd the half of that, and see what she says about it. Come!"

Distasteful as Makris found the task, the argument of Christie clinched the matter, and he called up Mrs. Percival Todd. He assured her that he had every hope of recovering the Star of Rangoon before many hours; and he intimated that in the mean time he had a prospective purchaser for the famous jewel, whose interest had been aroused by the newspaper accounts of its glories.

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Todd.

Makris knew that the sale was a settled affair. Just what would she consider a fair price, he asked, assuming that the jewel should be recovered?

"Well, really," Mrs. Todd's full-throated, rather hard voice informed him, "you know how the newspapers exaggerate. The Star of Rangoon is genuine, of course, and my husband paid a great deal of money for it; but—er—"

"My client will give twenty-five thousand dollars," insinuated the captain.

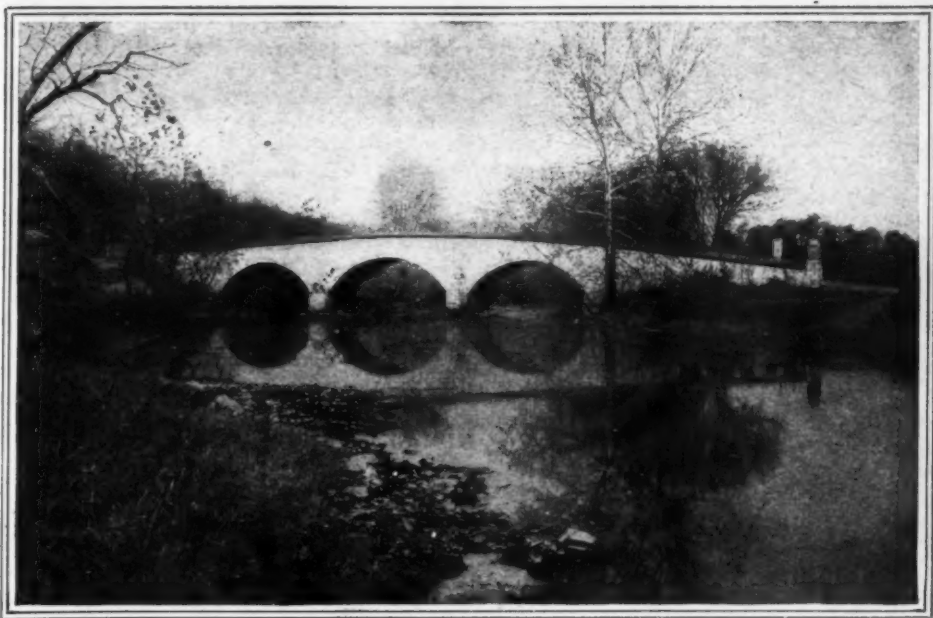
"I'll take it," Mrs. Todd promptly replied.

Makris no less promptly reported the lady's decision to Farquhar, who thereupon slipped the yellow girdle from the packet of bills, and counted twenty-six of them into the detective's hand.

"Here, you have given me one too many," said Makris.

The banker waved it back. The detective flushed angrily.

"Na, na," said the old man, wagging his white head, "I'm not meaning to insult you, an' I thank you heartily. Gie the bill to yon laddie wi' the Scots name, an' tull him to try and gang straight frae the noo. Mon, he's saved me seventy-four thousand dollars the day!"



BURNSIDE'S BRIDGE OVER ANTIETAM CREEK, ONE OF THE LANDMARKS OF THE BATTLE-FIELD—
THE FIFTY-FIRST NEW YORK LED ONE OF THE FEDERAL COLUMNS THAT STORMED
THE BRIDGE, AND ITS REGIMENTAL MONUMENT IS NEAR IT

New York's New Monument at Antietam

A FINE MEMORIAL THAT RECALLS THE BLOODIEST DAY OF BATTLE IN AMERICAN
HISTORY—A STRUGGLE IN WHICH NEW YORK TROOPS PLAYED A
LEADING PART AND SUFFERED THE HEAVIEST LOSSES

By W. R. Hamilton

OF twenty-six thousand American soldiers killed or wounded in the battle of Antietam, no fewer than fifteen thousand fell in the furious charges and countercharges that occurred when the Federal right clashed with the Confederate left during the morning hours of September 17, 1862. The scene of that desperate struggle was the area around the Dunkard Church and along the road from Hagerstown to Sharpsburg, embracing the Bloody Cornfield, the East, West, and Dunkard Church Woods, and the adjacent open

spaces—in all, a good deal less than a square mile of Maryland's fertile and historic soil. It is on this hallowed ground, with the little rough-cast church still standing near by, and with other beautiful memorials clustered about, that the State of New York has recently erected, on its reservation, one of the finest monuments that adorn the field.

The monument, which was dedicated on the 17th of September last, the fifty-eighth anniversary of the battle, is a Roman Doric column of Concord granite, supported on a

pedestal, occupying the center of a platform twenty-six feet square. The column is surmounted by an eagle, the whole structure rising sixty feet above the ground. The pedestal has four bronze inscription tablets, each measuring about six feet by five. The platform has a low parapet, and is approached by steps. The coat of arms of New York is shown over the simple dedicatory inscription, which reads:

The State of New York, in commemoration of its officers and soldiers in the battle of Antietam, September 17, 1862.

Other tablets contain a list of eighty-eight organizations from New York which took part in the engagement, with names of commanders; a short resumé of New York's record at Antietam, and the names of its corps, division, and brigade commanders; and the names of New York officers killed or mortally wounded in the battle.

The monument cost a little less than thirty thousand dollars. Its architect was Edward P. Casey, and it was erected under the supervision of the New York Monuments Commission, of which Colonel Lewis R. Stegman is chairman.

THE BLOODIEST DAY IN OUR HISTORY

"A terrible *mêlée*" is the way in which Colonel Stegman refers to the memorable conflict near Sharpsburg, and a "queer mix-up of regiments, brigades, divisions, and corps" is his description of the fighting on the Confederate left—the church and corn-field section. He was there when affairs were most complicated, serving with the One Hundred and Second New York Volunteers.

New York units fought on every front in the battle. New York lads surged and swayed with Hooker's corps, which began the fighting at daybreak, and made the corn-field famous. They were active in the general advance of Mansfield's corps, which fought over the same area later, driving back the enemy and becoming scattered after the operation. New York lads were in the front line in the disastrous charge of Sedgwick's division of Sumner's corps, through the West Woods; and they were conspicuous in the exploits in and near the sunken road, known thenceforth as Bloody Lane. Colonel Robert B. Potter's Fifty-First New York was the regiment that led in the capture of Burnside's Bridge, and

the Ninth New York, Hawkins's Zouaves, established high-water mark on the Federal left, fighting in brigade with the Eighty-Ninth and One Hundred and Third New York.

Horace Greeley spoke of September 17, 1862, as "the bloodiest day in American history," and the superlative has not become obsolete. Colonel Stegman is my authority for the following statistics:

No State suffered so severely at Antietam as New York, with casualties totalling 3,765, or more than thirty per cent of the Federal loss.

Of the twenty regiments sustaining the heaviest losses at Antietam, seven were from New York.

Of the 191 officers of the Union Army who were killed or died subsequently of wounds, sixty-two were from New York, or more than thirty-two per cent of the total.

In the one-day battle of Antietam there were more casualties than in any of the two-day battles of Shiloh, Corinth, Stone River, or Chickamauga; more than in the three-day battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, or Cold Harbor; more than in the five days of Groveton, Second Manassas, and Chantilly; more than in the seven days in the Peninsula; more than in the eleven days of the campaign ending at Appomattox; more than in all the fighting that took place around Atlanta; and more than in all the operations around Vicksburg, including the siege, from May 18 to July 4, 1863.

The percentage of loss sustained by the Union forces at Gettysburg, three days, was 21.20; at Chickamauga, the severest conflict in the Western campaigns, lasting two days, 19.60; but at Antietam, in one day, the Confederate loss was 24.65 and the Union loss 20.64 per cent of the forces engaged in the battle.

THE BATTLE-FIELD OF ANTIETAM

Antietam National Cemetery is at the east end of the village of Sharpsburg, and contains the graves of 4,734 Union soldiers. Its soldier monument was purchased at the Philadelphia Centennial. The building in which Lee held a council of war is one of the landmarks of Sharpsburg. Lee's headquarters were in the woods west of the village, but he used as a lookout an elevation now within the cemetery. McClellan's headquarters were near Keedysville, two miles northeast of Sharpsburg.

Lee had a strong defensive position, but a perilous one withal, as he was cooped up in a bend of the Potomac River, fordable only at one place—which he used for his retreat on the night of the 18th.

Advantages of position, and the ease with which Confederate troops were shifted to forestall attack, offset McClellan's superi-

man, at close quarters, but all the gunners were not distant. The shifting of light artillery kept pace with the shifting of other commands, and it was dangerous work at these batteries.

"Sharpsburg was an artillery hell," says a Southern officer.

To-day, from the numerous elevations of



THE OLD DUNKARD CHURCH, ON THE ROAD FROM SHARPSBURG TO HAGERSTOWN, AROUND WHICH TOOK PLACE SOME OF THE FIERCEST FIGHTING OF THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM, AND NEAR WHICH STANDS THE NEW YORK STATE MONUMENT

ority in numbers. Particularly formidable strongholds of the Confederates were the ledge of rocks behind the West Woods, the sunken road, which McClellan called "a natural rifle-pit," and the hill-crest frowning upon Burnside's Bridge, where Toombs and a few hundred Georgians, with artillery support, kept an entire corps at bay. Murderous fire was here converged on the narrow approach to the bridge along the Federal bank of Antietam Creek.

Neither side had any advantage in heavy artillery positions. From hills east of the creek and from others west of the West Woods, gunners sent shot and shell, even more dreaded than the hail of Minié balls. The distant gunner could see what he was shooting at much better than the infantry-

the battle-field, so well adapted for artillery and lookout use, the sightseeing visitor views a picture that entrances. Darting motor-cars take the place of deploying troops in giving life to the placid countryside. Woodland and meadow carpet the billowed surface, with farm-buildings and orchards here and there.

The landscape has changed little since 1862. It is an undulating country, and Antietam Creek, fringed with trees, cannot be seen afar as it flows sluggishly southward to the Potomac. The mountains hedging the Cumberland Valley appear soft blue on the horizon. The scene, indeed, is beyond the skill of artist to depict, and poets can only suggest its charms.

Besides the new State monument, New

York has nine regimental memorials on the battle-field: Fourth New York and Twentieth New York (Turner Rifles), in the cemetery; Ninth New York (Hawkins's Zouaves), on the ridge south of Sharpsburg, at the high-water mark of the Union advance on the Confederate right; a second Turner Rifle monument, in the New York reservation; Thirty-Fourth New York, near the Dunkard Church; Fifty-First New York, near Burnside's Bridge; Eighty-Fourth New York and One Hundred and Fourth New York, on Cornfield Avenue; Fifty-Ninth New York, or Stetson memorial, near the Dunkard Church.

Each shrine of valor has its thrilling story, but a few glimpses at typical episodes must here suffice to show how New Yorkers helped to make Antietam world-famous.

THE FIGHT FOR THE BLOODY CORN-FIELD

The same kind of corn ripens near Sharpsburg this year as in 1862, but no famished soldiers hurrying into line will grab and munch the raw "roasting ears," and no such ghastly harvest will be reaped as that in the field where General Hooker said that "the slain lay in rows, precisely as they had stood in their ranks a few minutes before." This corn-field, then part of the farm of Colonel D. R. Miller, a veteran of the Mexican War—known as the Bloody Corn-Field in the pages of history—was fought over several times—probably five. It was sharply contested at least thrice.

Only the first blue wave had rolled over it at the hour of which Hooker wrote, 7.30 A.M. Ricketts's division of Hooker's corps had swept the field of Jackson's men, keeping pace with divisions of Meade and Doubleday in an advance that tore a great gap in the enemy's line, and calling back hungry men of Hood's Confederate division from breakfast.

Hood's reinforcements struck a fierce blow, and gray again became the predominating color of the corn-field. Advance and retirement cost Hooker nearly twenty-six hundred men, and his corps was put out of action. Meade succeeded to the command of its separated remnants after Hooker was wounded.

Mansfield's corps returned the blow, and Gordon's brigade hewed its way through the Bloody Corn-Field. Out again grays; in again blues. Then Williams, who succeeded as corps commander when Mansfield

was killed, withdrew to replenish ammunition, while the Confederates began concentrating in Dunkard Church Woods and on Bloody Lane.

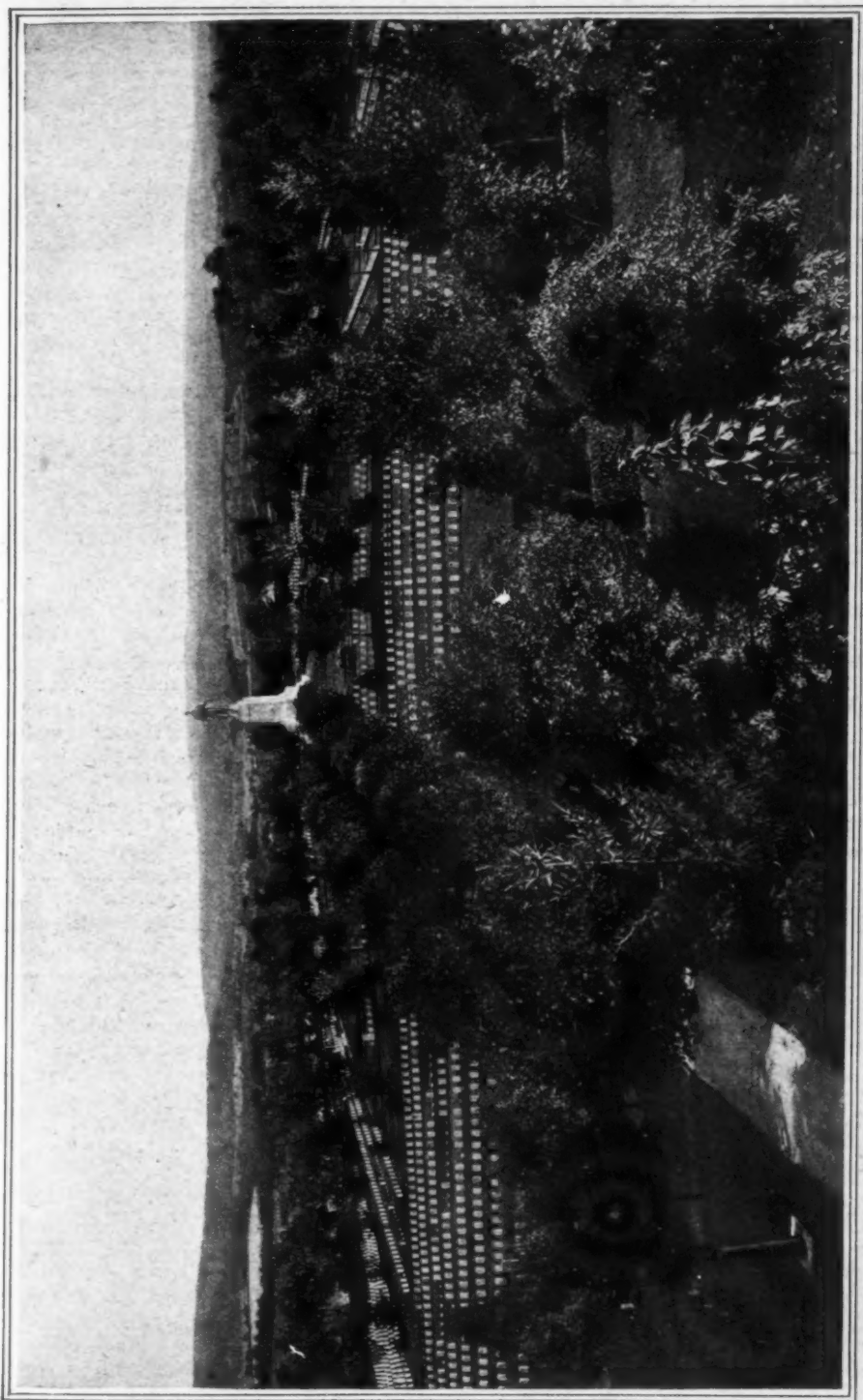
Hence, when Sumner passed through the corn-field with Sedgwick's division of the Second Corps, on the way to the West Woods disaster, he found there neither foe to hinder or friend to help. Very soon, however, blues again swarmed in the field, with grays pursuing. A costly counter-charge this for McLaws, who lost 1,103 out of his Confederate division of 2,893, but not all in the corn-field.

Reinforced by detachments from the Sixth Corps, the Federals rallied, and the mix-up ended with the field in their possession, also all the disputed territory east of the Hagerstown road. Slain of the First, Twelfth, Second, and Sixth Federal Corps, with Confederates from several divisions, were all huddled together on these thirty crimsoned acres.

It was at daybreak that H. W. Burlingame, of Warsaw, New York, a nineteen-year-old private in the ranks of the Wadsworth Guards, One Hundred and Fourth New York, Duryee's brigade, Ricketts's division, Hooker's corps, spent a lively hour in the corn-field. He had marched into the field without breakfast. He says that he and his comrades did most of their fighting lying on the ground, firing volley after volley at the enemy, half hidden by smoke and accumulating debris. One soldier by the young volunteer's side rose to his knees to get a better view, but was struck by a cannon-ball. Burlingame thought it was better to keep on firing in the general direction of the enemy, without taking aim, convinced that a bullet with proper elevation was as likely to hit as to miss—a conclusion which subsequent investigation proved logical. He lived to preside at the dedication of the monument of his regiment several years ago.

HOW JACKSON AMBUSHED SEDGWICK

When Mansfield's corps became scattered, Greene's division, or a substantial part of it, instead of retiring, kept on after the enemy and got into a position in the woods around the Dunkard Church, which swarmed with Confederates. For a time the division was remote from all other Union troops, and was almost surrounded by the enemy. Most of the Confederates paid little attention to the intruders, how-



ANTIETAM NATIONAL CEMETERY, AT THE EAST END OF THE VILLAGE OF SHARPSBURG, MARYLAND, NEAR WHICH WERE LEE'S HEADQUARTERS DURING THE BATTLE—HERE ARE THE GRAVES OF 4,734 FEDERAL SOLDIERS

SIXTY-SEVEN REGIMENTS OF INFANTRY, FIVE REGIMENTS OF CAVALRY,
FOURTEEN BATTERIES OF ARTILLERY AND TWO REGIMENTS OF ENGINEERS

New York's losses on this field were: 65 officers and 624 enlisted men killed or mortally wounded, 110 officers and 2,687 enlisted men wounded and 2 officers and 277 men captured or missing, making a total of 3,765

GENERAL OFFICERS FROM NEW YORK STATE IN COMMAND

Corps Commanders

Maj. Gen. Edwin V. Sumner, Second Corps

Maj. Gen. Fitz John Porter, Fifth Corps

Division Commanders

Maj. Gen. Henry W. Slocum
Maj. Gen. George W. Morell
Maj. Gen. Darius N. Couch

Brig. Gen. James B. Ricketts
Brig. Gen. Abner Doubleday
Brig. Gen. George S. Greene

Brigade Commanders

Brig. Gen. M. R. Patrick
Brig. Gen. Abram Duryee
Brig. Gen. Thomas F. Meagher
Brig. Gen. Geo. L. Hartsuff
Brig. Gen. Max Weber
Brig. Gen. Erastus B. Tyler

Brig. Gen. John Cochrane
Brig. Gen. Edward Ferrero
Brig. Gen. G. K. Warren
Col. Wm. H. Christian
Col. Walter Phelps, Jr.
Col. T. B. W. Stockton

Col. Joseph J. Bartlett
Col. H. S. Fairchild
Col. John Burke
Col. William B. Goodrich
Col. Wm. P. Wainwright
Lt. Col. Jonathan Austin
Lt. Col. James C. Lane

Erected A.D. 1919

Under the Auspices of the New York Monuments Commission

MEMORIAL TABLET ON THE NEW YORK STATE MONUMENT AT ANTIETAM, RECORDING NEW YORK'S
CONTRIBUTION TO THE FEDERAL FORCES ENGAGED IN THE BATTLE

ever, because Jackson was then arranging the ambush for Sedgwick. Probably the din of musketry in this patch of woods along which Sedgwick would have to pass would not have been in accord with Jackson's plans.

When Jackson's terrific blow fell on Sedgwick's division, Greene's men were forced back in a general Union retirement, fighting as they retreated—fighting still during the subsequent reaction from the Confederate irruption.

After Sedgwick had crossed the creek at the ford above Middle Bridge, he had two miles to go in plain view of observers along the greater part of Lee's line. Though his division sped at quick step, the tidings of his advance traveled much faster. Jackson had time to line up seven brigades in the Dunkard Church Woods, connecting at right angle with the three brigades lined up in the West Woods. Thus ten Confederate brigades stood ready to receive the three Union brigades which were hurrying into the jaws of death.

Shot and shell from behind the West Woods, and musketry fire from the same direction, did not check Sedgwick's onward

course, nor did some severe flank-firing by Early on the assailant's right. The West Woods were gained and crossed. General Sumner could not have wished for braver men to conduct a desperate adventure. He had tried to find more of them. Sedgwick was wounded, and O. O. Howard took his command. Dana, one of his brigadiers, was wounded, and Colonel William L. Tidball, of the Fifty-Ninth New York, became brigade commander, Lieutenant-Colonel John Lemuel Stetson, of Plattsburg, taking charge of the regiment.

When, with the suddenness of a lightning flash, fire was opened all along the left flank of Sedgwick's division, the Fifty-Ninth New York was in the corner of the angle, though not quite as far advanced westwardly as the Fifteenth Massachusetts, whose wounded lion monument stands on high-water mark of the Union attack in Confederate left territory, and records the heaviest losses sustained by any regiment in the battle. The Fifty-Ninth, however, was much closer to the flank fire than the New England regiment.

At the first murderous volley Lieutenant-Colonel Stetson wheeled his horse to face

the new enemy, endeavoring to turn his lines, and shouting:

"Men, rally to your colors!"

THE DEATH OF COLONEL STETSON

Within a few seconds a rifle-ball struck him in the pit of the stomach, killing him instantly. Within a few minutes 2,255 casualties occurred in the ill-fated division without any compensating infliction of damage upon the foe.

The Fifty-Ninth was a regiment recruited in New York City, and a survivor says that its members spoke twelve different languages. Nine of its officers were killed in the West Woods, or subsequently died of wounds, and several others were wounded—a loss of officers exceeded only twice in Civil War records. These facts and the last words of Lieutenant-Colonel Stetson appear on the memorial erected by his brother, Francis Lynde Stetson, of New York, once law partner of Grover Cleveland and legal advisor of the elder J. Pierpont Morgan.

Lieutenant-Colonel Stetson was buried on the battle-field—under a walled mound strewn with boughs from a white oak cut off by cannon-shot—by his father, Judge Lemuel Stetson, one of the thousands of parents to whom the wires brought evil tidings after that day of unparalleled slaughter. Judge Stetson saw many trees in the West Woods with a dozen bullet-marks on each, and he expressed wonder that any

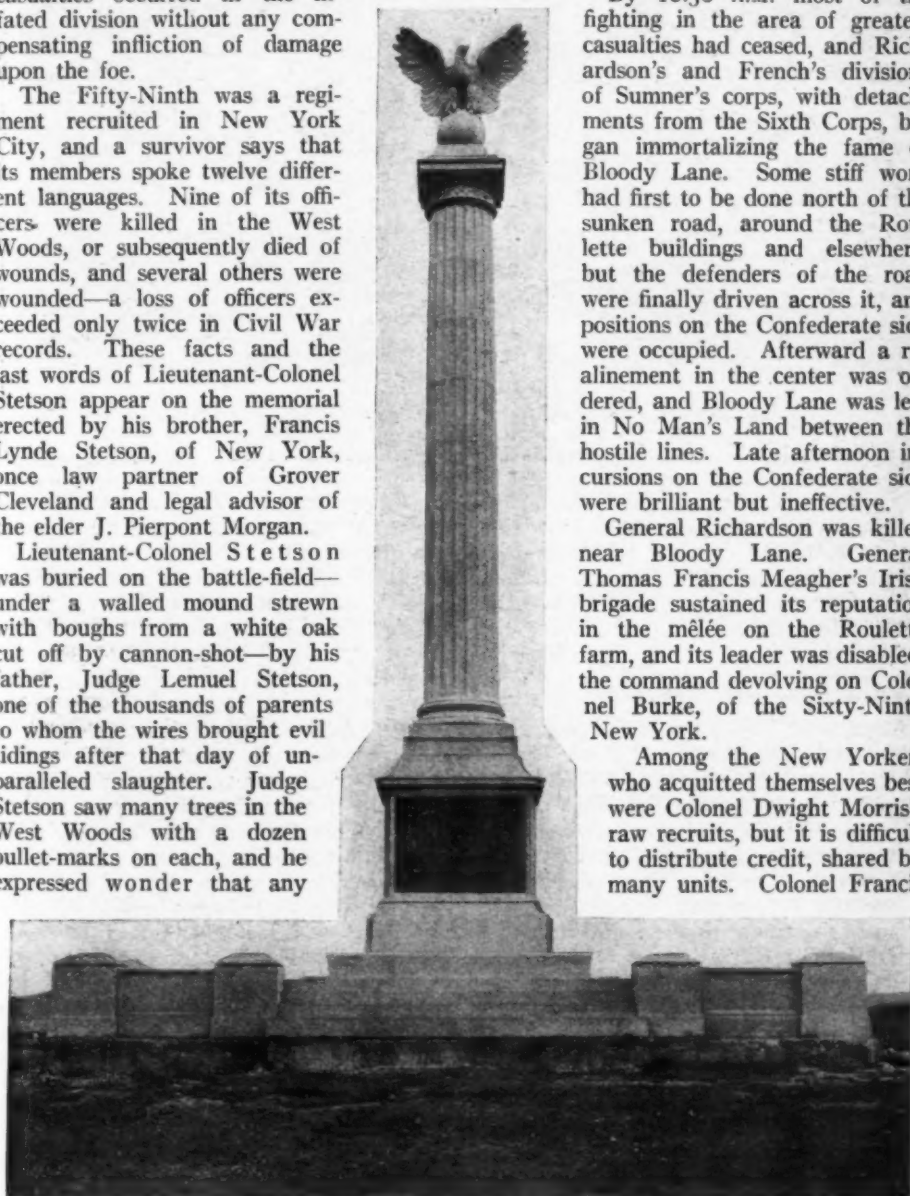
one could have stood there during the conflict and escaped unwounded.

The Forty-Second New York was in line behind the Fifty-Ninth in Sedgwick's advance, and the Eighty-Second New York was one of the other units of the division. The Philadelphia brigade formed the third line. Its monument and park are near.

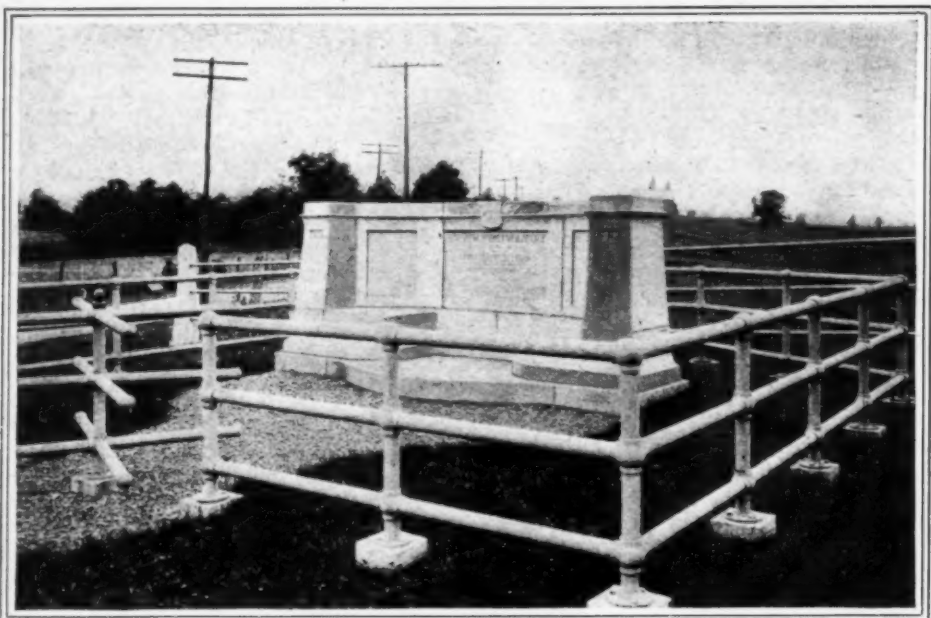
By 10.30 A.M. most of the fighting in the area of greatest casualties had ceased, and Richardson's and French's divisions of Sumner's corps, with detachments from the Sixth Corps, began immortalizing the fame of Bloody Lane. Some stiff work had first to be done north of the sunken road, around the Roulette buildings and elsewhere, but the defenders of the road were finally driven across it, and positions on the Confederate side were occupied. Afterward a realignment in the center was ordered, and Bloody Lane was left in No Man's Land between the hostile lines. Late afternoon incursions on the Confederate side were brilliant but ineffective.

General Richardson was killed near Bloody Lane. General Thomas Francis Meagher's Irish brigade sustained its reputation in the mêlée on the Roulette farm, and its leader was disabled, the command devolving on Colonel Burke, of the Sixty-Ninth New York.

Among the New Yorkers who acquitted themselves best were Colonel Dwight Morris's raw recruits, but it is difficult to distribute credit, shared by many units. Colonel Francis



THE NEW YORK STATE MONUMENT AT ANTIETAM, DEDICATED ON THE 17TH OF LAST SEPTEMBER, THE FIFTY-EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE.



THE MEMORIAL TO LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JOHN LEMUEL STETSON, OF THE FIFTY-NINTH NEW YORK, WHO FELL AT THE HEAD OF HIS REGIMENT DURING THE ATTACK OF SEDGWICK'S DIVISION UPON THE CONFEDERATE LEFT

C. Barlow, with the Sixty-First and Sixty-Fourth New York, performed a notable exploit in taking the line in the sunken road in flank and capturing several hundred prisoners. Nelson A. Miles was the lieutenant-colonel in command of the Sixty-First.

THE STORMING OF BURNSIDE'S BRIDGE

A battle-field bridge always has especial allurements for posterity. The stone arch bridge over Antietam Creek now bearing Burnside's name was one of three similar spans used by the Federals, together with fords, in crossing the creek, but it was the only one defended by the Confederates. Lee had no men to spare to extend his line south of the bridge in the morning.

Delay in receipt of orders by Burnside, and further delay in executing them, deferred the opening of the engagement on the Federal left. The sun was at meridian when, mindless of the hail of lead, Ferrero's brigade achieved the difficult passage, and with it imperishable renown. Crooks had missed his way to the bridge. The Second Maryland and another regiment were driven back before they could reach it.

With Ferrero's brigade, and leading one of the columns of the storming-party, was

the Fifty-First New York, and the monument that attests that regiment's distinction stands near. The Twenty-First and Twenty-Fifth Massachusetts and the Fifty-First Pennsylvania were the other regiments in the attacking columns. The bridge gained, it was easy to clear the hill-crest of sharpshooters and gunners, who had exacted grievous toll at the crossing; and Burnside's corps, under General J. D. Cox, was on its way to join battle.

Not all of the corps crossed by the bridge, however. Rodman's division used a ford below it, guarded only by a lonely picket, but discovered too late to serve for the main line of attack.

Among the participants in this advance were two future Presidents, both Ohioans, Sergeant William McKinley and Colonel Rutherford B. Hayes. Ohio's State monument at Antietam takes the form of a tribute to McKinley on the spot where he served coffee and hardtack to his fellow soldiers. It is near the crest of the hill overlooking the bridge.

To approach Sharpsburg from the south-east one must climb steep ridges. This part of the battle-field was fiercely contested before the Ninth New York (Hawkins's Zouaves) established high-water mark on

official maps, and troops farther north reached the edge of the town, near the Lutheran church. The Zouaves were in command of Lieutenant-Colonel Edgar A. Kimball, who had in his youth been the first man to scale the walls of Chapultepec. In fighting its way toward Sharpsburg the regiment captured a battery. It was brigaded with the Eighty-Ninth and One Hundred and Third New York, of Rodman's division, and it appears in the schedule of heaviest casualties.

Its most severe losses occurred when Rodman's division was struck on the left flank, like Sedgwick's. Rodman was killed, and the entire Ninth Corps lost much of the ground it had gained. It was General A. P. Hill who delivered the unexpected blow. He had hurried four brigades of his division on an eighteen-mile march from Harper's Ferry, and many of his soldiers wore blue uniforms acquired when Harper's Ferry surrendered, on September 15. It was a natural mistake to regard these approaching troops as Federal reinforcements until they came very close.

Hill pressed the receding Ninth Corps hard, but it was no one-sided combat after the initial surprise, and Hill's losses were not much less severe than those of other Confederate divisions.

The Ninth New York monument is an obelisk at the high-water mark.

Six general officers were killed at Antietam—Mansfield, Richardson, and Rodman, Federal; Stark, G. B. Anderson, and Branch, Confederate. Bronze cannon embedded in stone mark the spots where they fell. Larger monuments on the field number about eighty. Pennsylvania has eighteen statue monuments, scattered. The Maryland pavilion memorial, a tribute to regiments who fought in both armies, the lofty Indiana obelisk, the tall New Jersey column, and the Massachusetts sarcophagus are not far away from the New York State monument.

A drawn battle Antietam is reckoned by many writers, but the material attrition of Lee's forces, and his prompt abandonment of the invasion of Maryland, were results that inspired the North, aroused it to more vigorous effort, probably influenced the attitude of foreign powers, and encouraged President Lincoln to publish the Emancipation Proclamation.

Officers of every rank who fought with the Army of the Potomac or with that of

Northern Virginia have enriched literature with accounts of the battle, and not a few privates have handled the pen as well as they handled the rifle. "McClellan's Own Story" has been well told, and Taylor, Stiles, Alexander, and John B. Gordon are a few of the Confederate writers who have described deeds of matchless daring by comrades and by foes. Francis Winthrop Palfrey, of Massachusetts, ranks high in the esteem of historical students. He was in the Sedgwick charge, and so was Captain Oliver Wendell Holmes, now a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

THE STORY OF BARBARA FRIETCHIE

The fact that Captain Holmes was wounded at Antietam, and that his father, the poet, visited many places in search of him, caused the production of two literary gems of the first water—one, the elder Holmes's "My Hunt After the Captain"; the other, Whittier's "Barbara Frietchie." Frederick, with its "clustered spires," was one of the places whither deceptive rumor led Dr. Holmes over "the green-walled hills of Maryland" and by "the meadows ripe with corn." There he heard the current reports regarding Dame Frietchie and the flag-waving incident, which he related to his Quaker friend.

That Stonewall Jackson did not pass by the Frietchie home, as Whittier states, is a fact well substantiated by those who were by his side on the march. However, Barbara Frietchie's patriotic zeal and devotion to her flag are equally well attested. She was an aged woman, greatly respected in her community, but she did not survive long enough to know that her name had become famous. That she told friends of an encounter with a Confederate officer, who tried to take the flag away from her, fearing that she would come to harm, is the probable origin of the story that Whittier embalmed in verse. "Granny, give me that flag," and "I won't do it," may possibly have been the language exchanged. She did not do it, as the flag remained a treasured heirloom.

All lips that might have set at rest the controversy over Barbara Frietchie have long been hushed. Four thousand dead rest in nameless graves in the Confederate cemetery at Hagerstown, and among them may be numbered the Confederate officer who provoked the gray-haired heroine's display of stubborn courage and patriotism.

The Frame-Up

BY HARRY KEMP

Illustrated by R. L. Lambdin

THE middle-aged hobo slumped into the office. The surprised girls stopped their tapping typewriters for a moment to laugh among themselves and steal contemptuous looks at him, and then dug into their work again.

The straw-blond young lady at the outer desk, whose task it was to intercept all callers and see what they wanted, rose, with a look which said:

"Well, who in Heaven's name let you in?"

Her spoken words, however, were the routine formula:

"Who is it you want to see?"

The hobo turned his weather-beaten hat sheepishly round and round in his brown hands.

"The boss, miss."

"Have you an appointment with him?"

"No, miss, not exactly—that is—"

His voice broke off in embarrassment.

"Well, then, you can't see him," snapped the girl decisively, turning to her desk and immersing herself in a magazine.

The tramp still waited. He took a step or two nearer her desk, preparing to remonstrate. The door-man, a big Irishman, was by this time scowling close by. All the typists paused again to see the comedy. It would have gone hard with the hobo if just at that moment Mr. Deering, president of the Universal Corporation, had not passed through in transit to the inner office.

"Charley!" ventured the hobo, to the consternation of the whole office force, "Charley, don't you know me?"

Taking a step in the president's direction, he held out a dubious hand. Evidently he did not know just what sort of reception awaited him. He feared that he might be bounced out ignominiously.

Deering stopped, nonplused. For a second he did not recognize the man who had so familiarly called him by his first

name. The big Irish door-man moved ominously nearer the hobo. Then recognition came into the president's eyes.

"Why, Jim, where in the world did you come from? Where have you been all these years?" He took the proffered hand and wrung it heartily. Then, turning to the door-man: "Shaughnessy, show the gentleman into my private office. I'll be right back and join you in a minute," he added to the visitor.

As soon as Mr. Deering had passed out of ear-shot, one of the office-boys gave vent to a low whistle of surprise.

"Must say the boss is some democrat," remarked one of the girls to the others, "to let that seedy-looking old tramp into his private office."

"Have a cigar, Jim?" Deering asked, as he thrust a whole box of fifty-centers under his friend's nose.

Jim helped himself. Deering took one, too, and lit his and the hobo's from the same match. For a space both sat smoking in silent satisfaction. The hobo just drank the smoke in. He hadn't had a decent cigar for a long time.

"Well, explain yourself," began Deering. "Where have you been all these years?"

"There ain't much to explain, Mr.—Mr.—"

For the first time the tramp showed hesitation, for a recognition of his old friend's financial importance had at last percolated into his consciousness.

"Don't begin that 'Mr.' business! Keep on calling me Charley. I've got on since we were college chums together, but I think you'll find me just the same."

"Well, Charley, you ask me what I've been doing, and the answer is easy. Nothing—that's what—nothing, except bumming. I'm a rank failure, a down-and-out, a bum—that's all!"

"Why—why—" began Deering, flicking the ash off the end of his cigar and thinking of the days far back, when the man who now sat before him, ragged and disreputable, had been the cleverest man in his class, a Phi Beta Kappa man, and all that sort of thing. "Why, I don't—"

In his earnestness, Jim Randall laid a hand on the president's arm.

"No, don't try to make me feel good by pretending. You know how I was even then—brilliant enough, God knows, but shiftless and careless. You boys called me a Bohemian, but the test of the world showed that it was lack of stamina and indecision. Charley, I'm not a boozier, and I have none of the vices that are supposed to drag men down, but the truth is that ever since I left college I've been just a common bum."

"Indeed, no! You tried and failed, and—"

"It wasn't even that. When I say bum I mean bum—a fellow that rides freights, and sits by camp-fires, and goes to jails, and gets put to work on rock-piles and county farms to serve out sentences for vagrancy."

Deering was genuinely shocked. He looked over his old college friend with slow commiseration.

"Well, if it's as bad as all that, I must do something for you, to set you on your feet again!"

"No, Charley, you can't do even that. It's been ground too deep in me—the road—by this time. Once a fellow gets used to my way of living, it's all up with him."

"Then what did you come to see me for, Jim?"

"For only one thing. No, it wasn't to renew old friendship or anything like that. Frankly, I thought I might touch you for a fiver."

"But I'll give you a job—any sort of job, with only nominal work attached to it, and you can settle down and enjoy the comforts of life."

"A regular job!" The hobo laughed. "I tell you, Charley, I could no more settle down and hold a regular job than I could fly by lifting my arms up in the air and taking a header out of this window."

He looked far down, where pedestrians were walking with that curious squat, straddling motion of the legs observed from a height.

Deering saw the point. He knew that further argument was useless. As he had

liked Randall in the old undergraduate days, he took a roll from his pocket and slipped off a bill of larger denomination than the tramp expected.

Randall greedily pocketed the money, and rose, about to go. His friend, the successful man, sat tapping his desk for a moment, his brow contracted with thought. As the tramp started to hold out his hand for a farewell shake, Deering, having evidently made up his mind about something, made a delaying motion.

"Just a minute, Jim. You say you wouldn't hold a job if you had one?"

"What's the use being a hypocrite? No, I wouldn't, because I couldn't."

"Not even if the job included keeping on just as you are now?"

"You mean still being a bum?"

"Precisely."

"Nothing doing, Charley. I ain't got that low yet. You want to get me a job with some railroad company being a detective. No, as I said, I ain't got that low yet!"

"Still you've got me wrong. I just want you to keep on being a tramp, and do a little confidential job for me on the side."

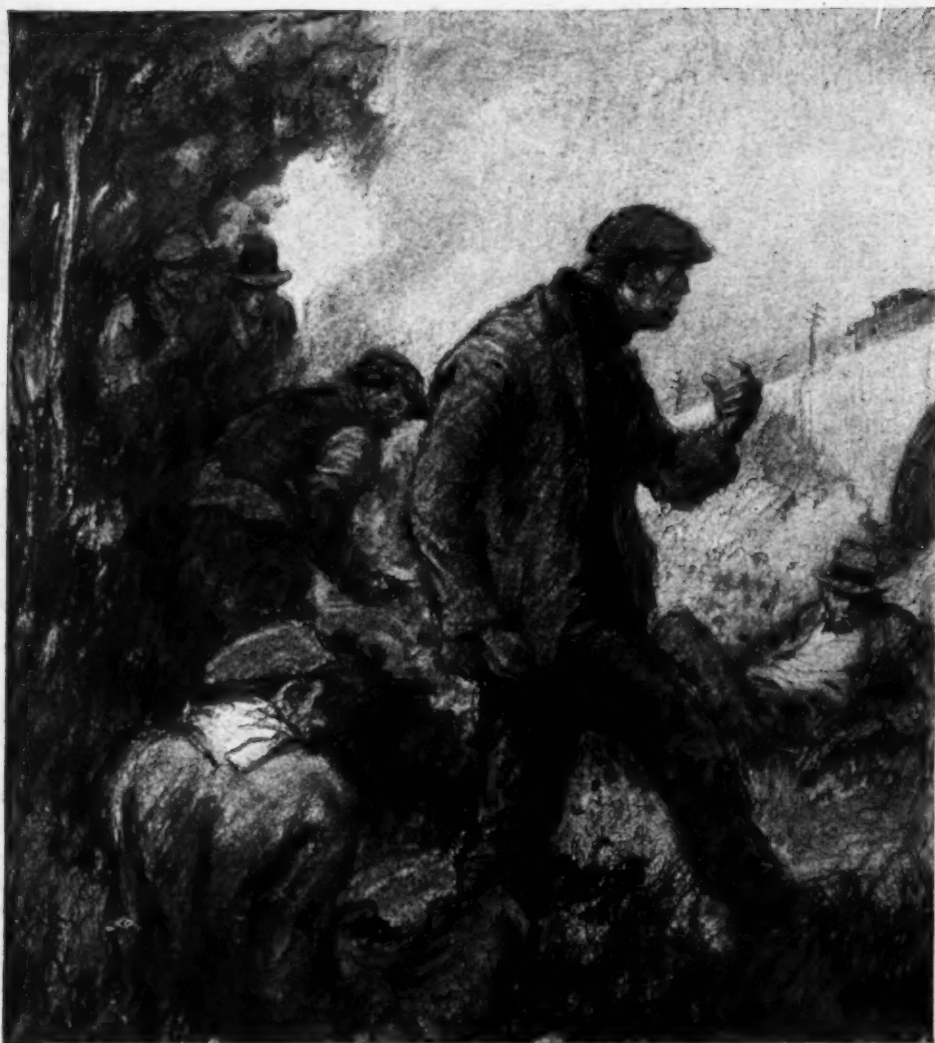
Intrigued, the tramp sat down, while Deering explained.

II

CHARLES DEERING, JR., was in his second year in college when the lure of the road struck him. It was the heyday of the tramp tale. Gorky had just come into vogue with his stories of Russian vagabondage, and Josiah Flynt's books on tramp life were found on every library table.

A decade earlier Carman and Hovey's "Songs of Vagabondia" had lured away the youth of the land—but only to a delightful make-believe vagrancy, with valets and servants in the offing, and, at the worst, ramshackle barns to sleep in, in regulation sleeping-bags carefully carried by the "gipsiers"; but this modern call of the road was a more serious proposition. Young men were hitting the real road, with no lackadaisical dallying, either. And the sad upshot of it all was that, in spite of the hardship, dirt, and degradation, many boys were drawn into the way of the outcast and never came back again to the life they had left behind them.

Charles Deering, Jr., thought it would be great sport, now that the summer va-



"WELL, DIDN'T YOU GET NOTHING?" ASKED THE YEGG, READY TO PICK A QUARREL

cation was on, to become, for the nonce, a real tramp—perhaps later on to write a series of articles or a book about his experiences, just like London, Gorky, and Flynt. So, on the last day of the school year, instead of traveling in a parlor-car from the quaint New England college town to the seething activity of New York, he slipped out the back way, attired in a suit of his oldest clothes. He shipped his other personal effects home.

This was the first intimation his father had had of the boy's intention of trying the hobo life. There followed, of course, a letter of explanation, written from Newark.

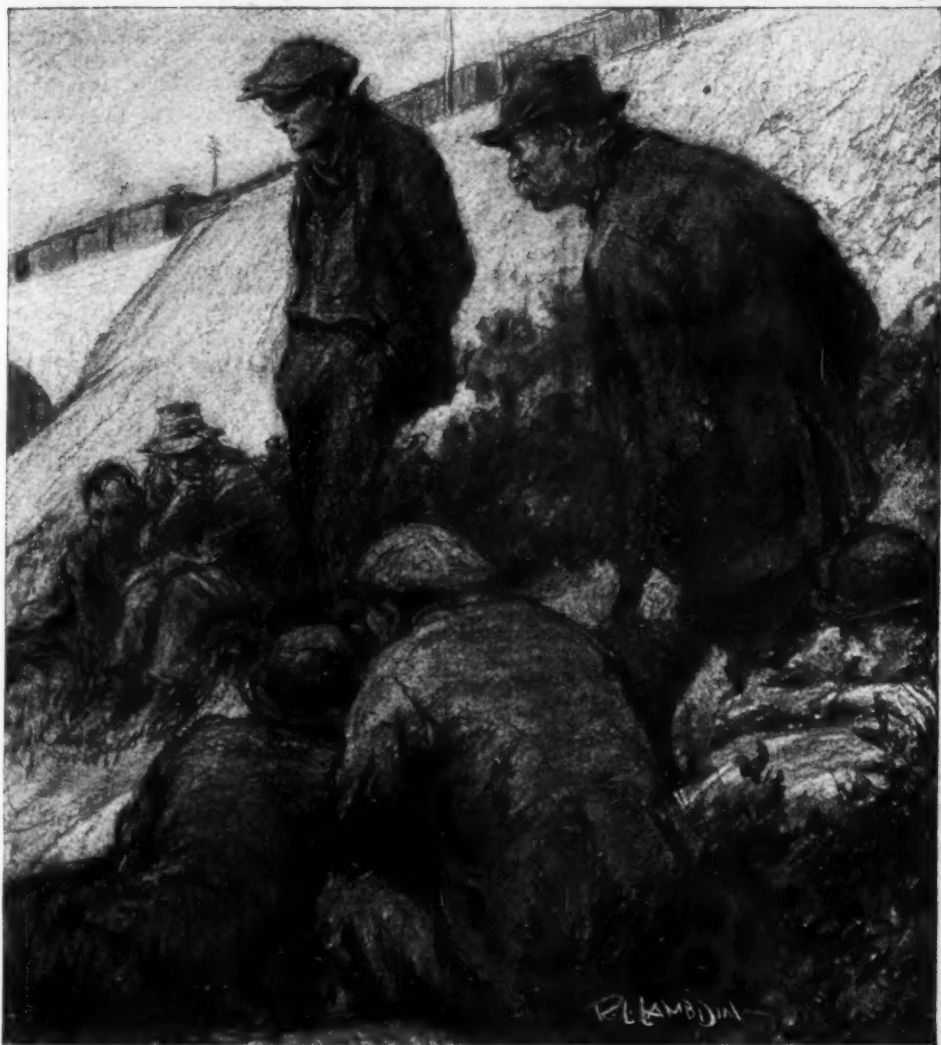
Young Deering knew well that this was the only safe procedure; otherwise his father would have prevented his excursion into the realm of trampdom.

It was this story that the elder Deering now unfolded to Jim Randall, tramp by profession.

"But what is it you want me to do, Charley?" asked his hobo friend of former days. "What has the kid's going on the bum got to do with me?"

Reaching into the box of Havanas, he took another, bit the end, and lit it leisurely, spreading out his legs in comfort.

"I've had the kid followed by a detective



"THE DELIVERY-WAGON WILL BE ALONG PRESENTLY," ANSWERED FRONT-DOOR PETE

agency. He's on the way to Philadelphia—by foot—now."

"Afoot!" laughed the tramp. "Well, if that's the way he's going it," he added, with all the contempt the genuine bum has for a foot-tramp, "you needn't worry much. He'll soon get tired of it, and come back home to daddy."

"You don't know my boy," explained the father, filled with perverse pride even in his son's waywardness. "He'll stick, if only through pride—unless things are made so hard for him—so very hard—"

"Now I begin to get your drift. You want me—"

"Precisely! I want you to join forces with him, and put him through the mill good and proper."

The tramp rose and clasped the financier's hand.

"Charley, I'll do it!"

"Besides, I'll make it well worth your while. If you succeed in breaking the kid, a thousand or so won't be anything to me to part with."

"Stow that, Charley! You've given me a little pocket-money and two of the best cigars I've ever smoked. Can't I do a little for friendship and for the sake of old times?"

"You don't mean that you'd do all that for nothing? Jim, I have plenty of money."

"There's no use talking. That's the only basis I'll accept your proposition on. Where'd you say he was?"

"On the way to Philadelphia, walking. My detective agency can locate him for you."

"All right; and after I catch up with him, the bull's to be ditched, see?"

"The bull?"

"The detective, I mean. I don't want any of that in my small life—any more than I can help. We 'boes don't have much use for the law, you know. It connotes too much to us."

Deering laughed heartily. Part of his friend's psychology he couldn't quite grasp.

"All right! I'll call off the bull, as you phrase it, as soon as you get on the job."

Jim started to go.

"And by the way, Jim, you'll need a little more money than you've got."

"How's that?"

"You see, I want you to telegraph—send me a night letter occasionally, to let me know how things are going, and what progress you're making."

"Well, I'll take some more—for that purpose only."

And Jim the tramp left, admired not a little by Deering, who at last subtly understood and appreciated the mentality of the vagrant who would accept five dollars or so as a gift from a friend, but would not charge him for a good deed done in his behalf. He saw that such a person would never be hopeless, that he would always have in him the makings of a man.

III

JIM RANDALL caught up with young Deering at a "jungle" or tramp-camp just outside of Philadelphia. The first wire that the elder Deering got was:

Call off your bulls—can handle case myself.

The president smiled, and, taking down the receiver in his office, got the private detective agency on the phone. He told them that he had changed his mind, and that they might have their men drop the case on which he had had them embark. As they were used to this kind of procedure, and, furthermore, had already been well paid for what work they had done, they readily acquiesced.

Randall knew young Deering the minute he clapped eyes on him. There he sat with a bunch of tramps, in all the dignity of his new adventure, and with a certain staginess about his get-up that was by no means lost on his companions. They were joshing him to the limit.

"The best way," one was saying, "to hit a house for a hand-out is to go right up to the front door and pitch your hard-luck tale."

Randall chuckled. No need to begin putting the boy through the mill! The others were already doing that.

Randall joined the group, bringing up with him, according to tramp etiquette, an armful of wood to add to the fire; for, although it was summer, this was one of those raw days that occasionally strike the road even at that season.

Young Deering got to his feet.

"The best way is my way," he remarked.

"I'm going to hit front doors instead of back doors, if that's the case."

In a few minutes the gathering of bums broke up, dispersing this way and that to gut the town by systematic begging. They laughed among themselves at the idea of the fun they would have over the green-horn. It was Randall who was first back. He had a whole side of bacon, slightly moldy on the outside, as his share. He handed it over to the hobo cook, who had once been second chef in the Waldorf, but had gone down and out because of his booze-fighting propensities.

"With a little paring of the outside, this will be just as good as the finest breakfast bacon ever," the old cook remarked, looking it over. "I think you'll have made the best haul of any of the lads!"

"No," remarked Randall jocosely, "I think it will be the lad that bangs the front doors."

"He'll get jail for vagrancy," laughed the cook, as he put a big wash-boiler on a fire of old railroad ties.

"Oh, I hope it won't turn out as serious as that!"

"The new guys always have to go through a course of sprouts, anyhow."

"That's right—and they should."

By this time the other tramps were coming in. There were heaps of nondescript articles lying about, from which the cook deftly chose what he could make use of for the huge boiler of stew, or slum, that he was to cook for the evening meal. All

the hoboes sat about talking, kidding one another roughly, and narrating stories of their adventures and experiences while on the road in various parts of the country.

Suddenly one—his name was Sheeny Pat—spoke up.

"This new 'bo," he began. "Don't you think, boys, that we ought to put him through the sprouts?"

"Sure!" assented a big, tiger-waisted fellow, whom everybody knew instantly to be a yegg, or criminal tramp—one of the kind that fraternize with harmless bums for the protection of anonymity that it affords. "Sure!" and he flicked the ash off a cigarette. "I think we ought to pick a fight with him—me, for instance—and give him a good drubbing, just to see if he's yellow or not."

Randall wanted to see the boy put through the mill. It was part of his compact with young Deering's father to see to that; but he did not want the lad to get seriously hurt, and he saw that the big yegg was spoiling to pick on some one.

"Wait till we find out what happens to him, going to front doors for a hand-out!" he suggested.

And now down an embankment came young Deering, to whom the tramps had already given the monniker, or nickname, of Front-Door Pete.

"He looks safe and sound, all right," snickered a bum, sprawling in the grass.

"Hello, boys!" greeted Deering.

"Well, didn't you get nothing?" asked the yegg, ready to pick a quarrel.

"The delivery-wagon will be along presently," answered Front-Door Pete.

"The delivery-wagon?" growled the yegg angrily, thinking that he was being made fun of, and fetching a swipe at the side of Deering's head.

Old Randall leaped to his feet, and was instantly at the side of his unsuspecting ward, as a protector. Deering was slender and not strong-looking, and he wore eyeglasses which gave him a still further air of fragility; but as the great fist went toward his head for a knock-out, it clove through the air. The young man had ducked neatly.

So violent was the force of the blow that when it missed its object the yegg fell on his face. Randall chuckled.

"Come on," he remarked, "that's enough. Let's have peace. Maybe the boy ain't kidding."

"No, I'm telling the truth. In a few minutes there'll be a delivery-wagon along, full of provisions."

"Say, how did you work it?" asked the cook, turning toward the youngster with admiration.

"By the front door. I struck the swell-est house in town. There was a rich old lady there, who said that her boy was away, God knew where. I suggested that he might be on the tramp, too, just like us. After a little talk I told her how many of us there were down here, and she gave me an order on her grocer and her butcher."

At that instant a boy drove a wagon up. Bewildered and laughing, the tramps unloaded it. Far into the night they feasted. They told stories. They made a sort of hero out of the boy they had set out to "rag."

At dawn, as the last stars faded from the sky, the fast freight for which some of them had been waiting drew up from the east. With a long sigh of air-brakes it drew up to the water-tank.

By this time Randall had ingratiated himself into the friendship of Front-Door Pete. He had told him that on the road men generally traveled in pairs, had proposed himself as Deering's buddy, and had been accepted.

The boy had told him that this was his first experience on the road.

That had given Randall an opening.

"How'd you get this far, then?"

"Walked," came the answer.

Randall affected a sniff of contempt.

"Walked? That's no way of being a bum."

"I suppose I ought to ride freights?"

"The ordinary bums do that."

"Well, what then?"

"Let's let this freight pass by, and catch the next passenger."

"The next passenger?"

"Sure! We'll deck it—ride atop one of the coaches."

Most of the others took the freight. They rode easy in empty box cars; but Deering waited with Randall.

Half an hour later, when an express pulled through, slowing up for the grade, Deering, to Randall's surprise, was aboard as soon as he—and up the railing and on the roof, too. Both men spread out their limbs. The train skimmed low like a swallow.

"Jiminy, but this is great!" breathed Front-Door Pete.

Anxious still for fear he might start to slide off the lurching top, Randall sprawled near. He laughed to himself.

"I'll have a mighty tough job—a tougher one than I thought—breaking this kid!"

From Pittsburgh the elder Deering got this wire:

He's taking to it like a cat to milk. A hard job ahead!

IV

IN putting young Deering through the sprouts Randall for the first time began to feel his middle age. They rode the rods and the bumpers. They caught fast trains at peril of their life. They rode in the wet, and, as they struck farther northward for the Union Pacific, there were nights when it was really cold; but Front-Door Pete stuck through it all, enjoying it like the young fool he was.

"It's a pretty hard life," said Randall one day, to test him.

"If I'd known it was so much fun, I'd have tried it a year ago, when I first got the idea," was young Deering's discouraging answer.

They had made San Francisco by this time. Randall had gone at so hot a pace that for the first time in his days of vagabondage the hobo life had begun to pall on him. Every so often he would sneak away and send a telegram—never very encouraging—to the old man back East.

At last came this weary word to the waiting father:

Give up. Kid's an imp of the pit. Must get some one else.

Deering replied:

All right. Get some one else, then. Will give ten thousand to one who cures boy.

As a sort of last resort, Randall got the kid into a refrigerator box on a fast fruit-train bound for the East. It was approaching winter now, and there was no ice in the box; but the place was rather cramped for two. Across the long, dusty desert they rode—through Yuma, Tucson, Deming. When they got off at El Paso, they had been several days without anything to eat or drink except the juice and pulp of the oranges they had managed to get at.

"Well, how do you like that?" asked the old tramp.

"It's wonderfully romantic!" replied the boy.

"I give up!" suddenly ejaculated Randall, full of despair.

"What do you mean, you give up?"

"Oh, nothing. Some day you'll know."

Deering, Sr., got this wire from El Paso:

Finally and absolutely, get some one else. Boy cannot be broken. I'm off the job. Will wait twenty-four hours for answer.

The answer came:

Desperate remedy, if necessary. Get jail sentence for him.

Randall scratched his head doubtfully.

"I started out to break the kid of the hobo life, but danged if I'm not breakin' myself!" he thought. Then a look of alarm spread over his face. "In fact, I believe I've made it so interesting for him that it's having just the opposite effect. He's becoming a regular professional; but a two or three months' session on a county farm, or at road-making, ought to be too much even for him."

V

SHERIFF SCRAGGS, of Bittersweet County, was sitting on his front porch, picking his teeth with a broom-straw. It was just after dinner. In the autumn twilight he espied two men, an old one and a young one, coming up the path through the front gate to the porch.

Randall had quietly found out where the sheriff lived, and had told young Deering that he had been informed by another bum that the house was the best place for hand-outs in the locality. They were coming in to beg.

Sheriff Scraggs rose to greet them with easy official grace. He carefully hid his badge.

"Of course, gentlemen, of course," he had returned, when he was asked for a square meal. "Come right in! Jenny," he shouted into the house, "here's two hungry men. Reckon as you could scrape up a little vittles for them?"

Jenny, still unseen, answered in a most melodious voice that she could. The tramps were ushered into the kitchen. It was a real supper of steak, mashed potatoes, and bread and butter, ending with apple pie and coffee.

When Jenny appeared to wait on them,

they saw that she was a beautiful girl as well as a good cook. To say that she had hair of the purest spun sunlight, that her eyes were a limpid blue, that her skin was as white as—well, all that stuff has been done a thousand times. What is more than mere beauty, she had that air of gentleness and indescribable sweetness which arouses love at first sight.

The tramps pushed back their chairs. The sheriff

"Say, we'd better blow on," whispered the lad. "I don't like the looks of this lay-out, and besides, I emphatically don't want that job!"

"Blow—to-night?"

"Sure, right now—as soon as the family



invited them to the front porch for a smoke. That was what he always did.

After they had smoked and talked a while, the sheriff put them to the test—his usual test. He offered them a job. If they would work, not one of them would see the lockup; but if not—then, under sentence, on the roads or the county farm, they would have to work, and no doubt about it. That was Sheriff Scraggs's method.

"You boys might as well stay here all night. I have a good job for both of you in the morning," he told them.

When young Deering and Jim Randall were alone, the latter noticed a peculiar look in the kid's eyes, which made him groan inwardly. He knew that look. It was the look of the dyed-in-the-wool, blown-in-the-glass stiff, the eternal vagrant.

"JIMINY, BUT THIS IS GREAT!"
BREATHED FRONT-DOOR PETE

gets to bed," young Deering insisted.

"All right!" assented the older tramp. "There's an 'express that leaves about midnight. Let's get that."

"But where are you going now?" asked the boy.

"Nowhere—only out to the well, to get a drink before I turn in."

But as soon as Jim got out into the moonlight, he dodged around a corner and was soon hurrying down a lane toward the highway.

"By the Lord, I'm through!" he muttered to himself. "Here's where I make my getaway. That kid's a goner—he'll be the worst bum that ever hit the grit. Nothing will cure him."

Utterly weary, he sat down for a space by the roadside, to rest. Presently he seemed to pull himself together, for he rose to his feet and drew a deep breath, as if a

heavy weight had suddenly been taken off his shoulders.

"Well!" he said. "This is the first breathing-spell I've had since I took up the job of breaking him from bumming!"

VI

SEVERAL weeks had passed. Deering, president of the Universal Corporation, was beginning to wonder what had gone wrong. Had Randall betrayed his trust and abandoned the boy to his own resources?

Presently his doubts were resolved. Again the seedy-looking tramp appeared at the outer office; but this time the little straw-blond girl immediately sent in word of his presence.

"Well, Jim, what's up?" Deering asked. "Where'd you leave the boy?"

"Leave him?" Jim gave a snort. "Where'd I leave him? I left him cold, that's where!" Leaning over and pointing with an emphatic forefinger, he continued: "The Wandering Jew ain't got nothing on that boy, Charley! He's the worst bum I've ever had for a buddy."

"What—what's wrong?"

The father's eyes gleamed with pride in his boy's efficiency, perverse though it was.

"What's wrong? Everything. In the first place, I always used to think I was one of the toughest roadsters out. I started out to break him—and he would have broken me, if I'd been fool enough to stick with him!"

Just then Deering's stenographer stepped in with a handful of letters. With a start that he immediately concealed, Deering recognized an envelope with familiar handwriting on it—that of his son.

"So you left my boy, Jim?" he said reproachfully, as he cut the letter open.

While Randall answered, he went on reading.

"Yes, I left your boy, God help him! But"—the tramp's voice softened—"it wasn't because I didn't like him, Charley. I've never had such a pal; but if I'd stayed on, he would have killed me with the hobo pace he was hitting up."

"Yes, go on," said Deering, a flicker of amusement playing about his mouth as he finished the letter.

"So I saw it was no use. He was off again—but not with me. I ducked and beat it. You wanted him arrested. To make a long story short, I took him right to a sheriff's house down in Texas—a sheriff

who offers a man a job, and if he doesn't take it, then—"

"Here's a letter that might interest you—from the boy himself," cut in Deering, laughing.

Randall took the paper with trembling hands, and read:

DEAD DAD:

Well, here I am 'way down in Texas. Dad, I've stopped bumming. It wasn't a bad sort of life, no matter what they say about it, and I might have been going on yet if it hadn't been for a girl—the finest girl in all the world! Her name is—or was—Jenny Scraggs, and her father is the sheriff of Bittersweet County. She and I have just got married—

Randall stopped short, overcome by his astonishment.

"Charley," he said, "this knocks me flatter than anything that ever hit me in all my life! So it was that that I saw in his eyes!"

"But the girl, Jim?" queried Deering uneasily.

"You needn't worry about her—she's a wonder," came the reply. "But I just can't get over that boy's faking that he wanted to go on. He might have treated me like a real pal and let me into the secret!"

"Why, can't you see it all?" returned Deering. "I can, as clear as day. He was afraid of your professional contempt for him—afraid you'd think he was softening. But finish the letter."

"Oh, yes, the letter!"

The old tramp took it up again and went on reading.

I bummed with an old chap named Jim Randall all the way across the continent and this far back again. He was a little slow-going, that's true, and conservative, for a real tramp; but I liked him. I think he liked me, too, and I don't understand why he ducked and left me cold the way he did. I tell you, that hurt! I'd give anything to know where Jim has gone.

Randall, overwhelmed with emotion, put the letter down. There was a long pause. Both men sat silent.

Finally Deering took out his check-book and began writing in it. Randall, waking from his reverie, and seeing what his old friend was about, grasped his hand and stopped him.

"None of that, Charley Deering!" he said. "And so the kid liked me!" he continued, all to himself.

"Well, I've got to do something, Jim. You must ask me some favor."

"All right!" The tramp pulled himself up straight in the chair. There was a new light of eagerness in his eyes. "When do you expect them East?"

"He says in a postscript that they'll start in a few days."

"Where are they going to spend their honeymoon?"

"I'm going to send them to my camp up in the Adirondacks."

"Got a job for me up there?"

"A job?" gasped Deering.

"Yes, a job—up there, in the open air, with boats and things, under the blue sky—a job where I can be near the boy and help take care of both of them!"

The New Pension System for Federal Employees

THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT, THE LARGEST EMPLOYER OF LABOR IN THE WORLD, HAS AT LENGTH ESTABLISHED A HUMANE AND BUSINESSLIKE SCHEME FOR RETIRING ITS SUPERANNUATED WORKERS

By Donald MacGregor

HAVE you ever considered the case of your letter-carrier? You are aware, of course, that he serves you six days a week, braving all sorts of weather, winter and summer, when the mercury is below zero or almost bursting out of the bulb. There's a pack on his back which often looks as if it weighs a ton; but he doesn't seem to mind. Usually he's a pretty human sort of individual, with a smile on his face—somehow mail-carriers almost always smile, although why is hard to discover.

Your mail-carrier is paid something like one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month, according to classification and length of service, out of which he must buy his uniforms. If he is a rural carrier, he must furnish his own horse and wagon. As a rule, he hasn't much chance to fortify himself financially against the future.

There is satisfaction, of course, in knowing that so long as his behavior is good and his work is efficient he can hold the job; but the day is coming when age and exposure to the weather are going to tell, and he will have to quit. What then? Some trifling job, the charity of friends, or the poorhouse?

Uncle Sam at last has answered the question, for a law providing pensions for Federal employees went into effect on August

21, 1920. The United States government, the biggest employer of labor in the world, accepting the advanced policy of humane treatment for workers grown old in service, has instituted the most gigantic pension system ever conceived.

The protecting arm of this great undertaking, which works for increased efficiency in the nation's business as well as for the contentment of the vast army of men and women on the government rolls, reaches into every State and every Federal possession. There is not a town, no matter how small, in which somebody sooner or later will not be a beneficiary.

Of course, mail-carriers are not the only people affected. Post-office clerks, the men on the railway mail routes, the Treasury experts who check over your income-tax return, the Federal workers in Washington—everybody, everywhere, whose government employment is under the classified civil service, is eligible for retirement under the new law. Almost a half million people, it is estimated, come within the scope of the system.

The provision for pensions for Federal employees ends an agitation waged continuously before Congress for thirty years by government economists and clerks. The campaign has been surprisingly free from

politics; even in the enactment of the law neither party is entitled to special credit. It is a composite scheme worked out of countless bills introduced during a long period in both the Senate and House, and recommended at various times by nearly every government department chief, Republican and Democrat alike, whose duties brought him into close contact with existing conditions.

Turkey now stands alone as the only nation where there is no retirement system for government workers. The other countries, some of them many years ago, have provided pensions for superannuated employees. Great Britain took the lead in the movement as early as July 25, 1834, during the reign of King William IV.

THE PASSING OF A VICIOUS SYSTEM

The United States government, however, has not been so inhuman as it might appear. As a matter of practical operation, although not recognized by law, a pension system has been in force for many years. It has been a reckless, demoralizing, wasteful, and yet in a way pardonable system, by which Federal employees, when too old to do much work, were kept on the rolls at full salary just so long as they were able to totter to and from the office.

Incompetency, to be sure, is and always was a cause for dismissal from the civil service; but to those whose records show forty, fifty, and even sixty years in government employ, and who have actually worn themselves out at the work, it never has been humanly possible to apply such a rule. These aged men and women have remained, often in the way of their more active associates, either slowing up the work assigned to them or shifting it to somebody else.

Those who grew too infirm to go to their desks, even to sit there doing nothing, had to be dropped from the rolls, no matter how badly they needed the money. The records reveal scores of pitiful cases of old men and women who, having passed almost all their lives in Federal employ, died in destitution, although their continuance on the payroll would have been only for a few weeks.

"I recall one case in the Minneapolis post-office," Gilbert E. Hyatt, president of the National Federation of Postal Employees, said to the House committee considering the retirement bill. "There was an old gentleman, a Civil War veteran, who tried

to hold up his end of the work year after year, even though we could see it was a strain on his vitality. Illness and other things had made it impossible for him to save any money. Little by little he became less able to work, and the boys at the adjoining cases used to slip over and help him out. Finally the foreman had to make a job for him, folding labels for the other distributors. At last he could not do even that any longer. One day he did not come back, and soon afterward he died.

"That thing is going on all over the country. My work brings me in contact with postal clerks throughout the United States. The other day I met a splendid old fellow who had been up the ladder and was coming down again. He had risen to superintendent, and was reduced gradually until he was filling a sort of makeshift place as time clerk. He was trembly and shaky, and the other clerks were dividing the work he should have done. Now he was practically a pensioner—a pensioner, too, at the maximum salary of fourteen hundred dollars a year."

This system of virtual pensioning has been common in Washington, where there are about one-sixth of all Federal employees. For many years every department has had its quota of feeble old men and women whose services were not merely valueless, but actually a handicap in the conduct of business.

"The existing conditions are pitiful," E. J. Ayers, chief clerk of the Department of the Interior, said recently. "I know a woman who was brought up in culture and refinement, a splendid character. Every morning she goes around the room, and the little brain she has left goes back to the old days. She plucks imaginary flowers from the walls, makes a wreath, and hangs it on the door. Presently she sits down at a desk and shuffles some papers. At three or four o'clock in the afternoon somebody has to go with her to see that she gets home without being run over by the cars. There are many similar cases."

Some of these people were eighty years old; a few were ninety. Some of them died at their desks. They were kept on because, if deprived of their salary checks, they would have had nothing but public charity between them and starvation.

The question arises why these unfortunates had not made provision for old age—why they had not saved money for the days

when it would be needed. A few of them did so, but with most of the Federal employees it has been a case of living up to every cent they earned—sometimes necessarily so, sometimes not. Government salaries have never been large. It is estimated that the Federal employees in Washington earned an average of \$1,320 for the year 1919; but the average for the whole country has not been more than \$1,150.

HOW THE NEW SYSTEM WILL OPERATE

The Civil Service Commission recently figured that there now are in the Federal service, classified and unclassified, about six hundred and fifty thousand men and women, of whom one hundred thousand are in Washington. Only those of the classified service and a few others, such as employees of the Congressional Library and the Botanical Gardens, are beneficiaries of the new system. In all, these number about four hundred and eighty thousand.

The law provides for general retirement at the age of seventy, after not less than fifteen years of service. Mechanics, city and rural letter-carriers, and post-office clerks are eligible at sixty-five and railway mail clerks at sixty-two, the reduced age limit being due to the more exacting character and greater hazards of their work.

Annuities are provided in proportion to the recipient's length of service and his average salary for the previous ten years. To a man who has been in the government employ for thirty years goes sixty per cent of his annual salary, with \$720 as a maximum and \$360 as a minimum; to one of fifteen years' service goes thirty per cent, with \$360 as a maximum and \$180 as a minimum. There are six general classes, of which these two are the extremes. It is estimated that the average annuity will be \$660.

Retirement is not compulsory. An employee whose service is advantageous to the government may be retained for successive two-year periods upon certification to the Civil Service Commission.

The system adopted is on what is commonly known as the part-contributory basis in which the government pays sixty-five per cent and the expected beneficiary thirty-five per cent of the cost. Each month, beginning with last September, two and one-half per cent of every eligible employee's salary is deducted and credited to the fund. If he leaves the service before the retiring age, his contributions are returned to him in full, with four per cent interest.

The Pension Bureau, which is paying more than six hundred thousand war pensioners every quarter, is charged with the administration of the new law. The official statisticians figure that between four and five thousand employees desire immediate retirement, and that the number of pensioners will gradually increase to a total of about thirty thousand. From the amount deducted from salaries there will be a revenue of about twelve million dollars a year, of which about three millions will be needed to pay the thirty-five per cent of the pension outlay.

This will start the fund with a good surplus. The cost to the government, when the system is in full operation, will probably be between eighteen and twenty million dollars a year.

Joseph S. McCoy, an actuary in the Treasury Department and an expert in Federal finance, estimates that the new system, by ridding the government offices of useless employees, will add five per cent to the efficiency of the government business. In money, he figures, that means a saving of eighteen million dollars a year. If this is correct, it just about balances the cost of the enterprise.

For many years the conduct of Federal business has been notoriously slow. The trouble is due to a number of reasons, among which the retention of superannuated workers has been only one. The way is open now for a continuation of this new policy of removing the fundamental causes of inefficiency; but the next step should not take thirty years.

HUMAN BROTHERHOOD

To joy, alone we enter in;
It is our sorrows make us kin.
The happy ones alone can stand;
The sad still journey hand in hand.

Mary Carolyn Davies

Craggy Barren

BY SIDNEY WALDO

Illustrated by E. J. Dinsmore

IT happened years ago, when we still lived on the old farm where I was born—that gray, weather-beaten, run-down farm, in the wildest, remotest corner of Massachusetts. It was long before I had any ambition to write; before I began to look at things dramatically. I was only fourteen.

Yet even then, inexperienced and unformed as I was, my romantic instincts were stirred. I felt the thing intensely; realized that I was looking on at a very thrilling performance; allowed myself to become deeply agitated. Nor have I ever quite shaken it off. When I look back, it still grips me—that same indefinable sense of imminence, of things at odds, of brute ignorance pitted against—glory.

The man! The way he was suddenly among us! My sister! All the antagonisms of misunderstanding! And I seem to catch again the smell of sun-baked earth, and to feel, under my bare feet, the warm, soft dust of the road.

Some said he was the last tag end of the lumber-camp, though no one remembered seeing him there. Others accused him of being a tramp. Certainly he was different; and that, of course, meant queer. Some dared to venture that he might be a foreigner. I was curious, naturally, about all this talk of my elders.

He had appeared about the middle of April. I was the first, I think, to speak with him. I was out in our open shed, splitting my daily stint of kindling. Something made me look up; and there he was, silently watching me.

"You do it well," he said.

My start of surprise I tried to pass off as merely another swing of the ax. I went on chopping, waiting for him to explain himself by some question; for ours was the last occupied house on the road, and his presence there completely baffled me.

"Who lives here?" he asked.

"We do," I promptly answered. Then I caught his look of amusement. "Father's name is Farrar," I told him.

He acted as if this confirmed what he knew.

"And the next house is the Heeman place?"

I nodded.

"Thank you," he said, and started to move away.

"There ain't nobody living there," I shouted.

"Right per schedule," he called back, and went out of sight behind the lilac-bushes in our yard.

From that day people kept seeing him as he wandered about. He seemed to have, as my father called it, "no visible means of support."

One night he appeared at the store; and when he had bought all the cigarettes they had, he was obliged to return some, because he hadn't enough money. Going outside, he sat down in the dark beside Hat Bisbee and smoked two cigarettes, lighting one from the other; but he spoke no word.

No one noticed when he slipped away; but some time later Hat Bisbee sprang to his feet, clawing at his pocket, and crying out that his wallet was gone. He said he remembered feeling the fellow nuzzling up against him.

The men, of course, could put two and two together. There rose a heated argument about the vagrant law. Every one was sorry for Hat, and full of suggestions. Even when he remembered that he had changed his overalls and left his wallet at home, suspicion still clung to the stranger.

All this I got from my father, at meals. It made our family gatherings livelier than usual, because my sister Lucretia at first stood up for the man. He had stopped,

once, and asked her pleasantly for a glass of water; and she suggested that if he really was a tramp he would have moved on somewhere long before this.

But my brother, Bert, home from the city, looked wise, and spoke about the trickiness of foreigners. Olivia, denying any malice, said she had lost two chickens—and that a man had to eat. Mother just listened, as I did. In secret, I sided with Lucretia.

When the rumor got about that he had

As he lived next to us now, of course we saw him frequently. He had no horse, no conveyance of any kind. He would walk by at all hours, dressed in the oddest clothes—sometimes in short, baggy trousers, strapped in at the knee.

I don't know who discovered that he was the escaped embezzler; but I remember my



LUCRETIA WAS THINKING OF WHAT WOULD HAPPEN
IF IT WERE KNOWN THAT HE HAD EVEN
SPOKEN TO HER

bought the old Heeman place, people claimed that they "might 'a' known—a fool thing like that!" If they came to forget they had called him a tramp, they were somehow displeased, still, to find he wasn't. Any one who would come so low as to make a home of the old Heeman place would bear watching.

He got a few things at the store and set up housekeeping.

"But what kind would it be?" Olivia questioned; and one day, when we had noticed wash on his line, she added: "What kind of a *man* would do washing?"

brother gesticulating with a folded newspaper—thrusting it, with a satisfied flourish, under my father's nose. It was then I first heard that strange word, embezzler. I hadn't a notion of what it meant.

"See? It's just like him!" shouted my brother, jabbing his finger at the column. "Height medium—hair brown—eyes dark—and all the rest of it!"

I heard Lucretia sigh. Bert turned on her sharply.

"Well, don't it fit him?" he challenged.

All this was two months or more after the man had moved in. During that time

he had pruned the old orchard and sprayed it, and had planted a neat, square garden. People accused him of having done his work with one eye on a book; but however that was, both orchard and garden seemed to prosper.

That day when Lucretia and I ran into him, it must have been late June. I seem to remember the smell of fresh-cut hay drifting in through the open windows at our supper, afterward. And we had been trying for a few early blueberries. We came round a bush, suddenly, and found him ahead of us.

He straightened up, took off his hat, and stood with it off, so that the wind just stirred his hair.

"I fear that I may be trespassing," he apologized.

Lucretia was startled. She stepped back with her hand at her throat, in a way she had.

"I'm not sure of this field," he added. "The deed is indefinite."

Then Lucretia found her voice.

"It's our field; but that's no matter. We aren't stingy with blueberries."

She started to move off, but he became suddenly insistent.

"That's no reason why I should drive you away from them," he said. "I've not picked them all." He held out his pail, showing a bare handful. "I'll cross right over into my own property." He hesitated. "Or why don't we all go—to even up on it?"

"Come on, Cresh," I prompted.

There were some bushes over the wall that I knew of old, and here was our opportunity.

Lucretia appeared uncertain. She was reluctant; yet perhaps she felt that it would seem rude or unfeeling—as if she were making something of his trespassing—if she refused. We began to drift slowly toward the wall.

My own mind, at the time, was intent on berry-picking. I can't recall any anxiety over this incautious hobnobbing with our outcast neighbor. Later, this struck me as odd; for by then he had come to stand among us for the very living example of iniquity—some one to frighten children with.

Perhaps Lucretia's steadying presence accounted sufficiently for my unthinking acceptance of the situation. She was twenty or more, a grown woman; and she

had never really believed what they said about him.

"There are fine berries here," I called, dropping the little spheres into my pail with a satisfying thud.

Getting no answer, I turned about. The others had separated and were at different bushes, both apparently absorbed.

Yet I saw that the man was not busy. He seemed to be dreaming there, his back half turned to us. After his cordial invitation, I told myself that this was the outcropping of some of his oddities. Lucretia must have felt it, too. Presently she straightened up and murmured that it was time for us to be going.

At that he came right over to her.

"Miss Farrar," he said, "you must think I have offered blueberries in place of manners."

This speech evidently puzzled her more than ever. As for me, I was completely taken up with his "Miss Farrar." I had never happened to hear any one call her that before.

"I wasn't thinking about it," Lucretia answered.

"I should have made you," he laughed. Again she looked blank.

"We are neighbors," he suggested, "but we haven't been neighborly. I hope it's not too late. I was thinking of that just now—of the number of times I had planned to cross over and introduce myself to you all. May I walk home with you?"

That floored Lucretia. She glanced around, as if to escape. She was thinking, of course, of what would happen if it were known that he had even spoken to her. She hesitated.

"I—I think you hadn't better."

Evidently he was quite taken aback; but he controlled his features as well as he could, merely raising his eyebrows in mild inquiry.

Lucretia's discomfort was more painfully obvious. Her face told, better than any words, that she could not explain. She turned, overcome with blushes, and hurried away. Naturally, I followed her.

II

NEXT day, when I was in the shed, chopping again, he came right up to me from the road. Pinning me still with his eye, he said:

"What made your sister say what she did yesterday?"

His manner told me that he would expect a straight answer.

"They don't like you around here," I told him.

His look was searching.

"Why not?"

"Guess it's your business, mostly."

"My business! What business?"

"Embezzling."

He stared at me.

"What do you mean—embezzling?"

He had me there.

"Don't know," I said; "but *they* do. We ain't used to it here."

He backed off.

"I see!" he nodded. "People do vary so. I keep forgetting it."

And with that he was gone.

July had passed, and it was the middle of August. We had learned the man's name now—at least, the name he went by—L. K. Milburn. Twice, a month apart, letters had come for him at the post-office—long, fat letters, packed tight, with two stamps on them. Occasionally I met him; and he was always polite and friendly, bearing no grudge for what I had said.

And then, one night, he offered us another morsel for consideration. A woman arrived—his wife.

Or so they said. But that, to me—and to the rest of our household, also—was a mere detail. The way she came was what set us gaping.

About ten o'clock we heard a great commotion from down the road. Rushing out, we saw a strange vehicle chug by—its lights streaming ahead—and realized that it must be one of the new horseless carriages that people were talking about. Half an hour later the thing went back again, slipping as silently as a shadow down the grade, and disappearing in an instant.

As for the woman, no one had seen her face; and, as the days went on, nobody got any close look at her. She kept herself hidden, it seemed—stayed mostly indoors, except at rare intervals, or on wash-days, when, off there across the fields, we would catch a glimpse of her fluttering petticoats. Had it not been for a letter which came one morning, addressed to "Mrs. Milburn," she might have been anybody.

My brother Bert had planned, when he returned to town, to hunt up the proper authorities and tell them the hiding-place of their man. Bert had lost his city job—

"resigned," he said, which I suppose was some city term. He was always going to go down and select another the next week. That was why he didn't write about Mr. Milburn; it seemed too delicate a matter for paper.

Lucretia, at first, had protested; but as time went on, she saw it was useless. One night father lit out at her savagely, and asked her what she knew about the man, or cared. She subsided.

"Let me just catch you speaking to him once!" he shouted, banging his big fist on the table.

Then the day came when I knew that she *had* been speaking to him.

On Mr. Milburn's place, off in the northwest corner, was a strange bit of land. We called it Craggy Barren—had always called it that, back farther than any one could remember. Nowhere else in our whole region had any one seen its like. The men claimed it was useless waste; but to a boy it had a supreme fascination.

From the east the ground rose smoothly—just the gentle swell of an old pasture, dotted with berry-bushes, checkered with ragged patches of sweet-fern, and little pines of all ages, springing up. These old sunny pastures—our whole country was going to seed with them! But this was different. For as you stepped on, up the last slope, paused in the shade of the big grizzled pine, and started to go still farther, why suddenly the whole thing ended.

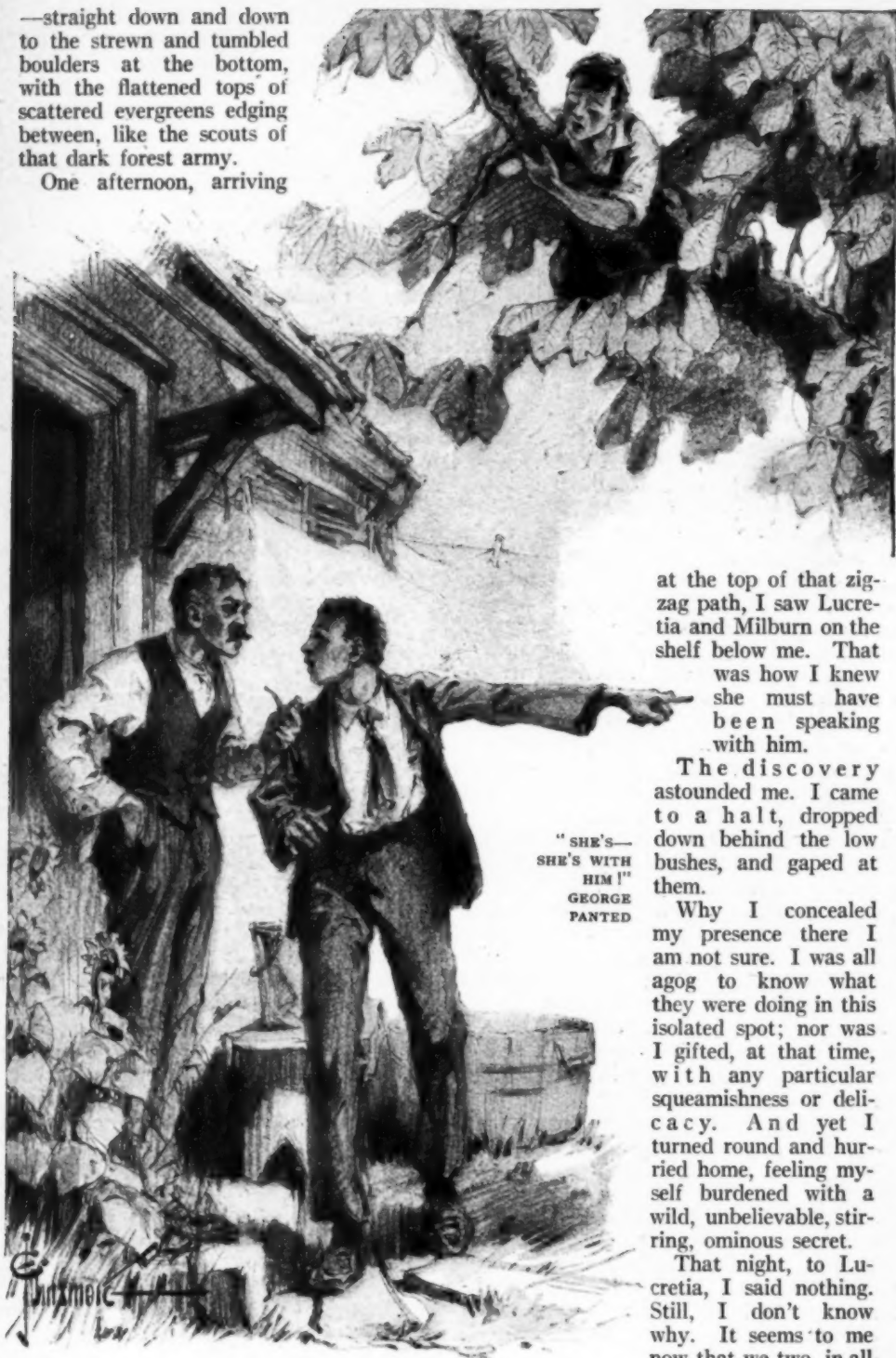
That pasture broke off short—literally. It broke away first, down an abrupt rocky pitch, to a level platform twenty feet below, which hung on the cliff like some giant painter's ladder against a house. It was a good wide platform, too, with a steep, crooked path leading down to it. Out near the edge, in the one little pocket of soil, a twisted birch-tree grew, throwing a cool shade over the place in summer, and giving that needed sense of something to hold on to.

As you stood on this shelf, getting yourself accustomed to the great void in front, your eyes looked straight up a long, shadowy valley to hazy ridges beyond. All that remoter country was a forest-clad wilderness. Not a house could be seen, or even a fence.

Often you'd see a hawk, drifting there, high up, and yet below you. And when your courage had come a little, you would crawl slowly up to the edge and look over

—straight down and down to the strewn and tumbled boulders at the bottom, with the flattened tops of scattered evergreens edging between, like the scouts of that dark forest army.

One afternoon, arriving



"SHE'S—
SHE'S WITH
HIM!"
GEORGE
PANTED

at the top of that zig-zag path, I saw Lucretia and Milburn on the shelf below me. That was how I knew she must have been speaking with him.

The discovery astounded me. I came to a halt, dropped down behind the low bushes, and gaped at them.

Why I concealed my presence there I am not sure. I was all agog to know what they were doing in this isolated spot; nor was I gifted, at that time, with any particular squeamishness or delicacy. And yet I turned round and hurried home, feeling myself burdened with a wild, unbelievable, stirring, ominous secret.

That night, to Lucretia, I said nothing. Still, I don't know why. It seems to me now that we two, in all

that bickering household, alone felt any real affection. Not that we were ever demonstrative; but when we were off alone together we would drop from our conversation all back-talk, all spitefulness or innuendo—those habits so unprofitable and yet so common in households such as ours. When the mood was on us, we would voice our half-formed questionings and wonder and shyly argue about them. I sympathized with my sister; and I admired her courage immensely—to fly in the face of wrath, that way.

In the days that followed I took to watching her. Frequently, at odd times, she would disappear from the house—sometimes with a spoken excuse to my mother, more often without one. Never was she absent at meals, never in the evening. I noticed, too, that she usually contrived these absences on the days when Olivia tended the town library.

A week went by, or perhaps two. Then, one afternoon, I grew bolder; and having given her half an hour's start, I followed her to the old pasture. Lying flat on my chest under the pine, and hearing some one moving below, I looked over the edge.

I saw the man—Milburn. He was just backing into my view. Lucretia I did not see; at first, for she was against the wall; and yet I knew she must be there, for he was smiling at some one, and it could be no one else.

I remember it struck me then, for the first time, how handsome he was. He had a way—against all our traditions—of going out in the sun with no hat. It had tanned him a smooth, ruddy brown, and had bleached his hair, so that his face showed darker by contrast. He wore his brown knickerbockers and a soft brown shirt, open at the neck; and he was tightly knit together and graceful. He looked so clean! As he stood there, even to me—who had not thought of such things—I tell you, he made a picture.

He must have been inviting Lucretia to come out farther on the ledge with him, for he held out his hand; and the next instant I saw her come into view and take it. Where the birch-tree grew there was an oblong block of stone, almost as if the tree, in growing, had thrust it up; and to this he led her and set her down with her back to the trunk, almost facing me. Still holding her hand, he stood there, silently, looking down at her.

Lucretia had on a sort of sunbonnet, tied under her chin with strings. He bent over; and it seemed as if he had taken the ends of the strings and pulled out the knot. Lifting the bonnet gently, he drew it off her head, her hair tumbling out like the dark petals of some flower.

While he was doing this, with a sort of teasing deliberation, she sat perfectly still, with her eyes down, and blushing, I thought, as she so often did blush; and her expression was a queer mixture of timidity and joyousness. Then—anxious, no doubt, as I was, to know what he intended—she raised her head and looked up into his face.

His hands went out toward her, but hesitated and withdrew. Then he swung himself round and sat down beside her—she following, breathlessly, his every move. While he appeared to study her with his keen, steady eyes, he said:

"You are like your bonnet, Lucretia—hiding—hiding wonderful things. You allow just glimpses of your face—a promise—two big, sober eyes, looking out of shadows." He laughed, as if he delighted in these riddles. "And you are that way all through, I think—just smoldering—keeping it all there, burning you; and not a word—not the flicker of an eyelash!"

He edged a little closer to her. Her left hand lay in her lap, and he touched the back of it with his forefinger.

"You wouldn't reach out and do that to me, would you?" he questioned. "Something would hold you back! And yet you don't mind my doing it?"

She shook her head, and her hand did not stir. Covering it with all five fingers, he turned it over, palm up, and held it that way.

"If you were at all an ordinary person," he explained, "you would make some response to this." He hesitated. "To certain people it would seem a silly and sentimental thing; to others; just the usual—of no great moment; others, again, would find a suggestive sort of unholy pleasure in it." With his own fingers he straightened hers out. "To us"—he laughed again, as if to apologize in advance for his big words—"to us, it's an acknowledgment—a genuine, joyous, unashamed acknowledgment of that great marvel of creation—man and woman."

All this, to me, was bewildering. I followed the words, and understood them, I

think. They stuck in my mind, as words do; yet it's hard to be sure just what I felt at the time and what I realized later, in looking back to it. I saw a man holding my sister's hand—love-making. I knew that, certainly; and my eyes, no doubt, grew as large as saucers.

I think, too, that I did sense a difference here between this and that cruder sort of love which was the subject of half-shy, half-boasting talk among the boys of the village. Even at home, in mixed company, such things were for jests and nudgings—courting and spooning—and marriage, too, not much better. Here I saw dignity, and two faces alight with a kind of high and noble self-forgetfulness. It seems to me that as I lay there I recognized a new thing in life, and marveled at it.

Lucretia turned toward him, and opened her mouth at last. Suddenly she was breathing quickly.

"I don't always understand you, Mr. Milburn," she hesitated; "but I think I understand you now. I have thought about it—all just as you said."

"Don't call me Mr. Milburn," he chided. "But no matter. If you do feel as you say, then you might"—he let his hand go limp—"you might—*prove* it—now!"

His fingers stiffened again, and I saw her own hesitate and crook up around them. He released his hold and pulled his hand back; and suddenly he was up, walking about on the ledge.

"What is it?" he cried, spinning around to face her. "What is there about you undemonstrative people that makes you so—desirable? I don't know—never did. It must be that we live so much in anticipation." He held out his fingers and looked at them. "To have you come to me—give me even a little reluctant pressure like that—when it's against all your repressed instincts—just the first beginnings—"

He stopped, lost in thought, apparently. He looked down at her feet, and then up again at her face; and simply spoke her name—yearningly:

"Lucretia!"

Then, with a sigh, he was sitting beside her once more. He looked at her teasingly now, and put his hand lightly against her shoulder, as if to attract her attention.

"Tell me," he urged, "tell me, Lucretia, what's going on inside you!"

She gave him a startled, appealing look. Watching her, I felt all at once that in

spite of her evident willingness to be there, she was afraid. Looking back, I realize now that she was terrified—terrified that having come so bewilderingly near, she still might fail to please him. Her mind must have been in a turmoil.

She sat quite still, her lips slightly parted, her eyes full of adoration and dumb questioning. I think that he felt this, and that it affected him far more than any vehement manifestation could have done. It must have been this very inarticulate helplessness that made Lucretia's appeal.

She had become his slave—shy, repressed, infinitely delicate, yet with a capacity for tenderness—for yielding—which, as he had hinted, overwhelmed him with its promise. He had an awakening human soul—and a fair, innocent human body—in his keeping.

But at the time I thought her merely dull; thought that Milburn must find her so; that she was failing to show her best. In my hidden perch above them, I stirred uneasily.

I saw Milburn stand up.

"We must be going soon," he told her in a gentle voice.

He held out his hand, and she allowed him to help her to her feet. He seemed to be looking and looking at her; but her eyes were down.

"Lucretia!" he murmured.

She looked up.

"When we came," he said, "I kissed you."

She made no answer.

"And you survived."

"Oh, yes!"

It almost startled me—that sudden, eager assent.

"And now," he went on, "you are going to kiss me."

He continued to hold her hands tightly.

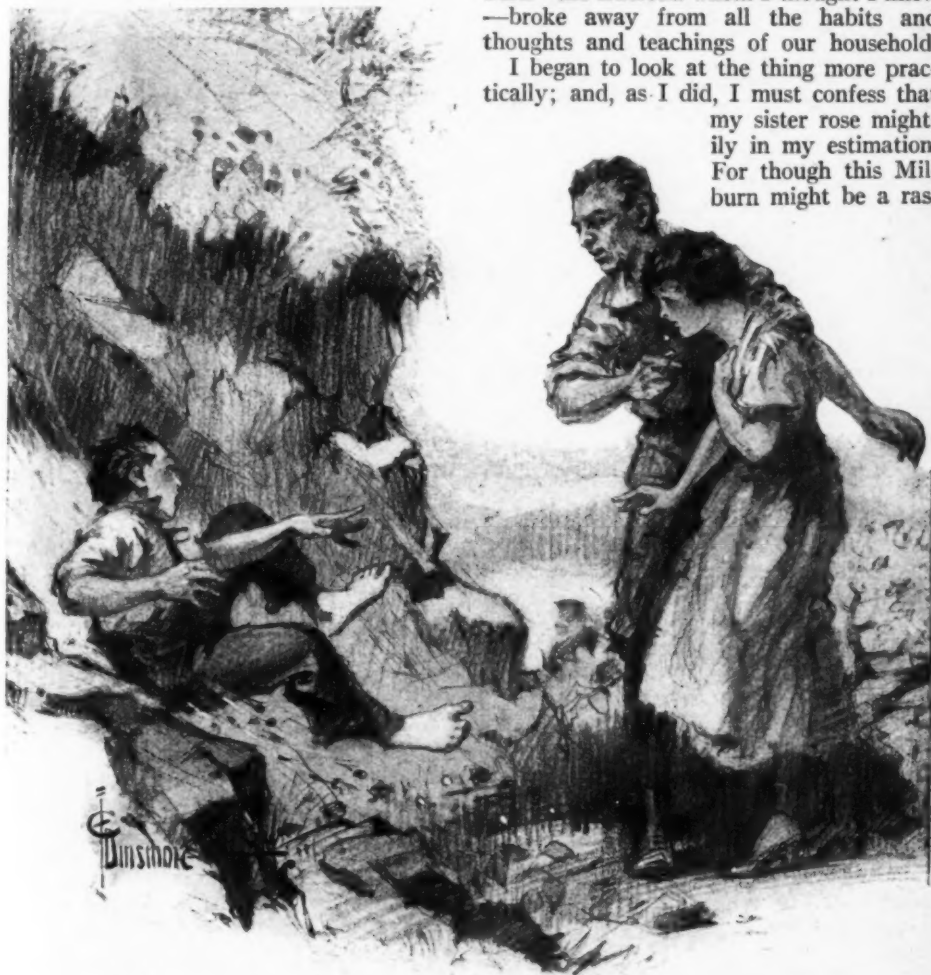
For the space of a minute I watched them, all one excited question to see if she would do it. In his profile I read a certain determined masterfulness which would permit no weakening. No doubt Lucretia perceived it, too. As he stood there, immovable as a statue, her head went slowly forward; and at last, with a quick little rush, she had kissed him on the mouth.

He melted then and swept her into his arms. As I got up to escape before they turned toward me, and looked back just once, I saw that her face was hidden against his brown shirt.

As I sped away, stumbling—for my thoughts were in the air—I felt that I had experienced a revelation. I felt as if, before my time, I had looked through a window at maturity. This was love! For the

short hours before seemed less real. It was all a piece with that strange formation of land, Craggy Barren, which broke away out of a simple and ordinary meadow just as the kiss that Lucretia had given Milburn—the Lucretia whom I thought I knew—broke away from all the habits and thoughts and teachings of our household.

I began to look at the thing more practically; and, as I did, I must confess that my sister rose mightily in my estimation. For though this Milburn might be a ras-



THE LAST FEW STEPS, I SLIPPED. I LANDED, SITTING, RIGHT AT THEIR FEET. "RUN!" I PANTED. "RUN QUICK! THEY'RE COMING!"

moment I was completely under the spell of it. I knew that it was a sacred thing; that I could never dream of mentioning it, even to Lucretia.

III

THAT evening, when I saw Lucretia going about the house as usual—quiet and somewhat dreamy, but hardly more so than customary—what I had witnessed a few

cal—even a criminal—I felt that no man in our parts could match him.

I lay awake that night for a long time, staring up at the dim slope of the ceiling, feeling the gentle, fragrant night breeze from the open window at my feet just stirring the light blanket. I tried to think out what this love-making of Lucretia's would lead to.

With all my inexperience, I recognized

something incongruous here. I realized that Milburn's superiority was not alone in forcefulness and character, but in his very habits and training and instincts. That she might fall in love with him was natural; that he could as honestly return it, I doubted.

The man's wife, oddly enough, I did not consider at all. That story was only gossip. I didn't believe it. To me, the very fact of his courting Lucretia made a wife impossible. Love-making came before marriage, not afterward. I had felt sure of this from the very first moment I had seen them together. I was at the age when one accepts these things simply.

My doubt, then, lay not in any question of Milburn's honesty of purpose. I gave him credit for a genuine willingness to love my sister, and to marry her—provided, of course, that after a period of trial he found her acceptable.

As I saw her at the sink, helping my mother with the dishes; as I remembered the bare walls of our kitchen; as I thought of my father, in his blue, faded overalls, tilted back in the painted rocker; as I recalled Bert's lounging ineffectualness—for the life of me, I could not fit Milburn into it. That was the question—would he discover the incongruity?

I had, even at that time, a well-defined streak of romance in me. Although I would have been the last to admit it, my happiest hours were those spent with books. I had read many, slyly secreting them when possible; for Olivia was accustomed to laugh at me when I got them from the library.

I devoured, I know, much worthless trash; and yet I got from it a certain broadening. By degrees I had come to build up definite standards—heroes, princes, knights, gentlemen; quite disassociated, of course, from the life of every day. And here was Milburn stepping right out from printed pages, as it were. He was the very pattern of my gentleman. It seemed as if my real flesh-and-blood sister had got entangled, somehow, with an embodied fantom.

I turned the thing over and over in my mind, until at last, lying there, I grew drowsy with the problem of it. For I did see it as a problem—an insurmountable one.

I had my doubts of Milburn; but that was not all. I thought of my father. Here was another sort of difficulty. To him

Milburn would be just an embezzler—outcast, hunted. My father was built of stern stuff. Love, condonation, tolerance, did not enter into his reckoning. At the first whisper of any clandestine intimacy between Lucretia and this stranger, my father would simply go and obliterate the man.

I saw the tragedy of it; the waste of precious opportunity; the brutal stupidity. Poor Lucretia! She was living in a sort of dream paradise. I think I was guilty of shedding a few warm tears.

The next day Lucretia did not go to him. I watched. But her thoughts must have been off there at Craggy Barren. She had to stop, each time, and repeat the most simple question before she could answer it.

After dinner, as I worked in the potato-field, with the hot sun beating on my back, I saw the situation a little less ominously. I looked across the fields of brown stubble—our mowings—to Milburn's green, overgrown pastures; to the house, itself, with its dingy paint. I wondered why I had placed him so high. He must be poor, I thought, or he would have fixed the place up better; and if he were poor, he couldn't be very remarkable.

Then I saw him again as he had stood on that shelf of rock, holding Lucretia's hands, bidding her come to him; and I shook my head and went on with my hoeing.

What could Lucretia be planning to do? Some day the thing would have to come out into the open. As time went on, she became less careful in her comings and goings. Once give them an inkling—Olivia, particularly—and the explosion would come. The first great eruption of my father's anger I dared not picture.

That evening, just before supper, I was startled into a sudden sharp fear that they *might* suspect. Coming in from the garden, through the barn, silently, in my bare feet, I ran straight into my father and Bert and a neighbor of ours, George Ayres. They stood inside the door, their heads close together; and seeing me, all at once, they fell pointedly silent.

George Ayres was about Bert's age; they had been boyhood chums. Of late years, too, there had been clumsy joking about his supposed leanings toward matrimony with Lucretia. And now it struck me that this might mean an added complication for her—two more accusing and prying eyes.

I scanned their faces as I passed, reading in all three, I imagined, a stubborn, revengeful purpose.

IV

It was early the next afternoon that Lucretia slipped away again. Though she carried an empty berry-pail, I could tell by the way she looked furtively about that she was going to him. In the field, having hurriedly crossed the road, she checked herself. She seemed to be hesitating which way to go; even made away to the south, at first, pausing here and there at a stray bush. It was a good piece of acting.

Finally she went out of sight down into the swampy hollow. I had no intention of following. Rather, I think, I felt myself a watcher during her absence. I wanted to be there with a ready answer to any suspicious questions; to see if her going had been observed.

For a time I lay about on the grass, idly whistling. Behind me, the house was as still as a church on week-days. This bothered me, somehow, for I had seen neither my father nor Bert come out of it.

Lucretia had not reappeared. And with a sudden anxiety to convince myself that I had guessed correctly, I rose, and swung myself up into the branches of our big horse-chestnut; thinking, from there, to catch a glimpse of her crossing Milburn's meadows.

No sooner was I up among the dense foliage, however, than my attention was forcibly attracted to another quarter. I heard running steps. Peering cautiously down, I made out the broad shoulders of George Ayres. He had come along the road from the north. He was making a great show of hurry, breathing hard; and he had lost his hat somewhere.

At first my mind was all taken up with the odd coincidence of George Ayres having come from the wrong direction—his own place being south of us. Then it occurred to me that the time he had chosen to be over there was most inopportune. Suppose he had happened to notice Lucretia and Milburn together!

I saw him drop to a walk and mop his wet forehead with a blue bandanna. All at once I knew, by some intuition, that he had gone to Milburn's place purposely, to spy on them.

Any doubt was soon set at rest. I heard the bang of our screen door. Lying flat on

my branch I could make out, through the checkered leaf pattern, my father's head and shoulders, as he stood grimly on our door-stone.

"Well?" he said, eying George Ayres sourly.

"She's—she's with him!" George panted.

My father turned round, raised his voice and called:

"Bert!"

Instantly Bert joined them.

"I seen 'em," George Ayres insisted.

He was a big, blond, slow-moving man, who spoke, as a rule, with ponderous deliberation. Now he was greatly agitated. His manner implied belligerent assertion, as if some one had been doubting him.

"Where?" asked my father sharply.

"Headin' right toward his house, I thought first off; but they passed it, an' kep' on—makin' for Craggy Barren, I reckon. I come right on back."

For a moment there was silence. The two men on the door-stone stepped down, and moved slowly over the grass toward my tree.

"So you were right, George," I heard Bert proclaim sneeringly. "The skunk!" He stopped short. "I'll get my rifle."

But my father interposed quietly.

"No! Our hands is enough. If he's at the cliff, likely we'd best just heave him over!"

They came out from under my tree. George Ayres was still mopping his face with the blue bandanna. The sunlight struck sharply on their backs. They moved away slowly, kicking up the dust of the road.

I watched them go. I hated them, with their self-righteous narrowness. The folly and wickedness of what they contemplated was unspeakable. Milburn! Lucretia! Their future held such promise! I felt so desperately helpless—as a frog, with a life of its own, must feel in the hands of some cruel, unthinking boy.

Yet I knew that something must be done. I came slithering down out of the tree; arriving disheveled, still uncertain, at the bottom. Then, urged by an unreasoning impulse to warn them, somehow, I skirted the house to the west, scrambled across a wall, and began to run with all my might across the smooth fields.

It occurred to me now that the men would keep to the road, which turned and

twisted a little, and that they would be in no undignified hurry. I saw them in my mind's eye—a grim, compact group, stalking their prey, full of resolve and undeviating purpose, like an approaching storm.

Well sheltered behind the brush fringe of the wall, I ran until my heart was bursting—and still ran. When I reached the first rise of the pasture, I had to know how far they had got. I wasted a few precious seconds in climbing a smooth, gray boulder, and thrusting my head cautiously over the top of it, like a scared rabbit. I found, exultantly, that I was far ahead of them. They were moving slowly, evidently arguing. I saw Bert swing his arm in an impatient gesture. My father silenced him, I thought, with a firm nod. George Ayres had dropped a few steps behind.

Instantly I was down off the boulder and away again, keeping well under the brow of the hill, and running low. To reach the path to the rock ledge meant coming up, for an instant, on the sky-line; but at the last the big pine would shelter me—as it would shelter our retreat, too, when we came up.

I reached this point; dropped flat in the ragged, brown grass; found myself completely hidden; rose among the pine-branches; and plunged headlong down the steep path.

Lucretia and Milburn had heard me. The last few steps, I slipped. I landed, sitting, right at their feet, staring up at them, all out of breath.

"Run!" I panted. "Run—quick! They're coming!"

Lucretia's face was swept by a sudden, unreasoning fear. Milburn merely smiled quizzically at me.

"Who's coming?" he asked.

"They!" I cried. "They! They're going to throw you over!"

He glanced hopelessly at Lucretia, as if, since she was related to me and knew me, she might perhaps be able to interpret my ravings. Then, seeing the genuine trouble in my face, his own became graver.

"Who is coming to throw me over?" He seemed, all at once, to get my idea, and nodded back toward the cliff behind him. "You mean there?"

"Come—quick!" I cried.

I went up to him and began to pull desperately at his sleeve. He took a few steps, frowning; then stopped short.

"What's it all about?" he demanded.

I felt a helpless exasperation.

"George Ayres and Bert and dad are after you," I shouted, "for having Cresh here!"

At that he shook off my hand, not roughly—I wished it had been—but in a friendly, teasing way. He glanced over his shoulder at Lucretia, nodding.

"So at last my neighbors are coming to be neighborly!"

"It's no joke," I warned him.

It seemed to me that he was no better than a fool to stand there talking. He did not know the temper of these neighbors, as he called them. My impatience with him must have been evident, for he studied my face for a second and said:

"Don't think I'm not appreciative of your—warning. I am. It was mighty fine of you; but they have no business to come here with any such unmannerly intentions." My disapproval was still showing all over me. "I mean," he went on, "that this is my property. I have a certain right to wander about on it. And then, too, if they feel as they do, running away would only put off the trouble."

I turned away from him and marched over to Lucretia.

"Well, it's not *your* property, Cresh. *You* come, then!"

Yet I felt already that it was too late.

I saw that he was watching her, as I was. She obviously hesitated.

"I don't think that you would be safer anywhere else, either," he said to Lucretia.

"I was thinking of you," she replied.

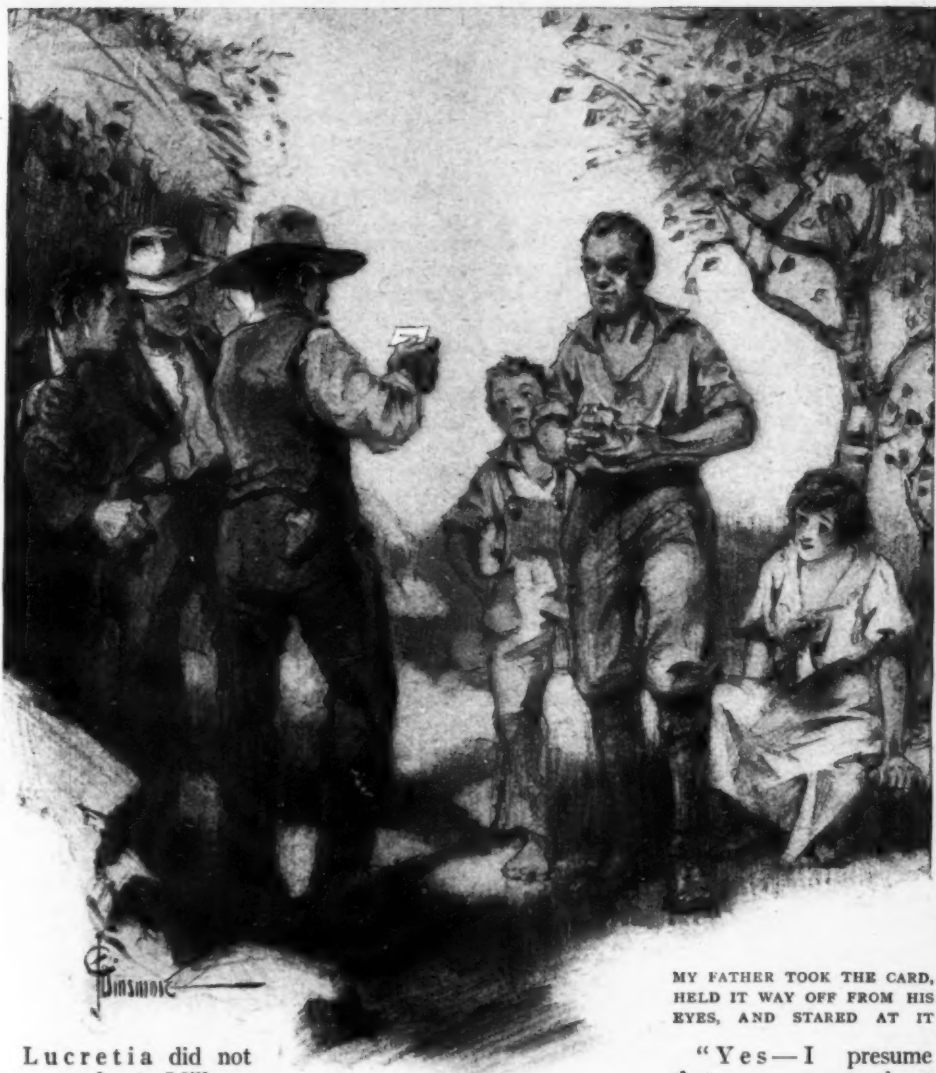
She sat down, all at once, on the rock seat; and then we heard them on the path above us.

V

My father came first. His heavy black eyebrows were drawn together in a way that I knew meant anger, wilfulness, bad temper, complete disregard of others. I had known him, with that expression, to do unjustifiable things.

Bert came next, smoking a cigarette; then George Ayres. All three having reached the rock shelf, they spread out along the base of it, my father slightly ahead.

I think they were taken aback by Milburn's easy attitude. Seeing me there, too, must have surprised them mightily. My father's frown deepened. He took a step or two forward.



MY FATHER TOOK THE CARD, HELD IT WAY OFF FROM HIS EYES, AND STARED AT IT

Lucretia did not move, but Milburn walked up to meet him.

"Mr. Farrar," he began, before my father could speak.

He appeared suddenly quite strange to me. His voice was steely, and full of authority. My father stopped.

"Mr. Farrar," Milburn repeated, "you make it plain that you have come on no friendly errand. I'm sorry for that. When a man comes looking for trouble, I can generally accommodate him; but I feel myself disinclined to do so now."

My father stared sourly. He glanced at Lucretia, and started to speak to her; but Milburn interrupted him.

"Yes—I presume that you came about your daughter. You wish

to separate her from me—perhaps violently. I can't allow that!"

My father could not quite fathom such effrontery—could not adjust himself to it quickly enough, or understand what held him chafing there. Like other men recognized as leaders of communities, he was accustomed to be looked up to; accustomed, when he exerted his wrath, to see deference or cringing. I don't mean that he was a bully. I think he argued himself always into a state of avenging righteousness. Nothing in his experience had prepared him for Milburn.

Before he could frame a sentence, Milburn went on:

"We might as well come to an understanding—immediately—before it becomes difficult."

He glanced at Lucretia, and Lucretia returned his glance—timidly, imploringly, fearfully; yet with a certain confidence, too, as if she felt that the man she loved was invincible. Evidently she held herself ready to win or to suffer all with him. When he turned back to my father, his face had softened marvelously.

"You are anxious about your daughter, Mr. Farrar; anxious, I hope, for her welfare and her happiness—more anxious about these things than about your own opinion of her conduct." He made it plain that there could be but one answer to this. "I know what that means; for I have been anxious, too—hopeful that I might share her future with her—that I might help her to find happiness." He paused. "And she has consented."

He stopped. My father jerked his head back as if something had struck him.

"You?" he cried wildly.

Milburn only smiled.

And then Bert, from where he stood, exclaimed impatiently:

"Why do you stand there arguing, dad? Get her out of the way, so we can deal with him!"

Milburn's smile faded. My father took a step forward.

"What's my girl to you?" he shouted. Then, as if baffled by Milburn's steady gaze: "What have *you* to do with her happiness?"

"Everything," Milburn replied quietly.

"But your wife?" my father cried.

"Your wife?" His frown deepened again.

"If you've bamboozled my poor girl into thinkin'—"

"What about my wife?" Milburn demanded icily. "That might surely be considered my own affair—at least, mine and Lucretia's."

"Lucretia's a fool!" Bert cut in.

"We mebbe ain't up to date, here—back in the woods," my father said, in a low voice of deadly earnestness. "In these parts, a man with one wife don't go seekin' another—not and get away with it!"

With a grim, set face he began slowly to close up the space between them. He took a step forward—another.

Milburn remained motionless. He looked

puzzled. All my faith in the man was running out like water. His wife! I grieved for Lucretia; but she had been a fool, as Bert had said.

Suddenly Milburn's face cleared.

"You think I have a wife—living?" he asked, with a note of relief.

My father stopped. He was just within striking distance. His hand had been on the point of going out.

"Well, ain't you?" he demanded.

Milburn shook his head.

"You got a woman there. You can't deny it!"

"Yes," Milburn responded, "the most adorable woman—old woman—you can imagine. Old Dinah must be almost eighty now. She was my nurse when I was born."

He paused, and seemed to be thinking. For the moment it was as if he had forgotten us.

"Lucretia is going to be very fond of her," he murmured. Then, with an apparent effort to set us straight, he went on: "My wife died—less than a year ago. That was why I came here. I had grown up on a farm, and I wanted to get back to one, for a time. I had tried to continue—in the city—as usual, but I couldn't manage it. I had to get away where I could think and make adjustments."

For a moment he seemed to debate whether a further explanation was necessary. Then he forced himself on.

"She was an invalid—had been since the first year of our marriage. She had felt—had felt that she was hampering me. Her last wish was that I should marry again—that I should find a new life, a new happiness. She urged it to the last. Only that, she said, would justify her short life with me. I could not see it that way. She knew better than I—that the capacity for loving does not fade out of a man with the going of its object." Suddenly he glanced at Lucretia. "I've explained all this to your daughter, Mr. Farrar. I've tried to tell her—to make her see—how, when my life seemed over, she taught me to live again; how my life is hers, now."

Once more he stopped; and then, as before, he appeared to realize that he had not covered everything.

"You don't know who I am," he said, looking at my father. "Let's not have any more misunderstandings. I believe there was some talk"—his eyes, with a humorous twinkle, shifted to me—"some talk

that I might be an embezzler. That's all wrong, really."

Here he began to fumble at the buttoned pocket of his shirt.

"I have a card here," he explained, extracting one from a flat leather cigarette-case. He flipped off a few crumbs of tobacco, and handed it to my father. "That will introduce me."

My father took the card, held it up a long way from his eyes, and stared at it. Bert stepped up and glanced at it, too. Even George Ayres, who had done nothing all this while, began to move toward them, turning his head this way and that, as if trying to catch up with things.

"If you still doubt me—as you have every right to," Milburn suggested, "just put a mark on the card and mail it to that address. When it is forwarded back to me here, I'll show it to you."

Poor father! He was still staring at the card. I realized at once that this small, white bit of pasteboard meant something very definite to him.

"I take your word for it," he said. "I never connected that name with you."

I heard Bert whisper to George Ayres: "Lothrop K. Milburn—the railroad man! Good Lord!"

"I hope," laughed Milburn, catching the remark—"I hope that means that I'll do." Then more seriously: "I hope that what you have heard of the name will make you want to accept it into the family."

He had evidently finished, now; and we

all seemed to relax. We began to move—an arm, a foot—just little stirrings.

My father coughed. He must have realized that something was expected of him. I think that from the very first moment of this encounter he had recognized in Milburn—just as I had—something above what we were accustomed to. In no other way can I find a reason for his failure to begin immediate physical hostilities. Now—though he would not admit it yet, even to himself—I am sure that he was immensely pleased with Lucretia, and proud of her, for providing him with such a distinguished son-in-law.

I saw him hesitate, and half hold out his hand. Instantly Milburn stepped forward and grasped it.

"You're welcome to her," my father said gruffly.

The two men looked at each other.

"Thank you," Milburn responded.

Then, as if seized with an idea, my father called:

"Lucretia!"

She scanned his face and came. He took her hand and placed it in Milburn's.

"My blessing goes with you," he said.

There was another moment of silence. My father's face went red. He must have had the terrible fear that he had done the wrong thing—what was done only at actual weddings, or perhaps at christenings. He turned abruptly and walked stiffly away, beckoning Bert and George Ayres to follow him.

LIFE'S SOLACE

LIFE seemed a loving-cup of choicest wine,
Fashioned of gold and set with jewels rare,
From which to drink was ecstasy divine,
Which to possess was joy beyond compare.
Roses were wrought in rubies round the bowl,
And graven on the golden rim above
Was all my soul's religion in these words:
"Joy—and your love!"

Life is a sadder thing, a sterner cup
Brewed by the wise and ruthless hand of pain;
And Fate, who filled the goblet, bids me sup,
Nor flinch that bitterness seems all my gain.
Through its clear depths I read the words of truth:
"Grieve not that ecstasy so soon must end.
Behold, thy sad heart's solace lies at hand—
Work—and a friend!"

M. Ellis Winter

Petaluma, the Largest Poultry Center in the World

HOW A HEALTH-SEEKER WHO WENT TO CALIFORNIA AND STARTED WITH A SMALL FLOCK OF HENS BECAME THE PIONEER OF A GREAT INDUSTRY PRODUCING ANNUALLY MILLIONS OF CHICKENS AND HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS OF EGGS

By Arthur L. Dahl

THE goose that laid the golden egg dwelt only in story-land, but out in sunny California the little white Leghorn, and millions of her sisters, are daily laying eggs that are almost as valuable as those of the fabled goose, and they have put Petaluma on the map as the capital of the poultry world. The products of Petaluma are known in all civilized lands, for places too remote to receive her eggs or poultry buy the incubators or brooders that she manufactures.

In a single year Petaluma produces almost half a billion eggs, worth more than eighteen million dollars. Surrounding the City of Little Hills, as it is called, are hundreds of chicken-ranches, ranging in size from half an acre, with a few hundred birds, to those of fifty acres, with fifty thousand feathered inhabitants. While many of the growers hatch their own chickens from eggs, most of them secure their stock in trade from the commercial hatcheries, of which there are eight large and twenty small ones, with a combined annual output of thirteen million chicks. The largest hatchery in the district can produce two hundred and fifty thousand chicks in three weeks, and markets more than two millions each year.

About sixty per cent of the chicks hatched are raised in and around Petaluma. Forty per cent are shipped out of the district, most of them being sent long distances immediately after they are hatched, because they can best stand the journey at that time. For three days after a chick leaves the eggshell it needs neither drink nor food, as it is sustained by the

yolk of the egg, which enters the abdominal cavity. A Petaluma hatcheryman, Mr. A. E. Burke, discovered that if chicks are taken from the incubators and placed in light, ventilated cartons, they can be sent by express anywhere if they reach their destination within seventy-two hours. When President Wilson visited San Francisco, in September of last year, one of the gifts sent to his hotel was a crate containing a hundred day-old chicks from a Petaluma hatchery.

Baby chicks can be purchased from the hatcheries for from seven to fifteen cents each, depending upon the time of the year and the variety. Many chicken-ranchers prefer to buy them already hatched, because this permits them to give their entire attention to developing their producing flocks. It is a specially advantageous plan for the newcomer, who has enough problems to solve without having to count his chickens before they are hatched.

THE BUSINESS OF POULTRY-RAISING

Most of the Petaluma ranchers who have made a success with chickens are men from other walks of life. In a trip through the district one can find former preachers and professional men who were forced to a life in the open air for the sake of their health. Hundreds of school-teachers, clerks, newspapermen and other city people who, before coming to Petaluma, had probably never slept overnight on a farm, have made good with chickens, because they were willing to learn, were patient and hard-working, and found joy in building up a business of their own.

Poultry-raising is a confining and exacting business, for one cannot absent himself for very long where a thousand chickens or more must be looked after almost constantly. It is essentially a family proposition, for whereas a man and his wife and children, living upon a ranch of moderate size, can look after all the details of the business, it has been found from experience that hired hands lack the interest necessary to insure success.

Things must be done regularly and without fail on a poultry farm. The feed must be distributed on time, the water supply must be kept fresh and pure, the runways and poultry-houses must be carefully cleaned, and a dozen other small but important duties must be systematically and conscientiously performed, if maximum production is to be maintained and the health of the flock preserved. For the right man—the man who has a reasonable amount of means to get a start, who is willing to work, to study, and to learn—the poultry business, whether at Petaluma

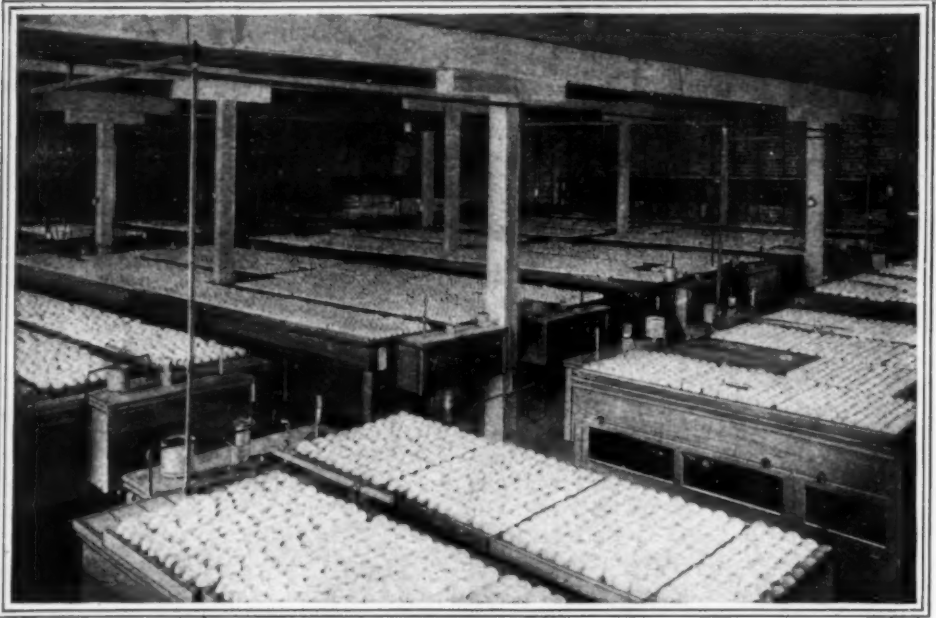
or elsewhere, offers abundant opportunities for acquiring a competence.

A combination of natural advantages makes the Petaluma district an ideal place to raise chickens. First of all, it has a favorable climate. Situated in a valley, with gently sloping hills, it receives a maximum of sunshine, tempered by the light sea breezes that blow in from the Pacific Ocean, only eighteen miles away. For about nine months in the year practically no rains occur. In the wet months of winter the temperature does not fall below twenty degrees above zero, and snow is virtually unknown, except in the higher mountain sections.

Another advantage possessed by the district is its soil. That part of Sonoma County is covered with a light, absorbent, gravelly stratum, cool in summer and not gummy in winter, and containing the mineral elements necessary for healthful flocks. When rain falls the soil readily absorbs the water, which percolates down through the gravel; and within a short time after the



EGGS READY TO BE PACKED FOR SHIPMENT FROM A PETALUMA POULTRY-RANCH—NEARLY HALF A BILLION EGGS ARE PRODUCED ANNUALLY IN THIS LITTLE TOWN OF CENTRAL CALIFORNIA



A COMMERCIAL CHICKEN-HATCHERY—THE LARGEST HATCHERY AT PETALUMA CAN PRODUCE TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND CHICKS IN THREE WEEKS

rain stops poultry can be out of doors with no danger of getting their feet clogged with sticky mud.

MARKETING PETALUMA'S PRODUCT

Petaluma enjoys unusually fine marketing conditions, for it lies within forty miles of San Francisco—less than two hours' journey by railroad. The Petaluma River, too, is navigable, and affords cheap transportation facilities to the city markets. While most of the eggs and poultry are sent to San Francisco and the bay district, many car-load shipments are made to Northern and Eastern points. In 1918 Petaluma shipped two hundred and sixty car-loads of eggs to outside markets, some of these going as far as the Atlantic Coast.

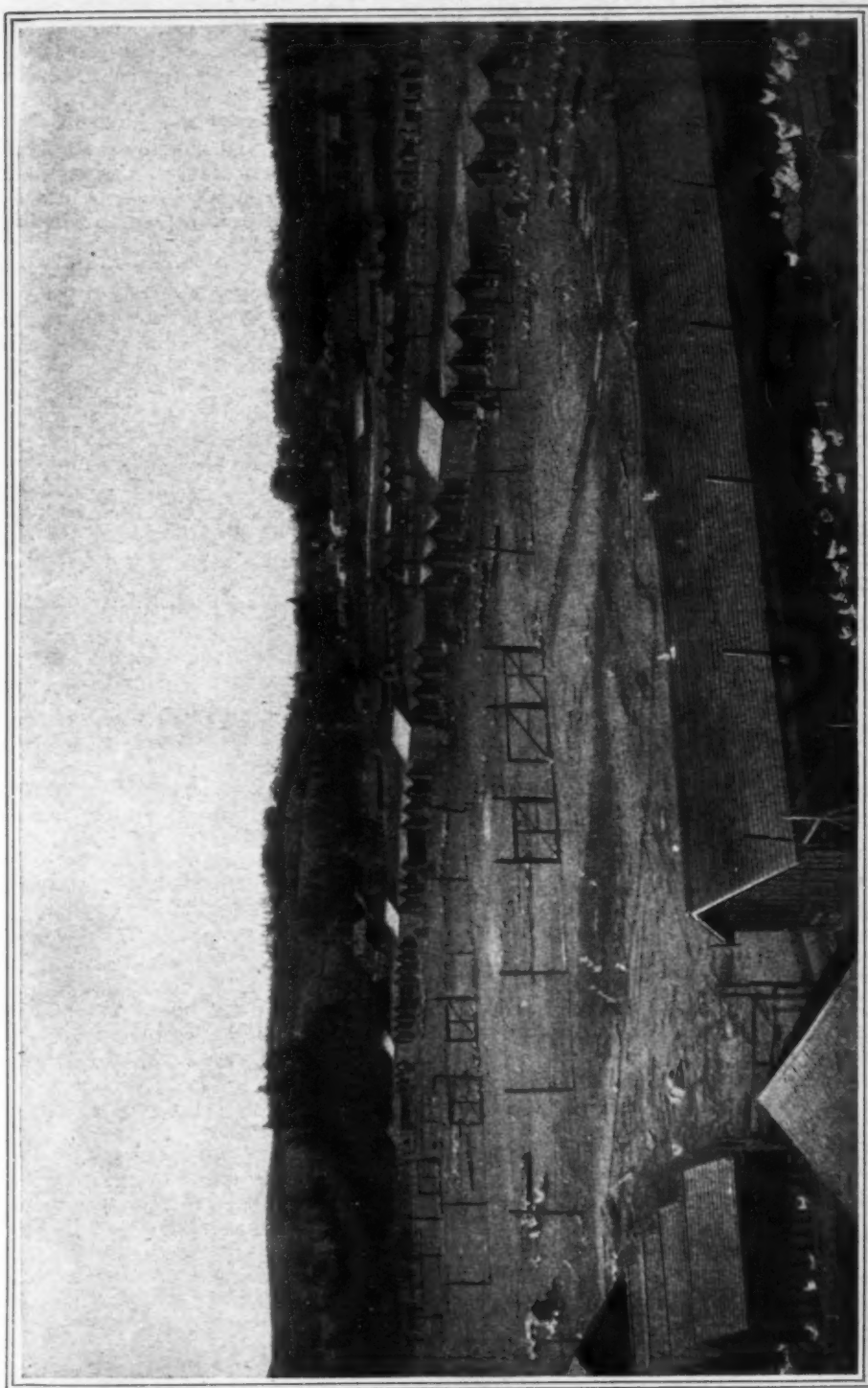
The egg-producers do not have to search for customers, for they can readily dispose of their eggs in the Petaluma market. The San Francisco produce houses maintain buyers in the district, who purchase the eggs as they are brought in, paying the prevailing rates for them.

An important factor in the business is an association called the Poultry Producers of Central California, which was organized about four years ago, and which has grown to a membership of about fifteen hundred. Most of the members market their eggs co-

operatively, and the association maintains a depository in Petaluma where the eggs are candled, graded, and prepared for shipment.

Some of the large ranches in the Petaluma district, as I have already said, can raise and feed as many as fifty thousand chickens, and are equipped with all the most modern appliances for a business of that size; but most of the chicken farms are from five to ten acres in extent. The man who expects to make a living from poultry should have at least five acres of land. This will give him about two acres for housing and ranging his chickens, two acres for raising the necessary green feed, and an acre for his home and garden. Such a ranch will permit of the ranging of two or three thousand hens, a number sufficient to provide their owner with a livelihood, and also quite enough to require all his time and attention.

The average annual profit of the poultrymen of the district is about one dollar per hen, but many exceed this figure by good management and by careful study of the feed they use. Although there are, of course, general rules followed by all the growers, a wide difference of opinion and practise exists between the various ranchers as to just what and how to feed their birds.



GENERAL VIEW OF ONE OF THE LARGER CHICKEN-RANCHES AT PETALUMA—HERE AS MANY AS FIFTY THOUSAND BIRDS CAN BE RAISED AND FED

Some of the most successful egg-producers have been green city men who embarked in the business with no previous experience, but who were willing to follow the advice of experts, and who profited by every mistake they made.

There are two general methods of housing the chickens in Sonoma County. One method is to use colony houses, built on runners, so that they can be easily moved about. Each of these will accommodate about two hundred hens, and costs from thirty-five to fifty dollars to build. The other method is to use long houses, holding about a thousand hens for every hundred feet of their length. A carrier system usually runs along the length of the house for carrying food, eggs, and droppings. Brooding-houses are usually sixteen by thirty-two feet, divided into two sections.

The breed most favored by Petaluma poultrymen is the White Leghorn, because it lays large white eggs, and produces a maximum number at a minimum cost.

PETALUMA'S PIONEER POULTRYMAN

The pioneer poultryman of Petaluma is Mr. L. C. Byce, who still takes an active interest in all affairs affecting his locality and the poultry industry in general. Mr.

Byce was born and brought up in Canada, and while still a young man began experiments to perfect an incubator. After working upon it for several years he succeeded in developing an incubator that proved efficient, and built up a successful business in his machines. Owing to ill-health, he was compelled to come to California, and in 1879 he settled at Petaluma, then a small hamlet.

Far from being the poultry center it now is, Petaluma in those days did not own a single hen, and Mr. Byce was compelled to travel for two weeks up and down the Sonoma Valley before he could purchase two dozen birds with which to carry on his experiments with incubators. With his small flock, however, he demonstrated that the region was ideal for the production of eggs. One by one his neighbors followed his example, new men were attracted from the outside, and within a few years the egg-production of the district had leaped to large figures.

To-day more eggs and dressed poultry are shipped out of Petaluma than from any other place in the world, and a score of large manufacturing plants identified with that industry send their products to all the corners of the globe.

A CHAPLET

I'LL weave a posy wreath for you,
That gathers up our happy year;
And every month that comes in view
Shall yield a bud to make it dear.
The orchid nodding at your belt
For January. Next I twine
These sweetheart roses, which, I felt,
Were perfect for a valentine.
Now comes a pussy-willow spray,
And violets from our April walks,
With lilacs for the dusk of May
That hid our lingering good-night talks.
June roses—Persian yellow, pink,
One flaming bud, one purest white;
Pond-lilies—do they make you think
Of drifting hours of sheer delight?
For August, ferns from mountain ledge;
Pink asters for September's reign,
While cattails are the velvet edge
On autumn's varicolored train.
Chrysanthemums so crisp and gay,
Like you, smile out at frost and snow;
And now, to close the wreath, I lay
This little sprig of mistletoe!

Lilian Vandevere

The Old-Timer

BY VIRGINIA DALE

Illustrated by Stockton Mulford

"HONEST, ma, I wish grandad wouldn't come to the studio. I'd—well, I'd just collapse if any one should find out we were related. He's so old-fashioned and everything; and in a motion-picture studio I tell you it's up-to-dateness that counts."

"Well, if you don't want 'em to find out, I guess they won't, Rosie," the girl's mother assured her; "your grandfather using his old stage name, Sydney Kane, and us going as Gaynors."

"I'd just collapse, I would, if it was to get out!"

"What can I do, Rosie?" Mrs. Gaynor regarded her daughter wearily. She was hemming innumerable pink ruffles for Rosie's new dress. "It gives him something to do to go there and sit. I'm glad if he keeps out from under my feet."

"Well, it just makes me mad." Rosie pouted *à la* Pickford, and adjusted a hat to a Theda Bara tilt. "He oughta know when he's old and out. He came poking around yesterday just as Philip Phillips came along. I know Phillips was going to say something to me. Gee! For acting in the movies they don't want old-timers like him."

"I don't know much about theaters," returned the older woman; "but I've heard your father tell, Rosie, that grandad in his day acted with Stoddart and Sheridan."

"Pooh! From all the pictures of those old codgers he's got stuck around his room, not one of 'em would make a hit in the movies. Think of Stoddart's profile and then Philip Phillips's!"

Mrs. Gaynor bit off a fresh piece of thread and guided it to the needle's eye.

"I'm glad your father took to business," she said. "Such lazy work it is for a man, acting. Now for you it's different. Sure, you'll be great some day, Rosie; though with things so high now, I could wish you'd begin to bring in something regular."

"Oh, mom, I'll get good parts soon. Didn't I have a close-up in 'Velvet's Lure'? And didn't the assistant of Ibetts, the biggest director of the lot, say the camera man said I photographed like a million dollars? I'll show you, if only grandad don't go and spoil my chances!"

"I don't see, Rosie, what he could do that 'd spoil—"

"Oh, well, a girl's gotta be careful. He's so funny-looking." Rosie powdered her nose and prepared to leave. "I must go. Hope you get that dress done by to-night."

"I'll try;" and Mrs. Gaynor attacked a new ruffle with as great vigor as her stolid placidity ever permitted.

II

ROSIE arrived at the studio, her eyes bright, every curl in place. Sure enough, there in the corner sat grandad. He always had to wait in the outer hall. He was not even allowed to pass through the great mysterious door to the waiting-room for "regular extras." People in the outer hall came patiently every day and hoped and hoped for a chance, even a small one. They were used only in mob scenes; as background in ballroom "sets" if they had evening clothes; or to fill in a court-room. Yesterday some of them had been Oriental natives. Girls and men there were; women and young boys; and a child or two with anxious mothers who hoped to procure for them the golden opportunity of grease paint.

Rosie flounced through. She carefully avoided grandad's eye. It was her proud privilege to go beyond that sacred door. She was a "regular extra," and did her waiting in a long, low room, mirrored and electric-bulbed; but the call of her name was just as much coveted. She, too, made money only when she worked—five dollars against the three and a quarter of those outside.

Of course, the people out there didn't know she wasn't "in stock." Some even thought she might be a leading lady. Rosie knew all this, and made her brief journey to the door as stately as possible.

Grandad was one who watched. Since yesterday he had realized that Rosie didn't want anything to do with him around the studios. He would

his teens, known throughout the world, because he had a handsome face—and youth. Act? Not as they considered it in the old days. But how could he be expected to?

No training; no experience; put into parts which actors used to labor years before attaining.

Daily the old man withered mentally as he



ROSIE FLOUNCED THROUGH.
SHE CAREFULLY AVOIDED
GRANDAD'S EYE

be careful not to bother her again.

In the street a lemon-colored roadster, copper-trimmed, drew to the curb. Inside there was a general flutter. The girl with the bobbed hair stopped chewing her gum. The mother of the blue-eyed child straightened a bow sharply. Three young fellows ceased their talking and assumed an air of polite ennui. Several photoplay magazines were lowered, and the old lady at the end of the bench stopped her tatting.

Philip Phillips came in, and paused, a perfect close-up. "The finest physique in the world," his press-agent had said, smiling as he retouched negatives.

With a look to neither right nor left, disdainful, mighty, Philip Phillips passed through. He carried his cigarette, in its long jade holder, through the glorious door in defiance of all the fire ordinances. If an extra man had done it, his career would have ended on the spot.

The old-timer smiled gently. What a thing youth was! This boy, hardly out of

saw these youngsters doing things that would have driven an old stage-manager mad. What difference did it make now that thirty years ago—yes, even less—he, Sydney Kane, had moved thousands to tears and laughter?

Could he ever forget those days? Ah, he would not if he could!

Stoddart, Modjeska, Drew Sheridan—those names were melodies to him. Their successes had been his; he had shared their triumphs with them. Unstarred, character man that he was, his name and fame were the reason for many a box-office line. He remembered Lotta's "Fanchon the Cricket"; the first night of "Beside the

Bonny Brier-Bush." The President had been in the box, the house draped in flags.

And would he ever forget "Dixieland"? For "Dixieland" was his—his and Drew Sheridan's. "Gentleman Drew" they called him in the profession, those days. He had been good in his part, Gentleman Drew. He was the star; but Sydney Kane, character man, had been better. He had walked away with the show.

"You've got them," Drew Sheridan had said in the wings. "But I guess it's big enough for both of us. We'll put it over together, Sydney Kane;" and they had.

The old-timer sighed. Those were the days! Now here he was waiting on a bench in a motion-picture studio, while clerks and prize-fighters and schoolboys were permitted to act. Perhaps Rosie was right. Perhaps there was no place for him. His time was over.

"The young character men take the place of you old fellows, the little you're needed," she had told him once.

Youth, always youth! Thus he brooded for an hour. Then there was another stir. The casting director flung himself into the outer hall. He had a working sheet and a worried brow.

"Got an evening dress—something very swell?"

He paused inquiringly before the bobbed hair girl.

"No—I—that is, I—" she answered, and halted miserably.

Oh, this might be her chance! And she had left her dress at home to-day, for the first time in months.

"Well, say yes or no!"

"No."

And he passed on, leaving the bobbed head bowed in hot tears.

At length he selected six girls who assured him they had "something very swell." They scurried through the door, their make-up boxes with them.

"Need four of you fellows who were natives yesterday," the casting director went on. He looked at the old-timer. "Were you one?" he asked.

Sydney Kane stood up.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, sit down. I didn't say I wanted you."

The old man sat down, and a few people giggled. It was a good move to appreciate the casting director's humor. It sometimes led to a "bit."

He picked three men with the care of a President choosing his Cabinet.

"Well, you can go along, old 'un;" and he nodded cheerfully in the direction of the old-timer.

There was a frantic onslaught on the wardrobe woman, who would refuse to be hurried if Rome were burning and the citizens requiring tunics. Then the old-timer approached a two-by-four-inch mirror in the dressing-room, usually shunned because it was cracked.

The men about him—there was no privacy—were in various stages of dress and undress. Grandad always wished his underwear wasn't so worn when he had to expose it this way. Though, for the matter of that, with their fashionable outer garments discarded, most of these young fellows appeared the worse for wear. Some were not too clean.

The old-timer needed a bit of eye-pencil. He knew Rosie had some; but he wouldn't ask her—not after yesterday. He hated to ask these fellows, though now they spoke to him frequently. It had been discovered that he knew more about make-up than all of them put together. Most of them had been clerks or theater ushers before they heard the call of the silent drama. With true professional generosity, he helped them all he could.

When the hurried preparations were complete, the four hastened to Studio B, where the scene with the natives was to be filmed. A bench along the wall was filled with costumed people, yellow-grease-painted, waiting. The old-timer leaned patiently against the wall. The director, smartly legged—Heaven knows why—sat in a low chair close to the camera, with the megaphone, insignia of directorial ability, at hand. He was walking his people through a brief rehearsal.

The wonder of things about him never failed to thrill the old man. He admired all the mechanical devices, the thousand and one contrivances; the lights that operated on pulleys, the transition from close-up to long shot, the very camera lens itself. He admired everything as an achievement; but these youngsters—they took it all for granted.

Sometimes something like contempt filled him. The time that was wasted! He remembered the quick decisiveness of the old stage rehearsals, with the clear directions from a brisk manager. Here it was

all like play, yet how colossal! They seemed like children with a magnificent new toy.

"She loves him, and he's got a wife. A lot o' good it 'll do her, even if she is a star!"

It was an ugly bit of gossip that reached the old man's ears. How little loyalty these people had—they who should stand so firmly together! Besides, the old-timer had looked into the little star's eyes, and had seen there the secret of a love very tragic and real. Couldn't they see the drama of it, these thoughtless children—the pity?

Cautiously assuring himself that he could not possibly be needed immediately, Sydney Kane strolled over to the bulletin-board. He had heard them say in the dressing-room that the cast of Philip Phillips's new picture had been posted. Hopefully—oh, how hopefully!—he approached the board.

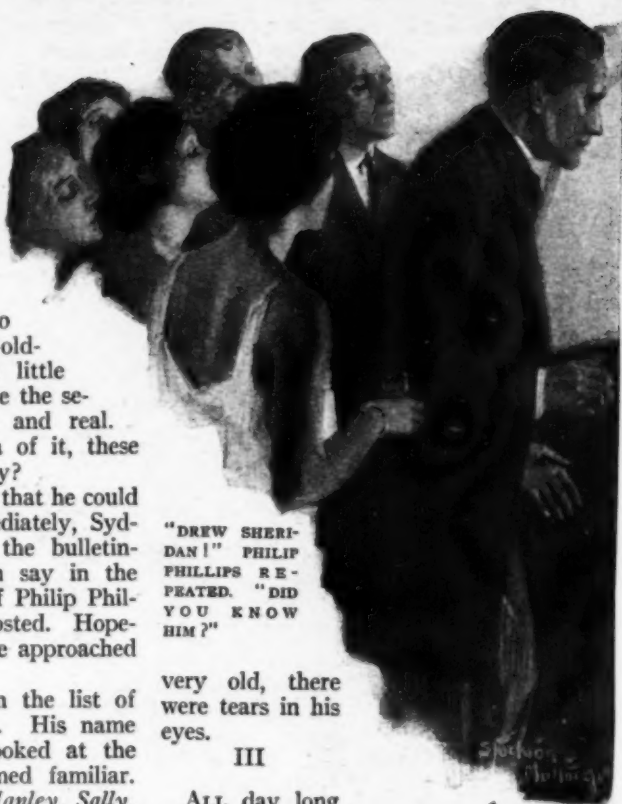
His old eyes hurried down the list of people who would take part. His name was not there. Then he looked at the characters. The names seemed familiar. He read them again: *John Hanley*, *Sally*, *Tom North*, *Old Fanchon*. Could it be? He looked at the title. It was "Dixieland." His "Dixieland"—his and Gentleman Drew's! He had helped to make that play a success, helped to make it worth while to-day. If he and Gentleman Drew hadn't "put it over" so wonderfully that night long ago, it would never have been remembered.

It was *his*—*his*! And his name was not even in the cast. It was for these youngsters, who had not earned it.

Philip Phillips to play the part Drew Sheridan had made? It couldn't be! He saw miserably that Ches Wilshire, character man, was to play *Old Fanchon*—his own part. A whippersnapper! And the best that he, Sydney Kane, could expect was a bit on the plantation as one of the hands, if indeed they preserved that much of the original.

He turned away, sick at heart. He looked down at his old ankles, bare in his native costume.

"I'm glad you can't see, Gentleman Drew!" he whispered; and because he was



"DREW SHERIDAN!" PHILIP PHILLIPS REPEATED. "DID YOU KNOW HIM?"

very old, there were tears in his eyes.

III

ALL day long the old-timer

and the three youths waited. At noon they freshened up their make-ups and swallowed hasty luncheons. Grandad had found a dilapidated chair, a "prop," and there he sat and thought. He watched Philip Phillips endeavor to reach an emotional height, saw the expression that had earned him the plaudits of a million women—and it was he, this child, who was to play Drew Sheridan's magnificent *John Hanley*!

At five the director bawled:

"You natives, be on the floor at nine in the morning!"

That meant another day's work. The old-timer removed his make-up slowly. He was more tired than if he had done something besides just wait all day.

They were all dining when he reached home. Rosie's father, his son, sat in his shirt-sleeves, a spot of gravy already on his vest. He handed his father a plate with half-cold food.

Mrs. Gaynor felt it incumbent upon her to say something.

"I'll warm over the pudding, grandad,"



"IT WAS MY PRIVILEGE," ANSWERED
THE OLD MAN. "WE PLAYED
'DIXIELAND' TOGETHER"

she said. "I don't know why it takes you so long to get here. Rosie's never so late."

"It is quite all right," replied the old man. "Please do not trouble. I am not very hungry."

The one thing that would have helped would have been a little sympathy—some one to say:

"Oh, well, things will brighten up soon."

But every bit of encouragement was directed toward Rosie. She spoke now, her mouth filled with food.

"Didn't work, did you?" she asked. "I saw you this morning. Gee! You looked funny in that regalia. I went out on location with a bunch. Fun? Well, I guess!"

"You'll get there, Rosie," her father assured her admiringly.

"Watch me!" the girl returned.

She began to talk of Philip Phillips's coming picture. The old man rose from the table.

"Don't you want any more?" his daughter-in-law demanded.

He shook his head and went into his room. Its walls were covered with pictures of old-timers like himself. The lower drawer of his chiffonier was filled with relics—programs, press clippings neatly pasted in an album, more pictures, prompt books. He finally drew forth a certain program, carefully preserved. This was his treasure of treasures—his biggest part.

The play was "Dixieland." He read some of the press clippings; they were balm to a wounded spirit. Then he rose again from his little straight-back chair and searched again in the drawer. At last he found what he sought—a little worn book from which he had learned his part so long ago.

He opened it to his first speech:

"You sent for me, *John Hanley*? It was not needful. You can rely upon me."

He went on down through the lines, whispering gently, not looking at the book as the old familiar words came back to him. This was his play! Though unstarred, the critics had all declared it so; he was greater here even than Drew Sheridan himself.

"Fight—fight for your flag and for your sweet-heart. She'll be waiting, and I—I shall not fail you!"

After thirty years the words rose swiftly to his lips. He was behind the footlights again; hundreds out front were listening to him, hanging breathless.



HOPEFULLY — OH, HOW
HOPEFULLY! — HE AP-
PROACHED THE BULLE-
TIN-BOARD

"I'll leave her with
you, *Old Fanchon*, and when I
come back, as God grant I may—"

The voice of Gentleman Drew
seemed actually to be sounding close beside
him, picking up the well-remembered cue.
The sea of faces, alight with enthusiastic
fervor, swam before him.

The voice of his daughter-in-law broke
into his dreams.

"Oh, grandad, d'you want this iron to
press those things?"

"Yes. Please leave it." Gathering up
a few ties from his slender store, he started
to the door. "So long, so long ago!" he
whispered. "Now no one remembers; but

were it not for me, there would be no
'Dixieland'!"

IV

THE next days were torture. He stole,
much against the rules, to Studio A, where-

in was erected the first set for the first act of *his* play. The sitting-room, reproduced, was as unlike what the old-timer remembered as modern ingenuity and a property-man's conception could make it.

He heard Philip Phillips laughing about the costume he was to wear. That hurt. It was like a personal thrust against Gentleman Drew.

But the day he saw young Ches Wilshire, the character man who was to play *his* part, parading before the director in make-up, the old man's heart rose in his throat. Wilshire would spoil it, spoil it! Sydney Kane was to see something he had created killed before his eyes. He turned blindly to leave the studio. His foot caught in one of the arc-light wires, there was a crash, and the old-timer went down with the lamp on top of him.

He was only slightly stunned, and when he came to he was on a property couch. Philip Phillips, with his director, Ibetts, stood over him.

"Feeling better, eh?" said the great Phillips. "That's right! Take it easy. When you can talk, I want you to tell me how you came by this book." He held up the dog-eared copy of "Dixieland" which had served the old-timer so long ago. "It fell from your pocket when you dropped."

The old man rose on his elbow, with hand outstretched.

"It is mine," he replied. "Drew Sheridan and I used it together."

"Drew Sheridan!" Philip Phillips repeated. "Did you know him?"

"It was my privilege," answered the old man. "We played 'Dixieland' together."

Philip Phillips and Ibetts looked at each other.

"Why, this is wonderful!" The young actor looked incredulous. "You—you

can't be Sydney Kane? My grandfather has told me about you often. This was his play, but you took it from him. You made it together."

"Your grandfather?" Sydney Kane's old eyes searched the younger man's face. "Your grandfather, boy?"

"Drew Sheridan was my grandfather," Phillips said. "I go by my mother's name. I'm not worthy to use grand old Gentleman Drew's yet!"

Ibetts, the legged director, had stood silent as long as possible.

"By gad! This is great stuff," he burst forth. "You mean to say you played in the original 'Dixieland'? *Old Fanchon*? By gad! Of course you must have the part again—eh, Mr. Phillips? Wonderful dope! Mention it in the press stuff. I'll jump Wilshire out of the part. Can you be ready to start in the morning, Mr. Kane?"

Philip Phillips, the youngster, looked deep into the old-timer's eyes.

"I'll be mighty proud to play with you as my grandfather did," he said; and the hands of the two men met.

It was just then that Rosie saw them. Quite a crowd had gathered in the studio, and behind her the casting director was talking excitedly about "Ibetts's wonderful find." Rosie didn't quite know what to do, so she went up-stairs, took her make-up off, and then went home. As usual, she arrived there before grandad.

"What d'you know about it?" she demanded of her mother. "They're going to put him in stock, too, right away. Well, I'll just collapse, I will, if he doesn't get me in too—I'll just collapse! But with an old-timer like him for a grandad," she added proudly, "it's about the least they can do for me."

Ah, youth—youth!

THE WANDERER

I LOST my sweet little love one day.
Where shall I look for her? Where? Oh, say!

I met the Wind, who rose with dawn;
Perchance he might know where she had gone.

"Whence come you, Wind?" I asked. He cried:
"From a flower asleep on the green hillside."

"And whither go you, Wind?" He said:
"To a flower that wakes in the skies o'erhead!"

F. L. Montgomery

Autobiographies of Actors

THE REMARKABLE SERIES OF INTERESTING MEMOIRS LEFT BY FAMOUS STARS OF THE STAGE, FROM COLLEY CIBBER'S BRILLIANT RECORD OF THE THEATER OF QUEEN ANNE TO THE WRITINGS OF PLAYERS OF OUR OWN DAY

By Brander Matthews

Professor of Dramatic Literature in Columbia University

MAN is insatiably curious; and his curiosity is incessantly directed toward his fellow man. He wants to know not only how the other half of the world lives, what it feels, and what it does, but also and more particularly what it really is—finding an approach to satisfaction in discovering what it merely thinks it is.

This is the reason that the only fiction which endures for more than a season or two is the veracious and penetrating portrayal of life, laying bare before us some of the secrets of human nature. An idle tale of swift and surprising adventure may amuse us in an idle hour; it may "take us out of ourselves," as we say; but its vogue is fleeting and its fashion changes with our veering tastes. On the other hand, we find substantial nourishment in the novels and plays and poems which do not take us out of ourselves, but force us to see into ourselves by bringing us face to face with the truth of life, immitigable and inexorable.

And this is the reason that we have also a special relish for autobiography—although we may distrust it more or less, since no man, however honest and however clear-minded, is capable of telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth about himself, because he does not know it and he cannot know it. Dr. Holmes was as wise as he was witty when he told us that in any conversation between two men, John and James, six persons take part—John's idea of himself, James's idea of John, and the real John; James's idea of himself, John's idea of him, and the real James. When John or James writes his autobiography, we get John's idea of himself or James's idea of himself, not the real John or the real James.

And yet, if we are shrewd, we can at least make a guess at the real John and the real James, who are ever present inside their respective ideas of themselves. The truth will out, even if it does not come out boldly and completely. When we lay down an autobiography, we often know more about the real John or the real James than either of them ever suspected. From out the heterogeny of facts that the autobiographer has set down, honestly or dishonestly, as the case may be, the man himself emerges, often with a visage very different from that the autobiographer has believed himself to be wearing.

When Goethe sat down to tell the story of his development, he disclosed an understanding of the difficulty which confronted him by the title he gave to his self-revelation—"Poetry and Truth." His biographers have had to point out that the facts are not always just what Goethe said they were. His memory had played him false, as memory must whenever a man seeks to retrace his own past; but however many the inaccuracies might be, the self-portrait was true, nevertheless.

Rousseau paraded his vices more than his virtues, although he glossed over many of his misdeeds or left them obscure; but his slipperiness does not prevent us from seeing him and from seeing through him. Franklin failed to supply us with information about not a few episodes in his career which we should be glad to have elucidated; but what he does vouchsafe to us is quite enough to let us see him as he really was, with his simple shrewdness and his worldly wisdom. Perhaps, after all, Cellini was the frankest of autobiographers, partly because he was a man of his own

time, a time which saw no occasion for reticences or palliations.

While all autobiography is alluring, there is to some of us a special fascination in the narratives of their own careers for which we are indebted to the players—the comedians and the tragedians. In his time the actor plays many parts; and in his autobiography the part he plays is himself, as he sees himself, and as he expects us to see him.

The actor cannot leave his work behind him for later generations to discuss and to disagree about; he can leave only his reputation, the fame awarded him by his contemporaries, who alone had the privilege of beholding his achievement. To those who never saw him he is a name, and only a name. In his life he wore many disguises; and so we turn to his autobiography to discover, if we can, what manner of man he was behind the mask.

In the honor roll of autobiography, not far behind Cellini and Rousseau, Lord Herbert of Cherbury and Franklin, there are two books by actors which deserve to stand high up on the list—the "Apology for the Life of Colley Cibber" and the "Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson." Trailing at irregular intervals behind these two, there are the memoirs of Mlle. Clairon and of Talma, of Fleury and of Mme. Judith. There are the reminiscences of Ristori and Salvini. There are the "Retrospections" of John Bernard and the narrative of Tate Wilkinson, the "wandering patentee" of the Yorkshire Theaters. There are Fanny Kemble's "Records of a Girlhood" and Macready's "Diaries." There are the recollections of Ellen Terry and of Helena Modjeska. There are the two stately tomes in which the Bancrofts recorded their experiences on the stage.

On our side of the western ocean we have the books of W. B. Wood, Francis Wemyss, and Sol Smith, the apology of Fennell, the "Autobiography of an Actress" of Mrs. Mowatt, the "Footlight Flashes" of William Davidge, the "Life on the Stage" of Clara Morris, to say nothing of the accounts of their careers compiled by others from the reminiscences of Lester Wallack, J. H. Stoddart, and Mrs. G. H. Gilbert.

Although these volumes necessarily vary in value, they are nearly all brisk and lively. The actor who can write at all generally writes well, if only for the reason that the practise of his profession has provided

him with an ample vocabulary, rich in vigorous words. He has been trained to the use of clear and cogent language. He has been compelled to cultivate his power of observation; and he has learned to seize upon salient characteristics. He is likely to have the knack of anecdote told with pith and point, with becoming brevity, and with due regard to climax.

COLLEY CIBBER'S BRILLIANT BOOK

There may be question as to which is the most satisfactory autobiography bequeathed to us by the past; but it is indisputable that the "Apology for the Life of Colley Cibber" is incomparably the best and the most brilliant of those written by actors, even if it is also indisputable that Cibber was in many ways a despicable creature, a snob and a loose-liver, a reckless writer of prose and an uninspired writer of verse. Like Boswell, he was not a wise man or a good man, still less a great man; but, like Boswell again, he was the author of a great book, as valuable as it is vivacious. The Garrick Club in London and the Players in New York are justly proud of their collections of portraits of actors and actresses, but the best of the painted presentments in these two gatherings are not more truly speaking likenesses than the superb gallery of the foremost performers of his own time delineated with intimate understanding by Colley Cibber.

Cibber was himself an excellent actor in comedy, although in tragedy he seems to have been only tolerable. He was the author of several of the liveliest comedies of his time, ingenious in story, dexterous in structure, sprightly in dialogue, and acute, if not penetrating, in character-delineation. One of the briskest of his pieces, "She Would and She Would Not," held the stage for more than a century and a half, and may be revived again if ever the taste for Old Comedy shall return. His effective perversion of "Richard III" has been discarded only of late years.

He held the position of poet laureate, for which he had no qualification; but his incompetence was scarcely more flagrant than that of certain of his successors—Pye, for one, and Alfred Austin, for another. He was girded at by Henry Fielding; he was despised by Samuel Johnson; and he excited the bitter enmity of Alexander Pope, who was angered by a casual and inoffensive jest of Cibber's, and who was exacer-

bated by Cibber's getting the best of him in the duel of pamphlets which followed his retort.

Pope was ill-advised when he chose Theobald as the hero of the "Dunciad," for Theobald was one of the shrewdest Shakespearian elucidators, to whom all later editors of the text—including Pope himself—are under abiding obligation. And Pope was even more unfortunate in his choice of Cibber to succeed Theobald when the caprice took him to depose the first "prince of dunces." Cibber might be vulnerable at many points, but no one could fairly charge him with dulness.

Indeed, a dunce was precisely that which he most certainly was not. As every one knew this at the time, Pope's animosity led him to stultify himself, and to appear for once almost no better than one of the dunces he was etching with the biting acid of his malice. Most of the victims of Pope's venom survive only in his verse, and owe to him such immortality as they may claim. This is little enough, since the "Dunciad," witty as it is, cannot be appreciated to-day without the aid of copious notes informing us as to the identity of the victims transfixed by the satirist's shafts. Theobald and Cibber are still alive in their own works; and indeed it is safe to say that the "Apology for the Life of Colley Cibber" has now—and deserves to have—ten readers for one who takes a painful pleasure in the "Dunciad."

THE STORY OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON

Second in interest to Cibber's brilliant record is the "Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson." No two books are more unlike, as no two men were ever more unlike than the writers of these two records of life before and behind the curtain. Where Cibber is acrid, Jefferson is genial. Cibber was well aware that he had many things to apologize for, and that he was not held in high esteem by those whose opinion was best worth having; whereas Jefferson could not help knowing that he had won the affectionate regard of all sorts and conditions of men. Cibber was an undoubted favorite of the public in the theater; but Jefferson was beloved both on the stage and off, and he had a host of friends. Cibber had wit, and plenty of it, although it was often a little acid; Jefferson had a more pervasive humor, which was always good humor.

Both men had a keen perception of the permanent principles of the art of acting; and from no two books can those who want to acquaint themselves with these principles find better guidance than in their very dissimilar accounts of their histrionic adventures and misadventures. Cibber may have the bolder touch and the more richly colored palette, but the portraits Jefferson has painted have a verisimilitude and a veracity of their own, even if they are rather kitcats than full-length pictures.

Different as were these two men in character, they were even more different in their careers, in their several vicissitudes on the voyage of life. There could scarcely be a more striking contrast than that between the glittering court of London, peopled by its wits and fine ladies and persons of quality, and the substantial theaters of the English capital, occupied by companies of actors made up of the foremost comedians and tragedians of the day, on the one hand, and on the other the little band of humble strollers wandering poverty-stricken from town to town and from settlement to settlement in the struggling and straggling West and Southwest in the first half of the nineteenth century. It was not until he was well on in life that Jefferson was enabled to establish himself in New York and to make himself known in London; and he tells the story of his rise to eminence as simply and as modestly as he had written the narrative of the earlier privations and mishaps.

"One's own history," he remarks in his preface, "will naturally be clearer when told by oneself than it could if passed through the esteem of a friend or the prejudice of a foe; besides, a man can with impunity chastise his own acts in a manner that would be cruel in an enemy, and will naturally avoid that kind of praise a friend might lavish, knowing that he would only be ridiculed for vaunting his own merits."

THE QUESTION OF SELF-PRaise

In her "Stage Confidences"—which may be regarded as a sequel to her "Life on the Stage"—Clara Morris expresses her opinion that Salvini was unduly self-laudatory in his record of his histrionic triumphs. She had played with him in the "Morte Civile"—and I can testify that she was not an unworthy associate of the greatest tragedian of the final years of the nineteenth century; and her professional

cooperation with him led her to assert that it was a misleading portrait of himself that the Italian actor presented when he sat down to celebrate himself.

"I worked with him," she says, "and I found him a gentleman of modest, even retiring, disposition, and of most courtly manners."

A little earlier in her article she remarks that she had thought that "Mr. Macready considered himself pretty favorably, had made a demand on the I's and my's in his book; but the bouquets he presented to himself were modest little nosegays compared with the gorgeous floral set-pieces provided for Signor Salvini by Signor Salvini."

Here is matter for discussion. In the first place, it might be retorted that Miss Morris, in her celebration of herself, had not shrunk from recording her own outstanding successes, and had not hesitated to pin on her own breast bunches of violets and roses and orchids.

In the second place, she failed to remember that the books of Macready and of Salvini stand on a very different footing, in that Salvini composed his account of his own career to be published for all to read, whereas Macready was keeping a private diary not intended for publication. It is true that Macready's "Diary" has been published, not once but twice—the first time a few years after his death, when it was edited with the finest tact and the most delicate discrimination by the late Sir Frederick Pollock, and the second time, twoscore years later, when it was printed exactly as Macready had written it, plainly for his own eye alone, as a personal record of his own conduct.

And in the third place, we have to consider the question whether either Macready or Salvini has overpraised himself. Any attentive reader of their books cannot fail to perceive that the writers are stern judges of their own work. Macready is constantly confessing that on this or that occasion he fell far below the standard he had set for himself. Salvini ends his volume with a like confession:

I have not always risen to the height of my own conception. I have never had a more severe critic than myself in matters pertaining to my art. As I myself look at it, my sentiment of blame is stronger than that of satisfaction.

On an earlier page he makes plain his own opinion of his performance of *Othello*,

the part which was indisputably his most superb achievement:

It is very seldom that I have attained to satisfaction with myself in that character. I may say that in the thousands of times that I have played it I can count on the fingers of one hand those when I have said to myself:

"I can do no better."

In the fourth place, if the argument may be stretched so far, an autobiographer has to be the hero of his own book. He has to stand forever in the spot-light. He is defrauding his readers if he digresses overmuch to discuss others than himself. We take up his book to enlarge our acquaintance with him, with his career and with his character. If he is an actor who on occasion performed a great part greatly, and moved a vast audience to unwonted applause, then it is his plain duty to tell us all about it—how he did it, how he felt, and how the assembled spectators showed their appreciation of his achievement.

Moreover, a man of eminence in his profession, especially if that profession is acting, cannot help knowing that he is eminent. It is perhaps in compensation for the fact bitterly resented by many an actor, that he can leave nothing behind him except such reputation as he may have gained while he was alive, that the popular tragedian or comedian is overpaid in applause while he is alive to savor its aroma and to be stimulated by its immediate reaction. If he is lacking in the sense of humor, it will go to his head, and he will see himself out of proportion.

All this is indisputable; and we need not be surprised if we should find the actors, in their autobiographies, hanging garlands on their own heads. But we do not find it. The actors are really less given to self-laudation than the painters or the poets. And this is in spite of the fact that the actor is impelled to be more self-conscious than the poet or the painter, since his work is done in public, and since his implements are his own person, his own features, his own gestures, and his own voice.

It has been aptly said that an actor has perforce to live in a room lined with mirrors, than which nothing, seemingly, could be more conducive to vanity. Yet the actors—or, at least, the leaders of the profession—are not in truth vainer than other men in other callings. All things considered, they are far more modest than we have any right to expect them to be. And

it does not need a careful reading of more than half a dozen of the autobiographies of actors to prove this.

It has been my good fortune to enjoy more or less intimate acquaintance with Salvini and Coquelin, with Edwin Booth and Joseph Jefferson, with Henry Irving and Ludwig Barnay; and I can testify that no one of them was in any way self-vaunting—although, no doubt, every one of them was well aware of the exalted position he had attained in his calling.

I can recall a conversation with Jefferson, many years ago, in which he was lavish in praise of the ability of his half-brother, Charles Burke, who died young, and who had been one of the earlier impersonators of *Rip Van Winkle*.

"Well," he said finally, "if my brother Charley had only lived, nobody would ever have heard of me!"

Set that speech by the side of the self-valuation of Millais and Whistler, as recorded by Comyns Carr. Millais could not endure a suspicion that any other painter was qualified to take his place, and "he was apt to be impatient, and even restive, when other claims were advanced, as though he felt that the world was wasting time till it reached the consideration of what he was genuinely convinced was a higher manifestation of artistic power." And Whistler, when he talked about art, talked nearly always about his own:

His admiration of the genius he unquestionably possessed was unstinted and sincere, and if he avoided any prolonged discussion of the competing claims of his contemporaries, it was in the unfeigned belief that they deserved no larger consideration.

Millais and Whistler were men of indisputable superiority in their craft; but I have never known any actor of an equivalent eminence who had an equivalent self-esteem. In fact, the successful performer has been superabundantly belauded, and does not feel it necessary to assert his own claim, either explicitly or implicitly.

Edwin Booth once told me that he scarcely ever even glanced at any criticism of his performances. He had a smile of tolerant pity for certain of his friends among the painters, who carried around with them little clippings, in which they had been commended. They were hungry for the newspaper notices with which he had long since been surfeited.

Amply as we have been provided with

autobiographies of actors, there are lacking from the list not a few which would be most welcome.

GREAT MEN WHO LEFT NO RECORD

What would we not give for Shakespeare's and for Molière's? For how many long-debated questions these two missing books might provide adequate answers! We have the invaluable diary, the register, of LaGrange, the leading man of Molière's theater, and this supplies us with solid facts—dates and receipts and changes in the membership of the company; but a few pages of Molière's own writing, even if they did not carry his career beyond his majority, might tell us many things that we would like to know. And for Shakespeare we have almost nothing, no prefaces of his own, no journal of any one of his comrades, nothing but the preface to the Folio published seven years after his death by the pious care of Heming and Condell—a preface possibly written by Ben Jonson.

Other playwrights who were not also players have left us their lives, done by their own hands—Goldoni and Gozzi, Iffland and Kotzebue, Colman and Cumberland, O'Keefe and Reynolds. Perhaps William Dunlap demands inclusion also, since his "History of the American Theater" is really little more than an account of his own work as a dramatist and of his labor as a manager. Then there are the "Sixty Years of Memories" of Ernest Legouvé and the "Memoirs" of Alexandre Dumas. These are all readable books, and they are all suggestive and stimulating to the student who seeks to spy out the secrets of stagecraft; but few of them have the frank individuality, the full flavor of personality, which we find in the best of the autobiographies of the actors who created the characters in the plays of these dramatists, and who left nothing behind them to buttress their evanescent and intangible fame except these records of their accomplishments and achievements.

Joseph Jefferson once told a friend that every actor, even the foremost, was certain to be soon forgotten except in so far as his fame might be preserved as was Edmund Kean's in the pages of Hazlitt or Munden's in the pages of Charles Lamb, and except, also, by his own chronicle of his strivings and attainments. In this statement we may have the exciting cause of Jefferson's own autobiography.

The Brains of the Family^{*}

A SIDE-SPLITTING DOMESTIC COMEDY

By E. J. Rath

Author of "The Flying Courtship," "Good References," "Too Much Efficiency," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DEREMEAUX

WHILE spending the summer at a camp on a lonely island in an out-of-the-way lake in the Adirondacks, all the members of the Warren family become obsessed by various phases of the self-improvement craze. Phineas Warren studies Dr. Pagan's books, which set forth an infallible course of treatment for dyspepsia, his pet ailment. Drusilla Warren, his wife, diets perseveringly, in the hope of regaining her once sylphlike figure. Jasper, Mrs. Warren's son by a former marriage, becomes engrossed in a memory-improving system. Barbara, Mr. Warren's daughter by a former marriage, endeavors to master the highly desirable art of imposing her will upon others. The fad for improvement spreads to the servants—Sabina, the cook, Henrietta, the housemaid, and Owen, the chauffeur.

To Barbara's disappointment, her will-power proves unequal to the task of subduing a rather impudent yet not unattractive stranger, who appears on the lake in a canoe and insists on a closer acquaintance with her. His persistence is particularly embarrassing because her favored suitor, Ray Lambert, has been invited to stay at the Warrens' camp.

While on her way to the mainland to meet Ray, Barbara's motor-boat breaks down, and she has to call upon the man in the canoe, Jerry Lane, for assistance. She finds her guest at the landing, and learns that he, too, is striving to develop an unconquerable will—though he has just been worsted in an encounter with a stubborn horse.

Meanwhile Jerry Lane, who is studying no improvement course, but who has resolved to win Barbara, decides to take a bold step. He opens his campaign by starting for the Warrens' island in his canoe.

IX

THE end from which Jerry Lane approached the island was favorable to his purpose, for it was farthest from the Payne bungalow, and he had observed that it was not commonly frequented by members of the family or their servants. He approached it at a leisurely rate, keeping a diligent watch. He had seen nobody when the bow of the canoe touched the rocky shore.

Stepping out, he lifted the light craft from the water and turned it bottom up on the rocks. Then he calmly raised a hob-nailed foot and kicked a hole through the canvas. After observing the work of vandalism, and deciding that it was insufficient, he made another hole. Then he sighed and shrugged.

"Somebody ought to plant a hob-nailed boot on me," he remarked. "But what else could I do?"

He turned away from the unhappy spectacle and observed a figure approaching. It was that of Jasper Warren, and it exhaled an air of preoccupation. Jasper did not perceive the stranger on the island until within a dozen yards of him, and even then he did not appear to be surprised.

"Hello!" said Jasper.

"Hello!"

Jasper studied the other man briefly.

"Seems to me I remember you, somehow; but I don't just place you."

"I happened to be around when you went swimming with your clothes on."

"Sure! I remember now."

Jerry glanced toward his canoe.

"I've had a wreck," he remarked.

Jasper observed it, but without evident interest. His eyes soon returned to a study of Jerry, and there was a gleam of speculation in them.

"I want to ask you something," said Jasper.

^{*} Copyright, 1920, by E. J. Rath—This story began in the October number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

"By all means."

"Who was Secretary of State under Andrew Jackson?"

Jerry devoted a pause to long scrutiny of the youth. Then he scratched his chin.

"Is it a joke?"

Jasper shook his head.



JERRY WAS PUZZLING OVER SOMETHING, AND HE WANTED TIME TO PUZZLE IN. JASPER'S DRONING VOICE WAS RATHER SOOTHING

"A secret?"

Jasper shook his head again.

"You're really asking me on the level?"

Jasper nodded.

"Then I'll answer on the level. I don't know. I feel ashamed, but I don't. I never did know."

"I know," said Jasper.

Jerry nodded his head thoughtfully.

"He had four," added Jasper. "Martin Van Buren, Edward Livingston, Louis McLane, and John Forsyth."

Jerry devoted another brief period to thought.

"He kept a kind of harem, didn't he?" he observed.

"Just one at a time. I gave 'em to you in the order he had 'em."

"Oh! I get the idea. Well, it's a horse on me, all right; I didn't know he had any at all."

"I can tell you every Secretary of State from George Washington to Woodrow Wilson," said Jasper in a casual tone.

"No!"

"Forward or backward."

"Now you're kidding me."

Jasper shook his head.

"Listen," said he.

He began at the beginning; they came easier that way. He was going strong in the administration of John Quincy Adams when Jerry stopped him with a gesture.

"You'll pardon me for interrupting," he said, "but you win—easy. I admit that you know every one of them. Where did you get all this inside stuff?"

"It's nothing," remarked Jasper, with a shrug.

Jerry shook his head firmly.

"Don't knock yourself, son. You've got something there you ought to be proud of. I don't know much about such things, but it sounds valuable. It sounds kind of patriotic, too. Where do you get it?"

"Anybody can get it," said Jasper modestly. "The stunt is to remember it." And then his eyes gleamed with sudden enthusiasm. "That's nothing to what I can remember," he added. "I can tell you all the Secretaries of the Treasury, too; and by to-morrow I can tell you all the Secretaries of War, and maybe the Attorney-Generals."

"Holy cat!"

"I can tell you the name of every American city that has a population of more than fifty thousand—alphabetically."

"I believe you."

"And all the Kings of England, and the names of the fifty highest mountains, and the capital of every State in the Union."

Jerry was watching him gravely.

"I can tell you—"

"Let me ask you something. Are you her brother?"

"I can tell— Huh? What 'd you say?"

"I asked if you were her brother."

"Whose? Barb's?"

"Yes."

"Sure. Now if you ask me—"

"Wait a minute. Is she home this afternoon?"

"Sure she is. She's always home. Have you got a pack of cards?"

Jerry took him by the arm.

"Let's go over here and sit down," he suggested, and Jasper suffered himself to be led. "So you're her brother, eh? All the family home, too?"

"Certainly; but they're all busy now."

"What at?"

"Concentrating."

"On what?"

"Oh, different things. I wish you had a deck of cards."

Jerry was observing the youth out of the tail of his eye. His mind was making a rapid consideration of certain factors. One of them was her brother. There were times when brothers might be assets.

"What about a deck of cards?" he asked.

"Oh, I'd show you something," said Jasper. "That would be a real test. You see, you could deal off the cards one by one, and let me look at 'em, or else you could call 'em out to me; and then, when you got all through, I'd call 'em all back to you, in the same order. You think I can't do it? Say, I did it once."

"Have you always been able to do this?"

"Only lately."

"I'm sorry I haven't a deck with me," said Jerry soberly. "I'd certainly like to see it done. What's your name?"

"Jasper Warren. If you want to make a list of numbers and call 'em off to me, I'll show you something else."

Jerry was thinking.

"You might give me the Secretaries of the Treasury," he said. "Backward."

Jasper threw back his head, closed his eyes, frowned, and began; but Jerry Lane did not hear him. His mind was puzzling over something, and he wanted time to puzzle in. Jasper's droning voice was rather soothing.

"And Alexander Hamilton!" exclaimed Jasper, opening his eyes.

"Great!" said Jerry, rousing himself. "How do you do it? That is, if it's proper for me to ask."

"It's a system."

"Sounds to me like a gift, Jasper."

Jasper gave a nod of dissent.

"Nope. Anybody can do it, if they set out. *You* can do it."

"God for— No; I don't believe I could. I'd only fall down and get sore about it."

"No, you wouldn't," declared Jasper

emphatically. "I could teach you, or you could learn it out of a book. It's dead easy. It's just a way to improve your memory. All you've got to do is to make pictures."

"What kind of pictures?"

"Little pictures. Any kind of pictures at all, just so you can remember 'em. Now, for instance."

And Jasper began to talk rapidly. He

Jasper nodded.

"You can see the fix I'm in," added Jerry, as they turned into the woods. "I'm afraid the canoe is permanently out of business."

"What canoe?"

Jerry glanced at him sharply, then pointed.

"I explained when you first came along that I'd been shipwrecked."



BARBARA DID NOT IMMEDIATELY OBSERVE JERRY LANE AND JASPER AS THEY ROUNDED THE CORNER OF THE BUNGALOW

talked for ten minutes about pictures; created them, destroyed them, recreated them, arranged them, rearranged them, painted them in colors of fire, blotted them out. He did everything that could possibly be done with a picture; but Jerry never saw one of them. He was thinking again.

"Great stuff!" he commented, as Jasper paused for breath. "Do you suppose the family is still concentrating?"

"What time is it?"

Jerry exhibited his watch.

"Well, they're pretty nearly through, now," said Jasper.

"Suppose we go up to the house, then?"

Jasper stared at the ruined craft and nodded slowly.

"That's right. So you did. I forgot."

"You didn't make a picture of it."

"You understand the system already! Say, lemme tell you more about it."

"Sure thing—but later. You might tell me now what it is they concentrate about."

"Oh, all right! Only they haven't got any stuff like mine."

"I'll bet they haven't! What does your sister concentrate upon?"

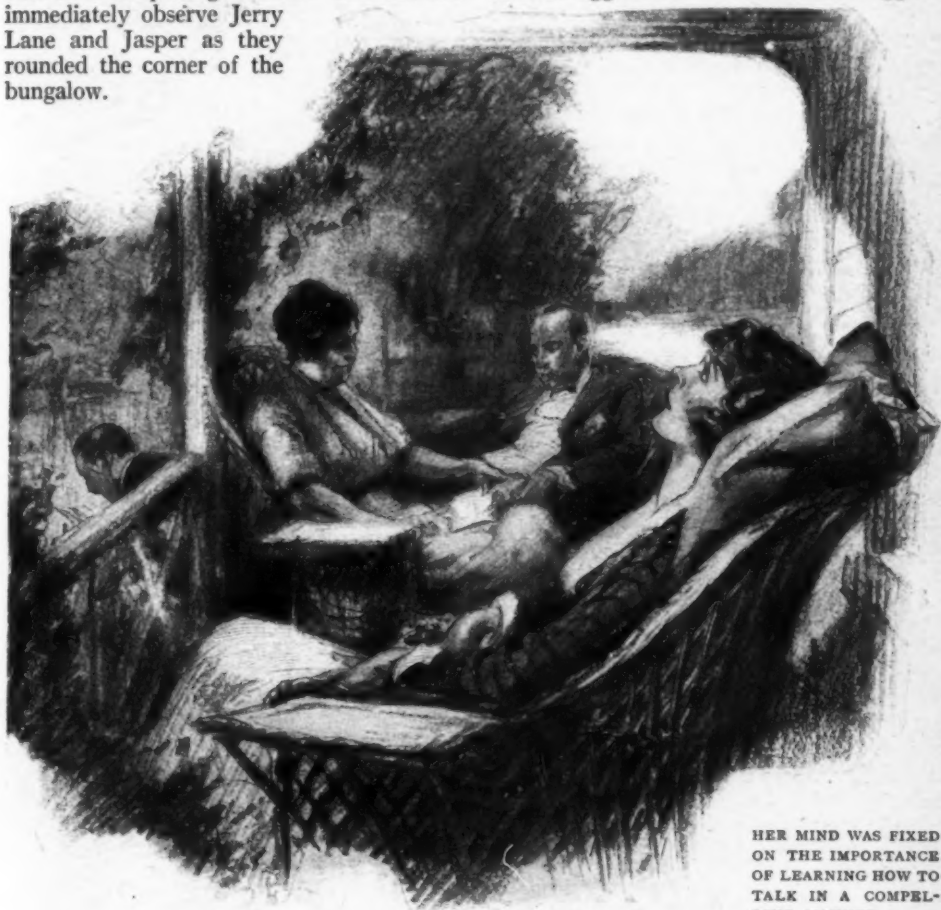
So Jasper began.

X

BARBARA was concentrating all by herself in a corner of the porch. She was not

scowling about it; she was pleasant, but intent. Her glance was directed up among the birch-leaves, which were rustling softly in a cool breeze, but her mind was fixed upon the importance of learning how to talk in a compelling manner. She did not immediately observe Jerry Lane and Jasper as they rounded the corner of the bungalow.

ness; it gave him an air of discouragement. He was determined enough, if the wrinkles in his forehead and the compression of his lips meant anything; but it was determination without optimism, and even without aggression. Somehow he suggest-



HER MIND WAS FIXED
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LING MANNER

At the farther end of the porch Phineas Warren and his wife leaned back in their rockers, also concentrating. Mr. Warren's eyes were closed; his feet rested comfortably on a third chair. He might easily have been mistaken for a man asleep—and the error would not have been gross. It is very difficult to concentrate on Dr. Pagan's diet when the mind persists in dreaming of the forbidden things that can be managed, if not actually digested, with the assistance of a bottle of pills.

Ray Lambert sat on the porch steps, staring at the ground. Concentration in his case might have been taken for moodi-

ed the vegetable rather than the animal kingdom.

Jasper halted his companion with a touch on the arm.

"They're not through yet," he whispered.

Jerry eyed the quartet on the porch.

"They remind me of the bunch back of the house," he whispered in reply.

Jasper nodded. There was no doubt about the resemblance. Sabina, Owen, and Henrietta were sitting on the grass in the rear of the bungalow, concentrating intensively. At least, Henrietta had been concentrating until she saw Jerry Lane out of

the corner of her eye; and if her thoughts strayed a bit and her head turned as he passed, it is only fair to make the allowances that are due to a young woman whose purpose in life is to make people like her.

"You say they do this every afternoon?" asked Jerry, keeping his voice low.

"Morning and afternoon," corrected Jasper. "Half an hour each trip."

"How about you?"

"Oh, sometimes; but I'm ahead of 'em. I don't have to sit still at it. I can remember things while I'm walking around."

Having studied the entire group, all of whom seemed unaware of his presence, Jerry devoted his eyes entirely to Barbara. He liked the curve of her neck as her chin tilted upward. It gave him a feeling of satisfaction to observe that she had periods of repose.

Presently she stirred. It was as if she sensed an interruption; as if some intangible yet perceptible message had reached her. Her gaze dropped from the gently moving birch-leaves; it descended to the level of the earth; it wandered slowly to the left. As a result, it arrived at the spot where Jerry stood.

The intent expression began to fade from her eyes, and with it all the pleasant abstraction. From somewhere in the beyond she came into the present. Now there was recognition in her glance, and with it a faint frown. Then came a tightening of her lips. The fingers of a hand that lay idly on the arm of her chair contracted automatically. Her foot tapped the porch—once.

And then she remembered. Back to the birches went her gaze. Back to compelling conversation went her thoughts—yet not all the way back. Her mind would not again soar to the far-off point it had reached but an instant before. She made the effort, but it was only a partial success; and Jerry Lane, watching her, knew that she had failed. The failure pleased him.

"I'm afraid I interrupted something," he whispered to Jasper.

But Jasper did not answer. He was running a mental film through his mind, intently watching the pictures.

A clock with a mellow tone spoke from somewhere within the bungalow. Mrs. Warren drew a deep sigh and began rocking her chair slowly. Ray Lambert stretched his legs, squared his shoulders, and reached into a pocket for a cigarette.

Phineas Warren started suddenly, opened his eyes wide, and blinked at the sunshine.

Off in her own corner of the porch, Barbara alone remained immobile, but there was rigidity rather than ease in her pose. She was still looking up among the tree-tops when Jerry advanced, not in the direction of the rest of the family, but toward her.

"Is it all right for me to speak now?" he inquired.

Slowly and very deliberately she withdrew her gaze from the birches and fixed it upon him.

"If I'm interrupting, of course, I'll wait," he added.

"Is there something you wish?" asked Barbara.

Her voice was as cool as a mountain spring.

"Oh, yes—much."

"What?"

"Assistance."

She eyed him thoughtfully, as if engaged in an effort at classification.

"Has something happened to you?" she asked.

"I've had my canoe wrecked."

She acknowledged the information with a slight lift of her eyebrows.

"It so happens that I'm a castaway on your island."

"I'm sorry."

He knew exactly how she intended him to interpret that, and he liked her for it.

"Knocked a couple of holes in the canoe," he explained; "and I'm afraid it isn't going to be of the least use."

"I'm *very* sorry."

"I believe you."

They were regarding each other steadily—warily.

"I've no doubt we can spare you the skiff," said Barbara.

That stirred his mind to rapid thought. He did not want the skiff; he did not want a boat of any kind.

"Then you could row back to your camp," she added.

Jerry shook his head.

"No use," he said.

He hoped that she would help him out. If he had to tell a lie, he wanted her assistance. He felt there would be justification if she suggested it. She did, without knowing.

"You've lost your camp outfit, too?" she asked.

He nodded.

Barbara frowned. She seemed to be predestined to defeat in every encounter with this persistent stranger.

At that he smiled and shook his head.

"It's too late for me to get a train to-day. I'm afraid I'll have to ask hospitality for the night."

She made no comment on that.

"Of course, I don't intend to upset your domestic arrangements in the least," he added. "I wouldn't think of it. I

can sleep very well down in the woods.

If I can borrow a blanket, so much the better; if not, I can do very well without it. I didn't come to ask a bed in your house; all I wanted to get was permission to sleep in your woods."

Mrs. Warren had strolled along the porch and heard the last of Jerry's plea.

"That's unfortunate," she said.

"Certainly—it's unfortunate for both of us."

She nodded mechanically; then bit her lip because she had conceded so much. She was afraid that he would attach too much importance to the effect of his presence.

"My father will have the man run you up to the end of the lake in the launch," she observed.

"Sleep in our woods?" she echoed.

Jerry bowed and smiled.

"My name is Lane," he said. "I've been camping not far from here. I've had a little shipwreck, and at present I'm



"I'VE JUST BEEN EXPLAINING TO YOUR SISTER—" "MY DAUGHTER," CORRECTED MRS. WARREN, AND EYED JERRY WITH NEW INTEREST

stranded. I've just been explaining to your sister—"

"My daughter," corrected Mrs. Warren, and eyed him with new interest.

"It's a pardonable mistake," he said. "As I told your daughter, I wouldn't think of inconveniencing you by asking a lodging in your house; but if it's all right for me to sleep in your woods, I'll be honestly grateful."

He looked and spoke like a gentleman. Besides that, he had made a tremendously nice mistake, thought Mrs. Warren. She smiled back at him and shook her head firmly.

"Why, we wouldn't think of letting you sleep in the woods, Mr. Lane. We have plenty of room in the bungalow. I'm sure we'll be glad to have you. I'm sorry you had a mishap."

"That's what your daughter said," he remarked, with a glance at Barbara. There was triumph in his eyes. Barbara saw it, but she kept her head cool and her face impassive.

"He can have the room next to Ray's," said Mrs. Warren to Barbara. "Or the one at the other end of the hall, if he prefers it. I'm quite sure we'll be able to make you comfortable, Mr. Lane. Sleep in the woods! Certainly *not*."

Jerry could be frank and winning when he wished to be. He expressed his gratitude in a glance, swung himself up on the edge of the porch, reached across the rail, and shook hands with Mrs. Warren. Barbara considered it a fine piece of effrontery; but it pleased Mrs. Warren.

"I want you to meet my husband," she said.

He stepped across the rail and followed her down the porch.

Barbara joined Jasper on the rough sward that served for a front lawn, and interrupted his picture show by poking him in the ribs.

"Did you see him when he was wrecked?" she asked.

Jasper shook his head.

"But he's an all right guy, Barb. I did a few stunts for him, and say—you ought to have seen him."

"Where did you first see him?"

"Let's see. Oh—he was standing down by his canoe. It's got holes in it, or something."

"Where is it?"

Jasper made a gesture toward the far-

ther end of the island. She hesitated for a moment, then started off at a brisk walk.

"There's more than sheer impudence in this," she reflected. "There's something back of it all. I'm going to know more about it before I get through. And I'm going to find out whom he's watching. And if he calls me 'Barbara' again—"

She followed the path that made a short cut through the woods, and presently she stood on the rugged shore, looking down at a wrecked canoe.

There was no question about the damage. She bent over and examined it with care. She explored the wounds with her fingers as well as her eyes. She turned the canoe over and inspected it from the inside. She glanced out across the lake, then back at the canoe, and wrinkled her forehead. After a while she sat on a rock, shaded her eyes from the glare of the afternoon sun, and became deeply thoughtful.

When she returned to the bungalow, he was sitting on the porch between Phineas Warren and his wife, smoking one of Ray Lambert's cigarettes and chatting smoothly about something that made Mrs. Warren smile. Barbara found the spectacle intensely irritating.

"Barbara, it's extraordinary that Mr. Lane was able to get ashore at all," said Mrs. Warren. "He has been telling us all about it. He really had a remarkable escape."

"Yes. I saw the canoe," said Barbara.

Jerry regarded her calmly—defiantly, Barbara believed.

"Pretty badly smashed, isn't it?" he said.

"Quite. There can't be any argument about it."

Their glances held each other. In Jerry's there was a hint of a smile.

"He was so fortunate to be able to get ashore, after losing all his camp things," commented Mrs. Warren. "Canoes are dangerous enough, it seems to me, when nothing happens to them; but when you hit rocks with them— Well, I'll never go in one!"

Barbara's thoughts flashed back to the damaged craft. So he had hit a rock, had he? She glanced at his hunting boots, which were quite dry. She studied the hob-nails and jumped at a conclusion. Then she met his glance again; but she said nothing. She felt that this was peculiarly her problem, and that she would

work her way to the end of it in her own fashion.

Mr. Warren yawned and excused himself, and after a little Mrs. Warren went inside to inquire about dinner. Ray Lambert was already up-stairs, dressing, while Jasper was off somewhere on a solitary walk. Jerry Lane and Barbara were left together.

"I'm to take dinner, too," he remarked easily.

"Naturally," she said, rather scornfully. "My people are very good-hearted."

"I agree with you absolutely. In fact, your father—well, he was afraid I might have taken cold. He went so far as to show disrespect for the Constitution."

Barbara nodded casually. She did not suspect him of being a revenue agent.

"I suppose you're to have breakfast in the morning, too?" she said.

He looked startled.

"I should *hope* so. Is there any doubt about it?"

"Then the launch will be ready," she added.

Jerry sighed.

"I suppose it's running like a clock," he said. "You reached the landing that day, I observe—and got back. I was worried for fear you'd be late; but it seems Nelly—"

She glanced at him sharply.

"I never really understood the importance of keeping engagements," he supplemented, "until you called my attention to it. I've been thinking a good deal about it ever since. In fact, I've tried to concentrate on it."

"What has my brother been telling you?" she demanded.

"Oh, don't blame Jasper. Everybody has been telling me."

Barbara's cheeks were growing pink.

"Oh, don't misunderstand me. It's a fine thing—for all of you. I never knew a more sensible way of spending a summer. I feel as if I'd been wasting a lot of time. I didn't want to interrupt this afternoon, when you were concentrating; but Jasper thought it would be all over."

"I wish Jasper would mind his own business!" she exclaimed warmly.

"It's only his enthusiasm. He feels proud of you all, I'm certain. Anyhow, he ought to be."

Barbara did not appreciate Jerry Lane's compliment. She tightened her lips and

looked away for several seconds. She found him peculiarly maddening.

"Why did you come here?" she suddenly demanded.

"Well, when a man's canoe is wrecked—"

"I know all about the wreck. I've seen it. If Jasper hadn't been mooning around in his memory, he'd have seen it, too."

"Does that mean you're going to report your findings to the family—with recommendations?"

"Why did you come?" she repeated, ignoring his question.

He looked warily about him.

"If I told you, you wouldn't believe it," he said in a lowered voice.

"Probably not."

"So what's the use of telling you?"

"I—might believe it."

"I'm afraid not," and he shook his head.

"I *would* believe it," she said hotly.

"Then I mustn't tell you."

She wondered if Ray would thrash him if she asked it. She was dangerously tempted to try it herself.

"It isn't time for telling—yet," he added. "There's no reason for it."

"Every reason," she declared firmly.

"For instance?"

"Listen to me."

He sat back and listened. He never removed his glance from her as she spoke. And how she could talk! Barbara had never done better. She warmed to it; she took wing; she soared. She even forgot that she hated him. She became dizzy and exalted with her flight. She circled him with a cyclone of words and looped him round and about with bewildering spirals of logic.

"And another reason," she was saying. "It is of the utmost importance—"

Something in the expression of his eyes caught her attention. She faltered; her wings crumpled; she crashed.

"Oh, you are contemptible!" she cried. "You just led me into it. You're laughing at me!"

"Why, Barbara!"

There it was again—Barbara! She sprang from her chair, flaming.

"To-morrow you leave here!" She did not stoop to offer a reason. "To-morrow—oh!"

Jerry watched her as she flew into the house.

"Going nicely," he murmured, with a complacent smile.

XI

It was an hour after breakfast. Barbara was looking for Jerry Lane. She had a feeling that the hospitality of the island required no further extension in order to establish it as a fact. She found him down by the water's edge, where he was trying to interest Jasper in the technique of casting a line. From a distance of several yards she beckoned to him, and he went to her, after handing the rod to the memory enthusiast.

"I have told our chauffeur, Owen, to have the launch ready for you at ten thirty," said Barbara. "That ought to give you ample time to get to the landing."

"Yes. It ought to."

"You'll find the launch at the other side of the island."

"It's very good of you."

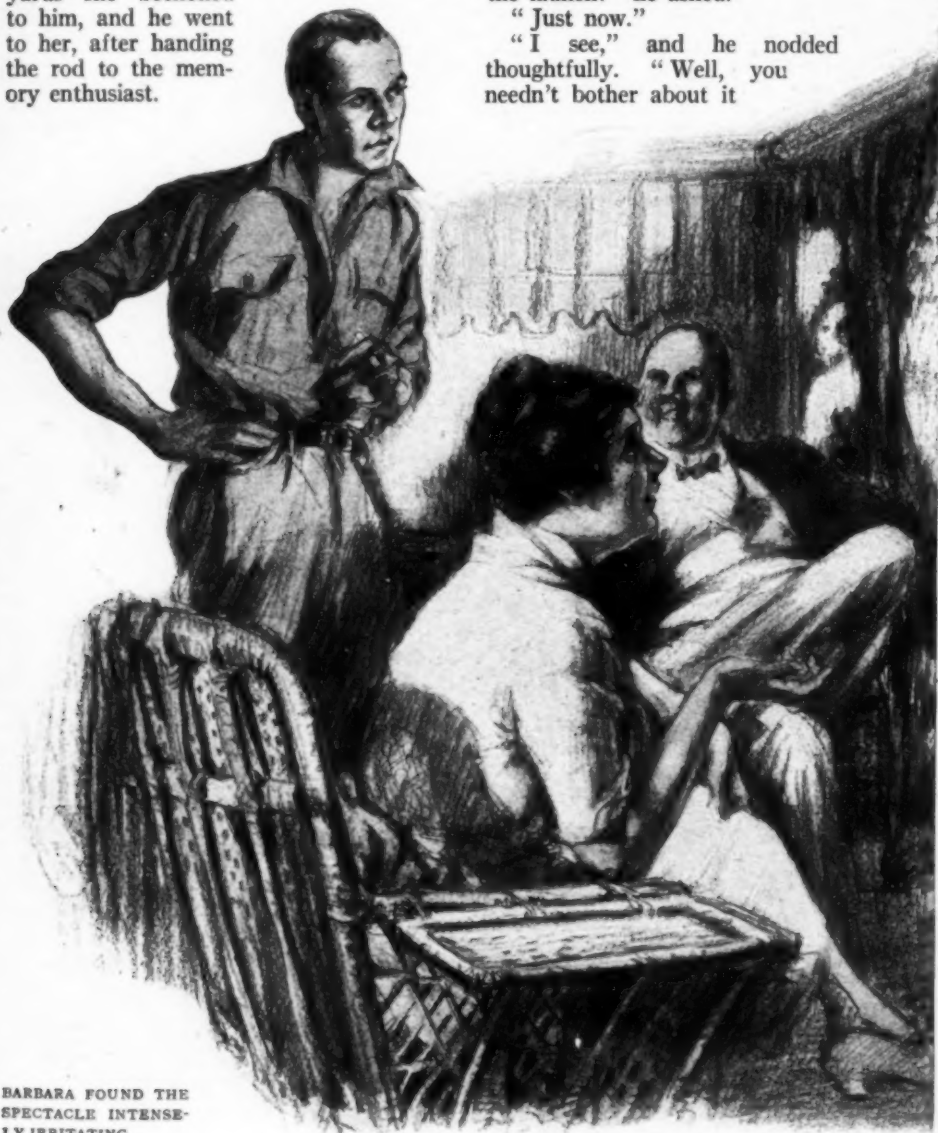
Barbara shook her head.

"No; not at all," she said coldly. "It's simply—necessary."

"When did you speak to Owen about the launch?" he asked.

"Just now."

"I see," and he nodded thoughtfully. "Well, you needn't bother about it



BARBARA FOUND THE SPECTACLE INTENSELY IRRITATING

any further. I'll tell him he needn't mind."

She flashed a look of inquiry.

"I'm not going away this morning," he explained.

"You're—not—going—away?"

"Your mother has been good enough to invite me to stay."

Barbara steadied herself despite the shock

of dismay. She might have known what would happen!

"And you accepted?" she demanded with scorn.

"I couldn't be rude or ungrateful; and Mrs. Warren is a lady of persuasion, as, of course, you know."

"You accepted after you knew that I—"

He shrugged.

"She has a way of com-



SHE FELT THAT THIS WAS PECULIARLY HER PROBLEM, AND THAT SHE WOULD WORK HER WAY TO THE END OF IT IN HER OWN FASHION

PELLING you to do what she wants by talking at you."

Barbara flushed a little, and twisted a handkerchief.

"In asking you to stay," she said, "my mother naturally did not understand; but you can see—well, it's impossible!"

"Sorry, but I've promised your mother."

"For how long?"

"There was no time set. People don't put a hard and fast limit on house guests. It would be too crude."

"But what if I ask you—urge you—to go away?"

"You mustn't embarrass me. I'm a guest."

"But I *do* ask you," and she clenched her fists unconsciously. "I don't need to explain why; you understand perfectly. Please, Mr. Lane!"

He shook his head regretfully.

"You'll get over the antipathy," he assured her; "but if I go now you'll never get over the curiosity."

"You think I'm curious?" she asked contemptuously.

"About me?"

She nodded.

"Why, certainly."

It made her furiously angry to realize that she was.

"Did my father join in this invitation?" she demanded.

Jerry scratched his chin and smiled doubtfully.

"No, he didn't. Your father has a queer idea about me."

Barbara looked hopeful.

"He thinks I'm trying to sell him something," added Jerry. "He has an idea that I'm a salesman who pursued him on his vacation so as to get ahead of the rest of the gang, who are waiting back in the city."

"And are you really trying to sell him something?"

"Not exactly. I suppose I might be called a demonstrator."

"Of manners?"

He raised his eyebrows.

"Of me."

"And what do you propose to demonstrate about yourself?"

Her curiosity was rising again, but she tried to keep her voice in a passive tone.

"I'm not ready to say," he answered with maddening nonchalance.

Storm was gathering in her eyes.

"I can tell you what you've already

demonstrated," she said. "You've demonstrated that you haven't a shred of consideration for the feelings of other people. That you are insolent and presumptuous. That you are capable of taking advantage of a trifling courtesy to force yourself upon people who do not want you. That you are deliberately trying to annoy me. That you can be insulting when it suits you to be. That you are absolutely hardened against any sense of shame. That—"

Barbara paused for breath.

"Well said!" was his comment. "You admit that I'm a good demonstrator."

"And you've got to get off this island!"

Barbara beat one fist into an open palm as she announced the ultimatum.

"But your mother likes me. So does your brother. Your father still tolerates me, even if he has suspicions. And Henrietta likes me, too; I was talking to her before breakfast. All that's incidental, of course; but it shows that I'm not past liking. As for Barbara herself—"

"Stop!"

He stopped.

"I want you to understand that my name is Miss Warren."

"That's open to argument," said Jerry. "'Miss' is not a name at all. It's just a classification for spinsters. If I called you 'Spinster Warren' you'd be angrier than you are at 'Barbara.' As for the Warren part of it, that's only temporary; but Barbara is solid and permanent. You'll still be Barbara fifty years from now, but you won't be a Warren one year from now. I don't like temporary things; they're shoddy and unsubstantial. That's why I call you 'Barbara.' At least, that's one of the reasons. I can give you a lot more."

"I suppose, following that line of argument, you'd undertake to call my mother 'Drusilla'?"

He considered the idea briefly.

"I'll make you a sporty bet, Barbara. Even money that before I leave this island I call your mother 'Drusilla'—and that she likes it."

Barbara swung about, flinging back at him:

"You'll leave this island before you imagine."

She went directly to the bungalow, where she found Ray Lambert in a porch hammock, reading. It was a rare thing for Barbara to ask help in her battles. There were times when she even resented volun-

teers; but this was a case apart from the ordinary. She could not appeal to her family; two of them were on the other side, and one was apparently neutral. Ray, however, was her ally for the asking—she felt sure of that.

"Tumble out, Ray," she commanded. "I've got a job for you."

"He has not. Mother has had one of her foolish moods, and has invited him to stay. I want him to go, and he won't!"

"Say, that's rotten of him, Barb!"

"It is; but he's got to leave here, just the same."

"Of course!"

"I can't do anything with him, and the



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He tumbled out of the hammock with a yawn, and dropped his book.

"I want you to put that man off the island, Ray Lambert."

"Huh? Hasn't he gone yet?"

family won't do anything, so—so it's up to you, Ray."

Ray reflected. He did not like scenes. He did not like Jerry Lane, either. From the very beginning he had divined the presence of a natural enemy; but not until now had it occurred to him that the enemy might be persistent and even formidable.

"Hope he hasn't been annoying you, Barb?"

"He couldn't annoy me," she declared warmly; "but, just the same, I don't want him around here."

"Er—have you spoken to him?"

"Certainly I have." There was not much patience in her tone. "But it isn't doing any good."

Ray buttoned his coat and smoothed the front of it. He fumbled for a cigarette.

"You—er—gave him your reasons, I suppose?"

Barbara made a faint gesture of irritation. Why didn't he leap to the task?

"Of course I gave him reasons—enough for a dozen men. He doesn't need reasons. He needs—"

Ray Lambert had an innate distaste for violence. Not that he considered himself unequal to violence, if it were thrust upon him; but he was not of the provocative type. He stood musing until Barbara shook his arm impatiently.

"What he wants is an order from a man," she said. "I'm not asking you to attack him; but it seemed to me that if there is anything in that—"

She pointed to the will-power book lying in the hammock. Ray stiffened and frowned.

"Where is he, Barb?"

"I'll show you."

"Oh, just tell me. You needn't come."

"I'm coming."

In fact, as they left the bungalow, she was walking even faster than Ray. He had to hurry in order to overtake her.

"Don't worry, Barb," he assured her. "And don't become excited. There won't be any scene."

Nevertheless, she did worry; but not for that reason.

Jerry was practising casts when they reached him. Jasper had wandered out of sight in his quest for new mental triumphs.

"Er—I want to speak to you," said Ray Lambert.

Jerry reeled the line deliberately and set the rod against a tree. Then he turned, to

encounter a fixed stare in the eyes of Barbara's recruit.

"Miss Warren tells me that she has asked you to leave the island," began Ray, measuring his words nicely.

Jerry nodded.

"And—er—that you have declined to go," continued Ray.

"Something like that."

Ray was standing very straight and staring very hard. Slowly a crease formed across his forehead. There was a tenseness about him that Barbara had never seen before. It held her breathless. What a wonderful thing was will-power! It fascinated her.

"Er—why?" asked Ray.

She suffered a sense of surprise, of shock, of doubt. She had not studied the book, of course; but it had never occurred to her that will-power possessed the attribute of interrogation.

"I think the reasons have all been discussed," said Jerry in a mild tone, with a wave of the hand toward Barbara.

Even more concentrated became the stare of Ray Lambert; there was something almost uncanny in its rigidity. The crease in his forehead became deeper. The line of his complacent mouth straightened. His finger-nails were making indentations on his palms.

He seemed like a man with but a single idea, yet there were two in his mind. One was to bend this person to his will, the other to remember the proper rules laid down in the book.

"You must obey Miss Warren's wish," he said slowly. "You—must—go."

Barbara winced within her soul. Why did he tell him to obey *her* wish? Why not Ray Lambert's? Of course, he must know best; but—

Jerry eyed him thoughtfully and with a slight air of mystification.

"Go," repeated Ray.

"Somehow I don't get the idea," said Jerry in a musing tone, as he looked at Barbara.

She avoided Jerry's glance, and turned to watch Ray. He raised an arm until it reached the horizontal, unclenched the fist at the end of it, and pointed a forefinger of determination.

"Go!"

But Jerry, whose eyes were mild and whose hands were in his pockets, only stood there, plainly more puzzled than before.

"At once!"

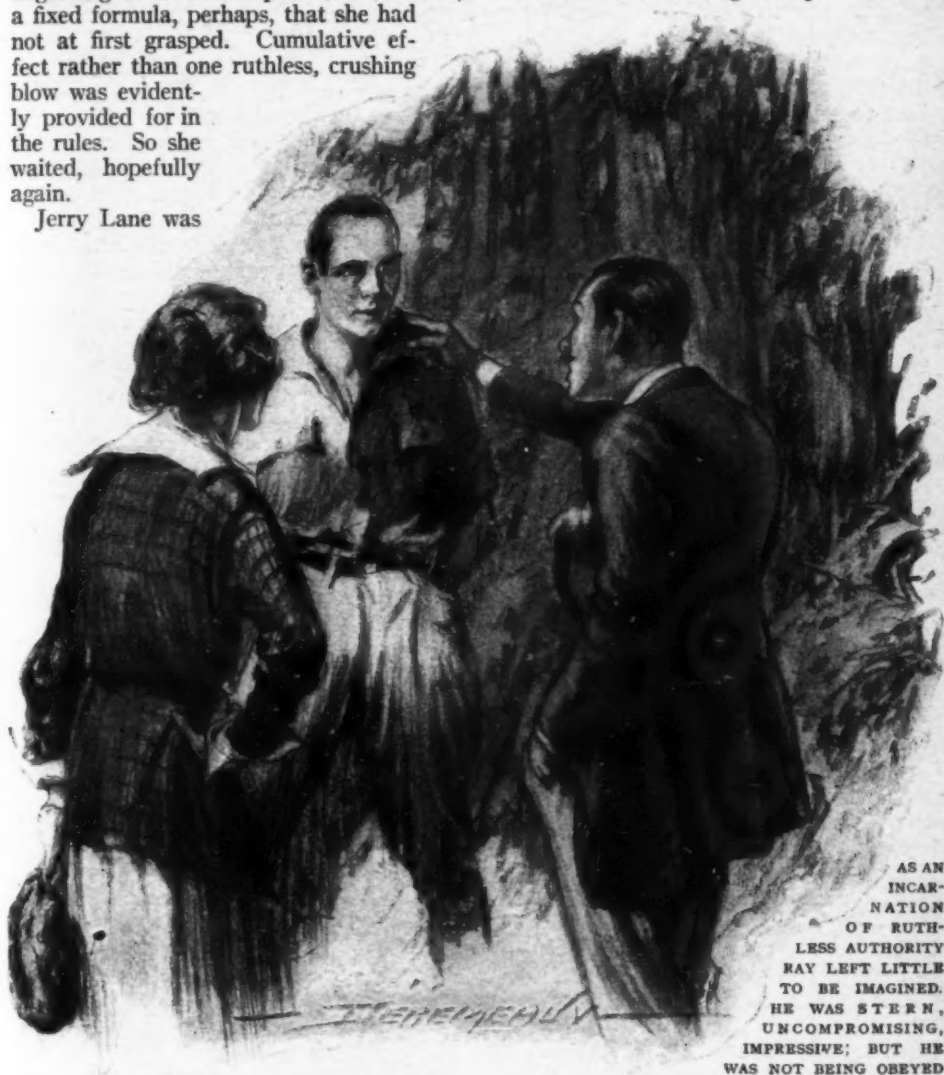
Ray snapped the words so suddenly that Barbara took heart. She felt that she was beginning to discern a plan behind it all; a fixed formula, perhaps, that she had not at first grasped. Cumulative effect rather than one ruthless, crushing blow was evidently provided for in the rules. So she waited, hopefully again.

Jerry Lane was

Jerry glanced at Barbara.

"I don't think it's fair for him to use rough language," he said.

Barbara was chewing her lip. Somehow,



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not moving. He did not even appear to be preparing for a move. It was certain, at any rate, that he was not going at once.

The warning forefinger quivered, but did not waver; it still covered the mark. Nor did the eyes of Ray Lambert even blink; as nearly as possible, they were glaring. There was a sheen of moisture on his forehead. He seemed to have grown a shade taller; and oh, how he was concentrating!

"You are an intruder, sir. Go!"

it was going all wrong. She was certain that Ray had forgotten some of the rules. She looked at him, and could not understand. As an incarnation of ruthless authority he left little to be imagined. He was stern, uncompromising, impressive. He was an excellent figure of indignant resolution; but he was not being obeyed.

"Make him go!" she whispered.

Ray's eyes wavered from those of his victim, and his glance met hers.

"I am!" he whispered back.

"But he's not going!"

"Well, I'm willing him, and—"

Once again he confronted the stubborn one. The interruption had shaken him; he realized that he had broken the rule of concentration. The book said to keep the will rigidly fixed on the object to be attained. He would have to begin all over.

A drop of perspiration ran down the bridge of his nose and hung poised from the tip. It tickled.

"I tell you—"

The tickling became intense.

"I tell you to go, and if—"

The trembling drop maddened him. He lifted a hand and dashed it across his face. Where had he left off? Ah, yes.

"And if—"

A shudder of dismay shook his very soul. He had forgotten a cardinal rule; he had used the word "if." The book said:

Those who would attain the zenith of will-power must forever wipe the word IF from speech and thought.

"Are you going to make him go?" demanded Barbara, scarcely taking the pains to lower her tone.

"Give me a chance. I—"

It was Jerry, with a kindly look in his eyes, who offered a solution.

"Why," he said, "don't you take me by the ear and whisper in it, as you did to Nelly?"

An invisible edifice of vibrant will-power tottered, crumbled, and crashed silently, leaving nothing but a cloud of cerebral dust.

Barbara turned and fled toward the house. For a few seconds Ray stood glowering at his adversary. Then he shook the pointing finger violently.

"I'll fix you yet!" he snapped. "You see!"

He went in pursuit of Barbara, while Jerry Lane reached for the fly-rod and began to clear the line.

Barbara had almost reached the bungalow when Ray overtook her.

"Wait a minute, Barb. I just told him—"

"What do I care what you told him?" Her eyes were flaming. "He's still there, isn't he?"

"I didn't get a fair chance. You said you didn't want a scene, and—"

"Who said I didn't want a scene? I didn't say so. You said it yourself. There *was* a scene, Ray Lambert. You just took me down there and humiliated me in the most awful scene anybody could imagine."

"Now, Barb!"

"Will-power!" she hissed. "Oh!"

Ray was wiping his forehead.

"It wasn't a fair test," he said. "In the first place, he was a recalcitrant subject. It was bound to take time. And I told you not to come, Barb. You broke my concentration."

"Drivel! Don't speak to me, Ray Lambert. It's a wonder he didn't step all over you—as that old horse did!"

She left him standing there, a badly treated man.

But Barbara was not at the end of her resources. The deportation of Jerry Lane had become a question of pride, even if not of necessity. She walked swiftly around the corner of the bungalow, hunting for Owen. Sabina told her that he was somewhere down at the shore, and she made for the landing. There she found him, sitting in the launch.

"Owen, I want your help. You've got to help me put a man off the place."

"Where are we going to put him?" asked Owen. "Overboard?"

"We're going to put him in that launch and take him away. I told you to have it ready, didn't I?"

"Yes, Miss Barbara. But—"

"But what?"

"Somebody's been down here and swiped the carbureter off it."

Owen pointed dejectedly to the engine, and Barbara verified.

"Oh, the thief!" she whispered to herself. Then, rallying: "Get the skiff, then, Owen."

He shook his head.

"I was looking for it, but I haven't been able to find it—anywhere."

Barbara stared in unbelief. She opened her lips to speak again, then abruptly changed her mind. She had contemplated strong speech, but all she said was:

"Very well, Owen. Don't bother about it any more."

Half-way back to the house she paused on the path and began kicking at a loose pebble. Her lips were trying to twist themselves into a smile. Presently she let them have their way.

(To be continued in the January number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE)

The STAGE

by Matthew White, Jr.



EILEEN WILSON AND GEORGE GAUL IN A SCENE FROM EARL CARROLL'S UNIQUE CHINESE PLAY,
"THE LADY OF THE LAMP"

From a photograph by White, New York

WHEN human nature is different from what it is, we shall cease to have "trailers" in the theatrical business. Last season it was the murder mystery drama, before that the bedroom farce, in years ago the white-slave traffic, and at one period a neck-and-neck race between two devils. Just now it looks as if Mexico and Spain might have the call for a while; but whatever dramatic fashions may come and go, it would seem as if we were to have China always with us.

Dovetailing into the eighteen months' run of "East Is West"—which, by the way, failed quickly in London—was the season's vogue of "The Son-Daughter." "The Chinese Wife" proved only a flash in the pan last spring, but "The Lady of the Lamp," by Earl Carroll, promises to restore the Flowery Kingdom to the per-

manent post of approval that it seems destined to occupy. Personally, I enjoyed it more than any Chinese play I have seen in many years. It has variety, a vast amount of conflict, plenty to watch, some music, and a plot which, even though it be the stuff of which dreams are made, is sufficiently sturdy to evoke audible thrills from the audience.

Mr. Earl is the youngest author—well, I won't fall into circus jargon and say in captivity, but to captivate the public. And when I call him young I'm not relying on the press-agent's assertion, but on my own eyes, for I have met the gentleman, whose name first appeared on a New York program as co-author of "Canary Cottage," a musical piece that opened the Morosco Theater in 1916. He was also concerned in the writing of "Flora Bella" and "The



CLAIBORNE FOSTER, A PRINCIPAL IN THE FARCE "LADIES' NIGHT," ONE OF THE FOUR PLAYS NOW RUNNING IN NEW YORK FOR WHICH AVERY HOPWOOD IS RESPONSIBLE AS AUTHOR, EITHER WHOLLY OR IN PART

From her latest photograph by White, New York



FLORENCE REED, STARRING IN EDGAR SELWYN'S NEW DRAMA OF NEW YORK LIFE,
"THE MIRAGE"

From her latest photograph by Goldberg, New York



MARGARET ANGLIN, WHO HAS RECEIVED THE HIGHEST PRAISE OF HER CAREER FOR HER WORK IN "THE WOMAN OF BRONZE"

From her latest photograph by Charlotte Fairchild, New York

Love Mill," but all the while he could not forget the deep impression that China had made on him in the six months he spent there in his late teens, having worked his way from San Francisco to Peking.

No, he's not a Californian, as you might judge from his having made such good headway in theatricals, but a native of Pittsburgh, where he began his playhouse

career as program boy at the Alvin. Now he is owner as well as author of "The Lady of the Lamp"—the title being a poetical way of referring to opium-smoking.

One or two of the critics expressed a fear lest the piece might incite some of those who saw it to try "hitting the pipe" themselves, as the practise appears to be condoned. But to my notion the dream that

comes to *Arthur White* as the result of his first essay with the drug is too full of horrors to form a very inviting pastime to imitate, however entertaining a show it makes to look on at.

George Gaul plays the hero, and once again this young actor, who was originally destined to be a Presbyterian minister, demonstrates his conspicuous versatility.

In his early days he served tea as a butler with Billie Burke in "Love Watches"; later on he scored a hit as *Wun Hoo Git* in "The Yellow Jacket," and another as the negro, *Genesis*, in "Seventeen." From that he passed to *Job* in the Biblical drama of that name, and last season we saw him as the scoundrelly French-Canadian in "Big Game."



ALICE BRADY, STARRING PERSONALLY AS A SYRIAN IN "ANNA ASCENDS"

From her latest photograph by Ira L. Hill, New York



IRENE FARBER, ONE OF THE MANY ATTRACTIONS IN "GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES OF 1920,"
SET FOR THE SEASON AT NEW YORK'S SHUBERT THEATER

From a photograph by Aseda, New York



GLADYS WALTON, WHO WITH TED LORRAINE SINGS ONE OF THE PRETTIEST NUMBERS, "THE MANSION OF ROSES," IN THE "MIDNIGHT ROUNDERS" ON THE CENTURY ROOF

From a photograph by Ray Huff, Chicago

Another instance of versatility in the Carroll play is that of Henry Herbert, who passes from the half-wit *Clutie John* in "John Ferguson" to create the terror-spreading Manchu chief. Herbert is an Englishman with a vast number of appearances as *Hamlet* and *Richard III* to his credit, and has been in this country half a dozen years. Last season he enacted the name part in the scriptural production, "The Wayfarer," on its first presentation in Columbus, Ohio.

The only woman principal in "The Lady of the Lamp" falls to Eileen Wilson, seen recently with "No More Blondes" and "The Girl in the Limousine."

Reverting to group plays, a trend is already indicated toward musical folk as theme material. Following hard on the heels of the prima donna in "Enter Madame" we have had the violinist in "Genius and the Crowd" and the pianist of "One," the new vehicle that Mr. Belasco has provided for Frances Starr. "Genius and the Crowd" was written by Francis Hill and John T. McIntyre, whose "Young Man's Fancy" had one of the record short runs of last season. In spite of the sponsoring of George M. Cohan, it was withdrawn after only three weeks on Broadway.

"One," on the other hand, brings so much that is novel to the theater that it is quite likely to last Miss Starr for the couple of seasons in town and on tour that measured her luck with her two previous vehicles by Edward Knoblock—"Tiger! Tiger!" and "Marie Odile."

Imagine a young woman in London, twin sister of another, who has gone to New York to make her debut in a piano recital. The musician's success will mean everything to the little family of three, the mother's finances being at low ebb. The sisters have never before been separated, and slowly it is made apparent to *Pearl*, in London, that she and *Ruby*, in New York, have only one soul between them. Hitherto *Pearl* has been able to supply this element to her sister's art, but she has just discovered that the man whom she supposed to be in love with *Ruby* really cares for herself alone, and she gives her whole heart to him. This deprives *Ruby* of the soul element that her playing needs, and her debut promises to result in failure.

From knowing thus much of the story you may readily conceive how closely

"One" lives up to its classification on the program as "a play of immateriality"; but the art of Mr. Knoblock, coupled to that of Mr. Belasco, has transmuted it most cleverly into terms of the real, and has given Miss Starr a wondrously appealing dual rôle, which she enacts in her usual inspiring fashion. Worthy of special commendation in her support is Randle Ayrton, from London, as the eccentric doctor of the London boarding-house who is a mouthpiece for the strange discoveries *Pearl* makes about herself.

Another group tendency in our plays showed itself in the arrival of "Little Old New York" at the Plymouth, next door to the Booth, where "Not So Long Ago" started in the spring on a career that carried it through the summer. The latter played up Gotham in 1875; the new comedy, by Rida Johnson Young, pictures New York in 1810, introducing personages of such world-wide repute as Washington Irving, John Jacob Astor, Cornelius Vanderbilt, and Peter Delmonico.

Whether the newcomer will duplicate the hit of its predecessor it is as yet too early to say, but Manhattan audiences already gathered at the representations have reacted joyously to the local figures of historic prominence as each one passed before them in mimic reproduction. Ernest Glendinning finds his most congenial rôle in years as the young blade whose prospects of a big heritage are knocked into a cocked hat by the sudden reappearance of a cousin whom he had supposed dead. As the cousin—who isn't a boy at all, but a girl masquerading as her brother in order to get money for her ailing father—Genevieve Tobin carries off chief honors of the piece.

Personally I detest this "Twelfth Night" *Viola* business, which never deceived anybody but the characters on the stage. Indeed, the device has become so utterly anathema to me that I have groaned in spirit every time—and there have been many such in the last season and a half—a heroine in riding-breeches walks out on the scene. But Miss Tobin brings such an engaging interpretation to the young Irish girl as completely to disarm my prejudice in this instance. Last year she was seen in the brief run of "Palmy Days," and previous to that she toured as the ingénue in "The Country Cousin." Glendinning may be remembered as leading juvenile with Billie Burke in "Cæsar's Wife."



BILLIE BURKE, WITH PARAMOUNT PLAYERS, WHOSE LATEST RELEASE IN PICTURES IS
"THE FRISKY MRS. JOHNSON," FROM THE CLYDE FITCH COMEDY

From her latest photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston, New York



ALTA KING, WHO APPEARS IN SEVERAL OF THE NUMBERS IN THE TENTH ZIEGFELD MIDNIGHT FROLIC ATOP THE NEW AMSTERDAM THEATER

From a photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston, New York

New York refuses to encourage a run on Lincoln drama, contenting itself with such hearty indorsement of the Drinkwater version of the subject as caused it to last in town from December 15, 1919, to October 25, 1920. Meanwhile, early in September, Thomas Dixon brought in his "A Man of

the People," based on Lincoln's offer to resign as a candidate for reelection in 1864. Though this proved to be a much more closely knit play than the Drinkwater drama, and though Lincoln was worthily impersonated by Howard Hall, the public absolutely refused to respond, and the piece



MARJORIE GATESON, WHO IS AMY SHIRLEY IN THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY,
"LITTLE MISS CHARITY"

From a photograph by Saveny, New York

was withdrawn in less than a fortnight, to be taken West, whence it had come.

Speaking of the West, a comedy that broke all Chicago records for length of run arrived on Broadway September 13, after thirty-six weeks at the Grand Opera House in the Loop. "Welcome Stranger," by Aaron Hoffman, revolves around a Jew who, because of his race, finds every man's hand against him. Such a situation involves the sort of conflict dear to the average playgoer's heart—the sight of the under dog getting the better of every other hound in the kennel.

I say "sight" advisedly, for "Welcome Stranger" is another of those comedy-dramas with small appeal to a blind man. In other words, it is built, rather than written. It is constructed strictly along the lines laid down by "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford"—recently presented in Paris—and "Turn to the Right"; and I see no reason to expect a change of bill at the Cohan & Harris for the entire season.

To George Sidney, as the undesirable guest who persistently refuses to note that the shoulder turned to him is cold, belongs as much credit for the success of the piece as to Mr. Hoffman. Most of the New York reviews went further than this, and gave him more than the author. Sidney, whose real name is Sam Greenfield, grew up on New York's East Side like Joe Weber and Lew Fields, and wormed his way into burlesque, where he starred for a dozen years as *Busy Izzy*. Five seasons ago Edgar Selwyn and James Forbes spent an entire day in persuading him to forswear his whiskers and appear as the theatrical manager in "The Show Shop," the last play which gave us Douglas Fairbanks personally. His success was pronounced, but as no other vehicle turned up with a suitable rôle, he dug *Izzy* out of the storehouse again and went on the road with it once more.

Another actor whom "Welcome Stranger" brings back to Broadway after a long absence—this time in the movies—is Edmund Breese, who struck his top-note with the millionaire in "The Lion and the Mouse."

It has become the fashion to classify plays of the "Welcome Stranger" type, which convert slow-paced towns into flourishing cities, as "hokum"; but I doubt whether any of the reviewers who thus slightly refer to them would hesitate to pocket the box-office returns if he were

fortunate enough to write one himself. In any case, they do not exasperate on the score of inadequacy, which is the charge I lodge against "The Guest of Honor," the latest comedy romance that William Hodge has written for himself.

This actor with the rough shod voice, who gained his first following in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and riveted it by a ten-strike in "The Man from Home," has acquired such an assured public on the road that Broadway's opinion of a play means little to him. "The Guest of Honor" is "The Cinderella Man" minus pep and plus a stage child of mid-Victorian vintage. Absolutely nothing happens except between the acts, so that it can be talked about afterward; but audiences the country over care not one whit so long as the talking is done by William T. Hodge.

Hodge was born in Rochester, New York, forty-six years ago. He has been called the Sol Smith Russell of the present generation; but he ought to die even richer than Russell, for the latter had authors' royalties to pay, while Hodge writes all his own plays—which, whatever else may be said against them, are invariably clean.

Another male star returning to Broadway after a two seasons' absence likewise failed to please the reviewers with his vehicle. This was George Arliss, in Booth Tarkington's Bolshevik drama, "Poldekkin," which fell short in spite of the fact that the author was persuaded to change the ending to a happy one. Personally, I found it not nearly so tedious as I had been led to expect, but I still contend that the cleverest thing in connection with the presentation is the Sunday advertisement of the piece, put out a fortnight after the opening by either George Tyler, the manager, or his skilled press-agent, John Peter Toohy. It ran:

The notoriously bad actor, George Arliss, in a comedy dealing with the tiresome and worn-out idea, Americanism, and entitled "Poldekkin," stupidly put together by the well-known hack writer, Booth Tarkington. Don't see it.

Then followed the name of the theater and the time for the matinées and evening performances.

No such ingenuity at the publicity end will be needed, probably, to attract attention to a third starring vehicle landed in town about the same time, with equally disastrous results at the hands of the critical fraternity. This was Alice Brady in



MLLE. MARGUERITE, THE SPANISH GIRL WHO HAS MADE A SMALL SENSATION IN THE ZIMBALIST
MUSICAL COMEDY, "HONEYDEW"

From a photograph by Ajeda, New York



MARIE CARROLL, PRESIDENT OF THE SENIOR CLASS IN
"THE CHARM SCHOOL"

From a photograph by Sarony, New York

"Anna Ascends," by a new writer, one Harry Chapman Ford, who for two out of his four acts contrived to give promising work along new lines. Then he broke down, and drifted to the port of the final curtain on a sea of incompetency.

Yet another star whose play received rough handling from the reviewers was Margaret Anglin. Her acting in "The Woman of Bronze," however, has been acclaimed as so exceptionally fine that she will probably continue to occupy the Frazee Theater for some time with this old-

fashioned drama of the triangle, fashioned by Paul Kester from the French of Kistemaekers.

No less famous a producer than George Cohan and no less luminous a star than Arnold Daly were the fifth in order to fall foul of the busy autumn ax wielded by the newspapermen. And in the case of "The Tavern," written by Cora Dick Gantt and rewritten by George M. himself, I quite agree with their scathing criticism of one of the most tiresome attempts at kidding I have ever endured.

I differ with them strongly, however, in their unfavorable opinions of Edgar Selwyn's new play for Florence Reed, with which the Selwyns opened their handsome Times Square Theater on September 30. I found "The Mirage" extremely interesting from start to finish. It is a drama which differs from the usual run of those offered to-day in giving full measure to each act, not a piece of a single situation with the way paved to and from the central episode by a lot of twentieth-century padding. To be sure, the theme bears a resemblance to that of "The Easiest Way";

but the critics have repeatedly told us that there is no new thing under heaven, and surely the handling of Mr. Selwyn's story differs so essentially from Eugene Walter's that he should not be stigmatized as an imitator because he treats a phase of life that is all too prevalent in a land plentifully supplied with pretty girls from the country and moneyed men in town.

Moreover, I think Mr. Selwyn exercised commendable self-restraint in the things he did not do. New York newspapermen, however, do not seem able to forgive him

for intimating that there is a large percentage of virtuous people in Erie, Pennsylvania, and a rather small one in Manhattan. For my part, I am glad that Mr. Selwyn refrained from making his heroine an actress. I am glad, too, that he did not throw a cheap sop to sentiment by reconciling her to her brother—excellently handled by William Williams—and that he did not do likewise with her "dearest friend," the gold-digging soubrette, endeared to the audience as the latter was by the cleverness of Florence Nash.

As for the star, Florence Reed leaves "Roads of Destiny" and everything else she has hitherto done far behind her in her admirable impersonation of *Irene Moreland*. Ignoring what the papers said, theatergoers seem to have decided for themselves that "The Mirage" is the play for their money. They get the worth of it in the cast alone. Besides Miss Reed, there is Alan Dinehart, wondrously effective as the good young man from Erie—a rôle which I should say it is peculiarly difficult to play convincingly. Malcolm Williams could not be improved upon as the moneyed root of all the evil; Reginald Mason is the real thing in go-betweens; while George LeSoir, who has only a bit, contrives to make that bit a comedy gem.

Let me set down here, for the sake of the record, that Alison Bradshaw, Irene's younger sister, with her name on a playbill for the first time, will bear watching if you are of those who like to say:

"Oh, yes, I remember her when she had only a tiny part."

NEW THINGS IN MUSIC AND SPECTACLE

Did you ever see a play with a line in it that haunted you? It may not be either clever or funny of itself. Its persistency in dogging the halls of your memory may be due entirely to the way in which it is spoken, or to the frequency with which it recurs. In my case both these causes are to blame for my seeming inability to oust from my recollection such an apparently commonplace phrase as "I think so too."

It occurs in "Little Miss Charity," the musical comedy which Edward Clark re-adapted from his "Not With My Money"—a play that lost quite a bit of it for other folk, no doubt, when it failed as a farce a couple of seasons since. Now, with tinkling tunes by S. R. Henry and M. Savin, and a capable cast of principals including

Frank Moulan, Marjorie Gateson, and Juanita Fletcher, it is the sort of entertainment to delight those who hate jazz, vulgarity, and the shimmy. If you see it, note whether Miss Fletcher's way of remarking "I think so too" affects you as it did me.

Like "The Bat," this piece was originally a serial story in the *All-Story Weekly*, written by Edgar Franklin, and called "Face Value."

"Pitter Patter" is another of the autumn offerings founded on a farce and now put forward again with score attached. The original version, "Caught in the Rain," served William Collier several years ago at the Garrick, its authors being Collier himself and Grant Stewart. Stewart happened to be in the cast of "The Cave Girl," whose early departure from the Longacre left that house free to shelter "Pitter Patter," with its realistic rain-storm, and with a set of tunes by William B. Friedlander that tinkle as pleasantly against your ear-drums as do those in "Irene." Its story is interesting, and is interpreted by a cast of young folk both easy to look at and otherwise well-equipped to hold their jobs. Hear Jane Richardson sing "Pitter Patter," and I am sure you will forgive me for using that worn-to-a-frazzle term "daintiness" to describe the impression she makes.

William Kent, the best-known member of the company, hails from St. Paul, and burst into metropolitan favor in "Ladies First" a couple of years ago. This was a Nora Bayes show of which Kent appeared to be the only worth-while factor, according to the reviewers. Walking along Broadway the next day, he was stopped by a good-looking man with a youngish face and a tinge of gray in his hair.

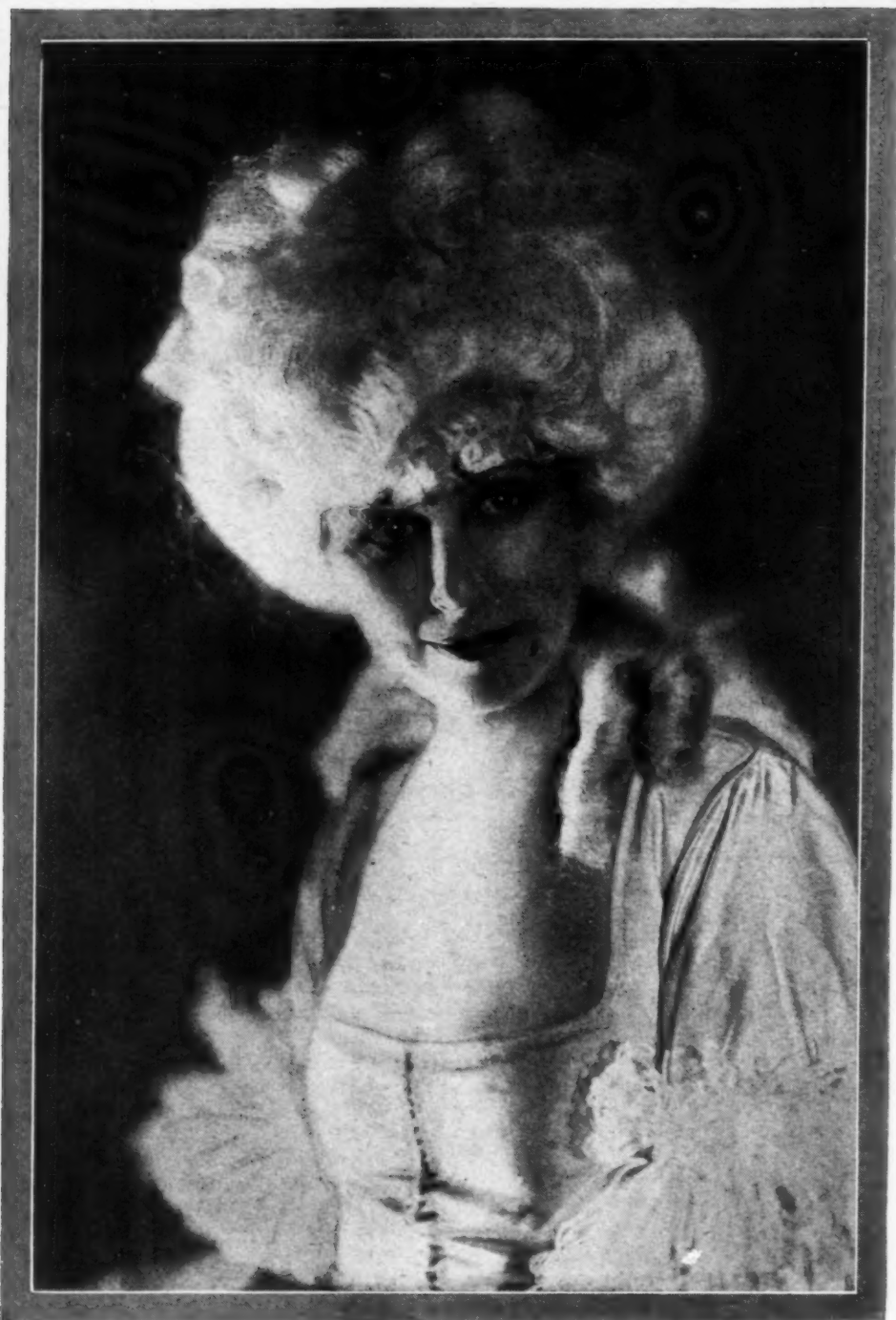
"You're William Kent, aren't you?" the stranger asked.

"Yes. What of it?" answered Kent.

"I'm Arthur Hammerstein. I would like to have you call at my office tomorrow."

Kent, who had butted his way into the theatrical game from the outside, was not found waiting on the Hammerstein doorstep the next day; but when he did go, it was to sign a contract for double the money he was getting in "Ladies First." By Christmas-time he was appearing in "Somebody's Sweetheart."

Going behind the scenes of "Pitter Patter" in quest of information about the



BELLE STORY, LEADING WOMAN AT THE HIPPODROME, WHERE THE NEWEST SPECTACLE, "GOOD TIMES," IS A SMASHING HIT

From her latest photograph by White, New York

principal performers, I cornered Jack Squires in the wings and learned that he, along with the victrola, owns Camden, New Jersey, as his home town. As a boy, he longed to be another Donald Brian. Along came a somebody who discovered that young Squires had a voice and secured him a job in the chorus of "The Chocolate Soldier" at the then munificent sum of fifteen dollars a week. The boys now receive forty for the same work.

Young men rise from the chorus ranks as well as girls, and in due course Squires won a part in "Very Good Eddie." Then came the war and service in the navy, after which he went to the Winter Garden, where he did such good work in "Monte Cristo, Jr.," that when Charlie Purcell left the show, during the New York run, Squires was promoted to the name-part.

Just as Purcell was once the solitary man in the garden of girls on the Ziegfeld roof, so was John Price Jones all last winter. He's a Southerner out and out, as you do not need to be told the instant he opens his mouth as the persistent wooer in "Pitter Patter."

"I bludgeoned my way into the theater somehow in Chicago," he told me. "Then I got the bug to hit Broadway. Arrived here, I contrived an appointment with Mr. Ziegfeld, who arranged to hear me sing. Just as my accompanist started to play, I went cold all over and stopped her."

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Ziegfeld," I said, "but you'll have to excuse me. Guess I'm frightened."

"All right, son," he said, laying his hand on my shoulder. "Just go over there and sit down. You'll be all right in a minute."

"And I was, and now I'm not scared of New York any more."

Speaking of Ziegfeld, lack of space last month cut short my comment on his newest Midnight Frolic. This, the tenth of the series, distinguished itself from its predecessors in having practically no big names to offer; but it turned out to be of more continuous interest than when one is constantly waiting for the star of the evening. "Rose of My Heart," sung by John Steele, is perhaps the prettiest number of the twenty on the program, with "Lovelight," rendered by Herbert Hoey, running it a close second. The girls in both leave nothing to be desired in costuming and looks. Novelty is furnished by the Metropolitan

Handicap, and fun by the Dooleys, burlesquing the Rathes in their study of endurance; while Ruth Budd, the "girl with the smile," keeps the latter in evidence even when swinging head down.

Eddie Cantor took his departure from regions Ziegfeldian because Mr. Ziegfeld could not find a play in which to star him just about the time Charlie Purcell left "The Poor Little Ritz Girl" because the luster of his name in electrics above the title outdoors could not atone for his having nothing worth while to do inside. Cantor has allied himself with his partner of last year's "Follies" and adjourned to the Winter Garden. There, in George LeMaire's "Broadway Brevities," and in association with Bert Williams, he manages to extract the heartiest laughs of the evening in a revue which is but a feeble echo of all the coruscating ones that have preceded it on the same stage. The Shuberts have promised to satisfy Cantor's bursting ambitions and provide him with a show in which he shall be the whole thing.

"Honey Girl" ran all summer at the Cohan & Harris. Now "Honeydew" promises to be a winter fixture at the Casino. This is the piece for which the Russian violinist, Efrem Zimbalist, wrote the music, and its success is well deserved. Besides being freighted with captivating melodies, its book, by Joseph Herbert, carries one along on a well-defined story, and the cast is really a wonder. There's the rarely sweet tenor of Sam Ash, and the resounding bass of John Dunsmure, to say nothing of the dancing of Ethelind Terry, the gowns of Teresa Maxwell Conover, and the eyes of that captivating Spanish girl, Mlle. Marguerite. In the offing I believe there's still a third show with "honey" in its title.

Speaking of names, "Mecca" might much better have been called "Cairo," as most of its scenes are laid in that city. This superbly beautiful spectacle, written by Oscar Asche, should draw to the Century Theater every lover of the beautiful in New York. It is far and away more gorgeous than "Aphrodite," besides carrying a story in which movement, comedy, and conflict play equal parts, and it is interpreted by a cast quite up to all that is required. Comstock & Gest announced that "Mecca" would be not only the last word in stage splendor—and they have kept their promise—but the last show of the sort they would ever produce.

Light Verse

DOUBLE TROUBLE

AS Christmas approaches, my mind reverts oft
 To Santa Claus up near the pole,
 Intent on his labors far up there aloft,
 At the top of the world, the poor soul!
 There's no one to help him, so far as I know;
 He does all the work by himself,
 Shut in, with his reindeers, by ice and by snow,
 And he labors for love, not for pelf.
 It makes my head spin just to think of the things
 That he has in his mind to keep right—
 That Jim wants a sled, Grace and Mary want
 rings,
 And Willie wants skates and a kite.
 The list is appalling, increasing no doubt
 Each year as we come to December;
 And so I assure you that I am not out
 For his job, for I pity the good-natured scout
For the things that he has to remember!

But that is not all to his job, by a lot,
 This keeping his list up to date,
 And planning his work to be certain he'll not
 Find out at the end that he's late;
 For when he has sorted his letters and made
 A note of the contents of each,
 With specifications to serve as an aid,
 And pinned them up, too, within reach,
 He's only begun, for he has to see then
 What marks against each name are bad—
 That Jim lost control of his temper again,
 That Bess told a fib to her dad;
 That Mary was jealous of Nan when her host,
 And that Kate didn't pay her bridge debt.
 But Santy is kindly, and cuts out the roast;
 And that is the reason I pity him most
For the things that he has to forget!

Sheward Bulstrode

DICTIONARY DEFINITIONS

I LIKE an unaffected style,
 Not grandiose pretense
 Compounded of pedantic guile
 And mere magniloquence!
 (Look up "magniloquence"!)

With perissology away!
 Vain verbiage I hate:
 The dross from gold without delay
 I would deglutinate!
 (Look up "deglutinate"!)

Hyperboles redundant speak
 Of sound instead of sense;
 For phrases unimpeded seek,
 And shun multiloquence!
 (Look up "multiloquence"!)

Harold Seton

FIFTY-FIFTY

WE were boy and girl together
 Many years ago;
 Went to school and braved the weather,
 Hand in hand across the heather,
 Laughed at rain and snow.
 She was gentle, clever, nifty,
 And with us 'twas fifty-fifty.

Later, when we two were older,
 It was still the same;
 She was taller, I was bolder,
 That I loved her oft I told her—
 Now she shares my name.
 Still she's gentle, fair, and thrifty,
 Though the years are fifty-fifty.

Bruce Burnside

THE OVERWORKED GHOST

WHEN the embalmer closed my eyes,
 And all the family went in black,
 And shipped me off to Paradise,
 I had no thought of coming back.
 I dreamed of undisturbed repose
 Until the Judgment Day went crack,
 Tucked safely in from top to toes.

"I've done my bit," I said. "I've earned
 The right to take things at my ease!"
 When folk declared the dead returned,
 I called it all tomfooleries.
 "They are too glad to get to bed,
 To stretch their weary limbs in peace;
 Done with it all—the lucky dead!"

But scarcely had I laid me down,
 When comes a voice: "Is that you, Joe?
 I'm calling you from Williamstown!
 Knock once for 'yes,' and twice for 'no.'"
 Then, hornet-mad, I knocked back two—
 The table shook, I banged it so—
 "Not Joe!" they said. "Then tell us who?"

"We're waiting—is there no one here,
No friend, you have a message for?"
But I pretended not to hear.

"Perhaps he fell in the great war?"
"Perhaps he's German?" some one said;
"How goes it on the other shore?"
"That's no way to address the dead!"

And so they talked, till I got sore,
And made the blooming table rock,
And ribald oaths and curses swore,
And strange words guaranteed to shock—
"He's one of those queer spooks they call
A poltergeist—the ghosts that mock,
Throw things—" said one, who knew it all.

"I wish an old thigh-bone was round
To break your silly head!" I knocked.
"A humorist of the burial-ground!"
A bright young college graduate mocked.
Then a young girl fell in a trance,
And foamed: "Get out—we are deadlocked—
And give some other ghost a chance!"

Such was my first night in the tomb,
Where soft sleep was to hold me fast;
I little knew my weary doom!
It even makes a ghost aghast
To think of all the years in store—
The slave, as long as death shall last,
To ouija-boards forevermore.

For morning, noon, and night they call!
Alive, some fourteen hours a day
I worked, but now I work them all.
No sooner down my head I lay,
A lady writer knocks one up
About a novel or a play,
Nor gives me time for bite or sup.

I hear her damned typewriter click
With all the things she says I say,
You'd think the public would get sick;
And that's my only hope—some day!
Then séances, each night in dozens
I must attend, their parts to play
For dead grandpas and distant cousins.

Oh, for my life to live again!
I'd know far better than to die;
You'd never hear me once complain,
Could I but see the good old sky.
For here they work me to the bone;
"Rest!"—don't believe it! Well, good-by!
That's Patience Worth there on the phone!

Richard Le Gallienne

AN IDYL OF THE SUBWAY

SHE held it firmly to her breast,
And guarded it with loving care—
The pasteboard doll with yellow crest
That smiled on us with smirking air.
She spoke to it in soothing tone,
And bade it cease from foolish fears;
She seemed to think herself alone,
This little mother of six years.

No heed gave she to all the crowd,
The jostling crowd that pushed and shoved,
But talked to Baby Doll aloud—
The puppet that she dearly loved.
The train rolled on with thundering rush,
The stations flashed like comets past,
But still amid the Subway crush
She pratted on from first to last.

First one and then another ceased
From somber thoughts of loss or gain
To listen, and the foreheads creased
By lines of care grew smooth again.
Smiles swiftly spread from face to face;
Her interest all had come to share
In Dolly in her fond embrace—
The passenger who paid no fare!

William Wallace Whitelock

ADVICE TO POETS

WHEN your brain's in a mix,
And your nerve's in a fix,
And the wretched old rime won't go;
When iambic pentameter
And dactylic hexameter
Don't give you a ghost of a show;

When your soul's perturbation
Gives out exclamation
That a nice girl always should flee,
Then do not get vicious
And sit down and wish us
Names not in the dictionary.

But dismiss every thought
That your pate may have caught,
Throw the troublesome meter away,
And sling a word here,
And bring a word there,
For *vers libre*, thank God, has its day!

Albert Seiler

ADVICE TO PLAYWRIGHTS

ARE you at a loss for action?
Ring the telephone!
Does the scene demand contraction?
Ring the telephone!
Are you lacking in invention?
Have you brought about dissension
'Twixt the lovers, fierce contention?
Ring the telephone!

Have you got the plot confounded?
Ring the telephone!
Is the hero fiercely hounded?
Ring the telephone!
Does there seem no way of ending
Complications and of sending
People home, your play commending?
Ring the telephone!

Take this recipe unfailing,
It will render smooth your sailing—
When your play is weak and ailing,
Ring the telephone!

Grantham Greene

The Odd Measure

Mistakes of the "Scientific Fellows"

*Benevolent
Paternalism
Is Sometimes
Misdirected*

SOME wise horse-doctor in the governmental employ conceived the idea of an intensive campaign against coyotes and wolves. His idea was to exterminate them by catching a few coyotes and inoculating them with some infectious disease. This was done. Coyotes were experimentally treated here and there. They were made exceedingly sick, and their hair fell out; some of them died. Also, the disease spread to the flocks, and about ten or twenty times as much mutton was destroyed as all the coyotes could have eaten if they had been fed with it till they were as fat as hogs.

Another wise person, presumably an experimental chemist with the lust of killing superdeveloped, decided that the way to kill the troublesome prairie-dogs and gophers was to poison grain and spread it around. It surely worked on the gophers and prairie-dogs. Also it killed millions of meadow-larks, robins, song-sparrows, and other beautiful birds, making the fields desolate.

These "scientific fellows," as the outdoor men say, have dangerous ideas of sport beneath their bespectacled countenances. Their gaunt, cadaverous frames are lean with eager excitement to be doing something on a vast scale. Not satisfied with the normal course of events, they must try to exterminate a species wholesale, though they should know that any disturbance of the balance of nature may wreak havoc throughout the whole system. For instance, a campaign against coyotes, which live on gophers and prairie-dogs, frees the rodents from their natural restraint, and they multiply abnormally.

Benevolent paternalism has reached a point where the government hires trappers to exterminate "varmints," and charges other trappers fees for doing the same thing in forest reserves. It would not have grown to its present stage if there were not so many children of Uncle Sam who bawl for help when they ought to be helping themselves.

* * * * *

Wolf Children in India

*Strange Tales of
Babies Adopted
by Wild Animals*

MAGIC and evil spirits, witchcraft and sorcery, spells and love potions, charms and incantations, are to the mind of the savage as much a matter of every-day life as the growth of the woods and fields around him. Tales of the marvelous excite his interest, but occasion no surprise. A Malay, for instance, knows all about the man-tiger, and how *Haji* was caught stark naked in a tiger trap and purchased his liberty at the price of the cattle he had slain while he marauded in the likeness of a beast. But now comes a white man to assert that he also knows strange wonders. Arthur W. Howlett, a British official home in England from India, tells of the wolf children he has seen with his own eyes.

"In 1911," he says, "I was stationed at Agra, and among my duties was that of monthly visitor to the asylum. Herein I found the first of these unfortunate beings. He was a truly miserable object, not at all the *Mowgli* of the 'Jungle Book,' and had no more resemblance to a Greek god than an ornithorhynchus has to a swan. He was nearly blind, and devoid of human expression or intelligence. If he was not prevented, he dropped on his knees and elbows to run, and these joints were covered with callosities in consequence. When upright and being led by his keeper, he showed what physicians call a festinant gait, running forward as if he were about to fall, and trying to catch himself. No articulate sounds came from his lips; he could only utter a sort of 'Goo-goo.' He had been in the asylum for more than a score of years, and his history of having

been caught in a wolf's den was well authenticated. A soldier at Bareilly told me that in the asylum there they had a monkey child, which had been found with a pack of monkeys in the hills. It was quite wild and covered with hair, and many of the soldiers of the garrison used to go to look at it."

Many hypotheses have been offered to explain these strange beings, but what actually happens seems to be this—in some great field of crops, tall as a man, and spreading hedgeless and undivided for miles, the men and women are at work with their reaping-hooks. A woman has laid her baby under the shade of some tree or bush on the outskirts of the mown crop. The eye of a hungry mother wolf falls on the small morsel of humanity, and she proceeds to stalk it, creeping like a snake behind the uncut wheat. The group of reapers is far out in the center of the field. There is a feeble wailing cry, and the long gray form is dashing off across the plain at a pace that makes it hopeless to pursue.

Hundreds of children are lost in India every year in some such manner as this. In the vast majority of cases, no doubt, the child is quickly devoured, but it may happen that the wolf has lost a cub, and some accident of sudden maternal compassion stirs her heart for the helpless little waif she has torn from its home.

Mr. Howlett tells of other cases—for instance, that of a collector who followed a wounded wolf to her lair and found a young child playing there with the cubs. It was quite naked and savage, and scratched and bit as the collector dragged it away.

Incredible as it may seem, there is no doubt that such half-animalized creatures have existed and do exist. Glimpses of them in the northern forest or the tropical jungle may explain the medieval superstition of the werewolf, or man wolf.

* * * * *

The Original of Flaubert's Most Famous Heroine

*The Real
Mme. Bovary and
Her Home in a
Norman Château*

MOST Americans who have visited Rome know the little room overlooking the Piazza di Spagna, in which John Keats died, and which is now maintained as a shrine to his memory. Not long ago, when the ill-fated young poet's home in England was put up for sale, an association was formed for the purpose of buying it and preserving it as another memorial of the author of "Endymion."

No such pious action was taken, however, when the Château de la Huchette, in Normandy, recently changed hands as a result of war-changed fortunes. True, no great man of letters, no hero of history, ever lived there, nor is it anything but a rather modest country estate; yet for the lover of literature it is full of interesting associations, for the little château is intimately related to the life-tragedy of Gustave Flaubert's *Mme. Bovary*, than whom there are few better-known characters in fiction.

Flaubert, who strove so constantly to keep before his mind's eye Pascal's dictum that "the ego is detestable," came closest to violating his own tenet that an author should never write about himself, by drawing the material for his masterpiece, "*Mme. Bovary*," from the lives of people he knew well in his own country of Normandy. A girl named Adolphe Veronique Couturier, who, at twenty, married a former pupil of the novelist's father, became his *Emma*. Her husband, Eugène Delamare, was *Charles Bovary*—that thoroughly normal, rather dull country physician whose unresponsiveness to his wife's thirst for the absolute in life and love drove her to disillusioning indiscretions, and at last to suicide. *Mme. Delamare* committed suicide in the tenth year of her marriage, and her grave is pointed out with local pride as that of *Emma Bovary*. There are other characters in the novel whom the old folk of the district have identified to their own satisfaction, but none more prominent than the squire of La Huchette—a handsome, roisterous *bon vivant* whose pleasure it was to play for a time with the love of the lady, in truth as in fiction.

The château is a square building of red brick with white stone trimmings, authentically old, and of the dormer-window style of architecture called *Henri Trois* in France, and not unlike the Georgian architecture of England. It is not a large house, as its very name indicates; for *huche* means "hutch," and *hutchette* is the diminutive of it. The dwelling-house is set among greenswards, with woods and the rich Norman fields at their fringe; and close by there still stands, rather forlornly, the *pavillon* which is the setting of some of the most vivid scenes in "*Mme. Bovary*."

* * * * *

New Names Among the Forty Immortals

*Seats Vacated
During the War
Are Now Being
Filled*

ONE of the after-the-war topics of which France is talking is the election of new members of the Académie Française to fill the places that death made vacant during the war, when the academic routine was suspended. As has often happened before, the academicians' choice has not been in full accord with public opinion as to the selection of the Frenchmen best deserving the honor of wearing the palm-embroidered coat and of working at the "definite language"—that is, the great dictionary of the Académie—under the cupola of the Palais Mazarin, across the Pont des Arts from the Louvre. For it is and will ever remain an honor to be elected as one of the Forty Immortals, despite some unaccountable elections; even as it will remain an honor to wear the ribbon of the Légion d'Honneur in one's buttonhole, despite the lack of discrimination with which the decoration has so often been bestowed.

Ten years ago, Frédéric Soliée took up the sport of proposing amendments to the constitution of the Académie, and published a book that attracted much attention. Two of his contentions were that members should be elected not by the remaining Immortals, but by the entire membership of the Société des Gens de Lettres, and that the number of academicians should be brought up to fifty. Lately, Jacques Bardoux has revived Soliée's proposals, adding the suggestion that the ten extra seats should be given to Belgian, Canadian, and Swiss writers using the French language as their medium.

Still the Académie, being an autonomous body by the grace of its founder, Cardinal Richelieu, and under no obligation to heed outside advice, calmly continues its leisurely work on the dictionary, bows to showers of compliments for its acceptance of the word "gentleman" into the French language, and follows undisturbed its tradition of calling unto itself whomsoever it deigns to honor.

* * * * *

Clémenceau Keeps the Académie Waiting

*The Tiger in
No Hurry to
Make His Speech
of Acceptance*

THERE are many anecdotes that illustrate how little the Immortals are influenced by outsiders in selecting new members of their historic body. For instance, in the middle of the last century, the great Théophile Gautier was a candidate for a vacant *fauteuil* in the halls of the Académie. Against him ran a respectable nonentity—a long since forgotten novelist and poet, Henri Barbier. The Princess Mathilde Bonaparte, one of the most famous women of her time, and a great social leader in the world of culture, "rooted" with all her might and main for Gautier; but Barbier won. The princess could not be present at the election, women being excluded from the proceedings; but she sat out the session in the janitor's room, and heard the result as soon as it was announced. As the Immortals filed out past her point of vantage, she shouted "*Cochon!*" at each one whom she suspected of having cast his vote for Barbier. Calling these dignified gentlemen "pigs" may have been a rather vulgar form of protest on the part of so great a lady, but it was expressive, and literature gratefully records her courage.

On another and earlier occasion the clever dramatist of a bygone society, Eugène Scribe, was elected against the sentiment of literary France. But France this time had the laugh on the new Immortal before he

got used to the little sword that goes with the palm-leaf coat. In his address of acceptance he criticised Molière for not telling us anything about his time, the great reign of the Roi Soleil, and especially for not making the least reference to that epochal politico-religious event, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes—which took place in 1685, while Molière died in 1673!

Just now the academicians are waiting for Georges Clémenceau to fix the date of his formal speech of acceptance. It is a fair guess that they may have to wait a little longer—for one reason, because the Tiger, at the time when this was written, was still in the East; for another because Clémenceau, not being keen about personal honors, cares particularly little for those to which a string is attached.

At the official reception of a new Immortal it is the custom that some already seated member should speak the praises of the newcomer, who, in turn, is called upon to pronounce a eulogy upon his own predecessor in the *fauteuil* that he was chosen to occupy. There is no doubt that Clémenceau dislikes praise to his face as much as any other fine-feeling man who has done great things. It is also quite possible that he has nothing special to say about the man whose place he was invited by acclamation to take.

Whether officially received into the Académie or not, the heart of France and the clearly foreshadowed verdict of history make Georges Clémenceau immortal in the memory of man.

* * * * *

A Forerunner of W. S. Gilbert

*Henry Carey and
His Amusing
Shakespearian
Burlesques*

A REFERENCE was recently made in this department to that masterpiece of riming nonsense, "The Ahkoond of Swat." Lanigan's mock threnody is perhaps not as well known as it deserves to be—it can be found entire, by the way, in Mr. Burton Stevenson's excellent anthology, "The Home Book of Verse"—but there is another nonsense classic, very famous in its day, though now probably known to few readers, which ought to be revived for the gaiety of nations; for though it was written as long ago as 1734, it is as amusingly and preposterously alive as ever. Those who are sensible enough to still read Sir Walter Scott may have laughed over one verse of it, prefixed to the first chapter of "The Antiquary":

"Go, call a coach, and let a coach be call'd;
And let the man that calls it be the caller;
And, in his calling, let him nothing call
But coach, coach, coach! Oh, for a coach, ye gods!"

This quotation bore a mysterious and unpronounceable reference to "Chrononhotonthologos"; which was, of course, the name of a burlesque opera by Henry Carey, known to us still as the author of "Sally in Our Alley," but still better known by no less a production than "God Save the King." Carey—who was reputed to be an illegitimate son of the witty George Savile, Marquis of Halifax, and who was himself one of the most famous wits of his day—seems to have come justly by his reputation; and "Chrononhotonthologos" proves him to have been one of the half a dozen English masters of preposterous burlesque verse, the others being Theodore Hook, Hood, Calverley, Ingoldsby, and Gilbert. But not even Gilbert has written anything funnier than "Chrononhotonthologos," which is a perfect parody on the bombastic fustian of the imitation Shakespearian drama of his time. A few lines may be given as an average sample. *King Chrononhotonthologos* and *General Bombardinian* have been carousing together:

CHRO.—Hold! *Bombardinian*, I esteem it fit,
With so much wine, to eat a little bit.

BOMB.—See that the table instantly be spread
With all that art and nature can produce.

Traverse from pole to pole; sail round the globe;

Bring every eatable that can be eat;

The king shall eat, though all mankind be starved!

COOK.—I am afraid his majesty will be starved before I can run round the world for a dinner; besides, where's the money?

CHRO.—Ah, dost thou prattle, contumacious slave?

Guards, seize the villain! Broil him, fry him, stew him;

Ourselves shall eat him, out of mere revenge.

COOK.—Oh, pray, your majesty, spare my life! There's some nice cold pork in the pantry; I'll hash it for your majesty in a minute.

CHRO.—Be thou first hashed in hell, audacious slave!

(Kills him, and turns to Bombardian.)

Hashed pork! Shall *Chrononhotonthologos*

Be fed with swine's flesh, and at second hand?

Now, by the gods, thou dost insult us, general!

Carey was also the author of "The Dragon of Wantley," another famous burlesque opera, in what we now know as the Gilbertian vein, of which it may fairly be claimed for him that he was the originator. Incidentally, it is interesting to recall that his granddaughter was the mother of Edmund Kean, the famous tragedian.

* * * * *

The Adoration of the American Girl

*Is It a Declining
Cult, and Why?*

THE vitality and humorous appeal of American slang—its "ginger," "punch," and "pep"—have long been recognized as a welcome addition to the gaiety of nations. It appeals particularly to Englishmen, by its drollness and whimsicality, and those Englishmen who have got the American habit are often more addicted to its use than Americans themselves. They take it back with them to England—when they go back—with an enthusiasm which does credit to their broad-mindedness, for no little of it has been coined at their expense.

Perhaps the universal appeal of American slang comes a great deal from its usually having sprung from a shrewd intellectual criticism of men and things. American humor is particularly sensitive to pretension in all its forms—to anything of the nature of what the Englishman calls "side." Pomposity, self-importance, and affectation are its favorite butts. The delightfully ironic manner of gravely addressing certain well-known types as "colonel" and "professor" is a long-standing case in point. And recently one notes, not without gratitude, that much as he adores and spoils her, the American man is, as we say, "getting on" to the American girl.

It may be lese-majesty to say so, but it is undoubtedly true that while he continues to pet her, and to bring her her daily tribute of candy and flowers, he is beginning to laugh at her rather destructively. He is becoming cynically aware of the absurdity—not unaware of its pathetic side—of the miniature goddess created out of the breath of his adulation. The phenomenon is not confined to the American girl. We hear of it in England, too; but the American man has to deal with the American girl, and, as we said, he is "getting on" to the portentous vanity of the girl of to-day, the exaggerated value at which she rates her attractions, and the colossal egoism which exists, hard and cold, behind the hand-painted cheeks and beneath the fantastically coiffed hair of the elaborately aloof saleslady, or the *Lady Clare Vere de Vere* who condescends to hand us our clam chowder or corned-beef hash—all the risible varieties of our subway "queens."

The application of the word "queen" to these fractional beauties is a masterpiece of American irony, and bodes no good to their prospect of long remaining on their pathetic little thrones. It means that the American man's illusions about the girl of the present day are fast on the wane; and, if she does not watch out, his respect and chivalry may follow.

The Roof Tree

AN EPIC OF THE FEUD COUNTRY

By Charles Neville Buck

Author of "The Battle Cry," "When Bear Cat Went Dry," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY LEE CONREY

WHEN his sister kills her brutal husband, young Kenneth Thornton flees from his home in Virginia to Kentucky, thereby taking the crime upon his own broad shoulders. He assumes the name of Cal Maggard, and begins life anew in a long-settled but primitive region among the Kentucky mountains. Here he meets and wins pretty Dorothy Harper, who lives with her uncle, old Caleb Harper, under the shade of a great walnut-tree which an ancestor of pioneer days planted and named the "roof tree." Dorothy has read the story of the tree in an ancient diary that she finds in the attic of her uncle's house.

Bas Rowlett, a neighbor, and an unsuccessful suitor of Dorothy's, pretends to be Maggard's friend; but when the newcomer has been shot down by an unknown bullet, and lies badly wounded in Caleb Harper's house, he learns that Rowlett has inspired the shooting, and they become sworn enemies, though still maintaining a pretense of friendship.

A bitter feud formerly raged in these mountains, with the Thorntons and the Harpers in one camp and the Rowletts and the Doanes as their foes. For years a truce has been loyally maintained by Caleb Harper, as head of his clan, and Jim Rowlett, on behalf of the other faction; but old Caleb fears that Dorothy's marriage to Cal Maggard will reopen the war. Nevertheless, he gives his consent, and they are wedded beneath the ancestral walnut. At the wedding Maggard discloses his real name, Kenneth Parish Thornton.

In a terrific storm Caleb Harper is crushed and killed by a falling tree, and the mantle of clan leadership descends upon Dorothy's husband. Bas Rowlett, desiring to revive the feud, fires from ambush at old Jim, the patriarch of his own faction. Blame for the shooting is of course thrown upon the Harpers, and war seems almost inevitable when Thornton boldly rides to the headquarters of the enemy. His negotiations for peace fall flat, however, when he admits that he has a grievance of his own, and refuses to relinquish his purpose of inflicting vengeance.

XIX

EVEN the peppery Opdyke did not venture to break heatedly in on the pause that followed Hump Doane's regretful words. Into the minds of the majority stole a sense, vague and indefinable, that a tragic impasse was closing on a situation over which had flashed a rainbow gleam of hope. Ahead lay the future with its sinister shadows—all the darker because of the happier alternative they had glimpsed as it passed.

Old Jim Rowlett came to his feet and drew his thin shoulders back—shoulders that had been broad and strong enough to support heavy burdens through trying years.

"Mr. Thornton," he said, and the aged voice held a quaver of emotion which men

were not accustomed to hearing, "I wants ter talk with ye with the severe freedom of an old man counselin' a young one. Hit hain't a goin' ter be in the manner of a Doane argyfyin' with a Harper so much es of a father advisin' with a son."

Kenneth Thornton met the speaker's eyes, flashing with eagle courage, yet tempered with kindness; and to his own expression there came a responsive flash of winning boyishness which these men had not seen on his face before.

"Mr. Rowlett," he made answer in a voice full of respect, "I hain't got no remembrance of my pappy, but I'd love ter think he favored ye right smart."

Slowly the low-pitched voice of the Kentucky Nestor began to dominate the place, cloudy with its pipe-smoke and redolent with the stale fumes of fires long dead.

* Copyright, 1920, by Charles Neville Buck—This story began in the August number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE



ROWLETT WHEELED, LEAPING BACK WITH A HAND SWEEPING
INSTINCTIVELY TO HIS HOLSTER

Like some Hogarth picture against a somber background, the ungainly figures of men stood out of shadow and melted into it—men unkempt and tribal in their fierceness of aspect.

Old Jim made to blaze again before their eyes, with a rude and vigorous eloquence, all the lurid bane and tragedy of the blood-stained years before the truce. He stripped naked every specious claim of honor and courage with which its votaries sought to

hallow the vicious system of the vendetta. He told in words of simple force how he and Caleb Harper had striven to set up and maintain a sounder substitute, and how they had prayed for the permanence of their life-work.

"Caleb an' me," he said to Thornton at last, "didn't never succeed without we put by what we asked others ter forego. Yore wife's father was kilt most foully—an' Caleb looked over hit. My own boy fell



"I'M ON MY FEET NOW, BAS," CAME A QUIET VOICE. I
 "I RECKON YE HAIN'T FERGOT MY PROMISE"

in like fashion, an' my blood wasn't no tamer than thet in other veins—but I held my hand. Ye comes ter us now, frettin' under the sting of a wrong done ter ye, an' I don't say yore wrath hain't righteous; but ye've done been vouchsafed sich a chanst as God don't proffer ter many, an'

God calls for sacrifices from them elected ter sarve Him."

He paused there for a moment, and passed his knotted hand over the parchment-like skin of his gaunt temples. Then he went on:

"Abraham offered up Isaac—or least-

ways he stud ready ter do hit. Ye calls on us ter trust ye an' stand with ye, an' we calls on *you*, in turn, for a pledge of faith. Fer God's sake, boy, be big enough ter bide yore time twell the Harpers an' Doanes hev done come out o' this distemper of passion! I tells ye ye kain't do no less an' hold yore self-esteem."

He paused again, and came forward with his old hand extended and trembling in a palsy of eagerness. Despite the turmoil of a few minutes before, such a taut silence prevailed that the asthmatic rustiness of the old man's breath was audible through the room.

The messenger had only to raise his hand and grasp that outheld one, and peace would have been established; yet his one free arm seemed to him more difficult to lift in such a gesture than the one that was bandaged down. His voice broke, and he answered with difficulty:

"Give me a leetle spell ter ponder; I kain't answer ye offhand."

Thornton's eyes went over and, in the lighted doorway, fell upon Bas Rowlett sitting with his features schooled to a masked and unctuous hypocrisy; but behind that disguise the wounded man fancied he could read the satisfaction of one well pleased. His own teeth clicked together, and the sweat started on his temples. He had to look away or forget every consideration other than his own sense of outrage and the oath he had sworn to avenge it.

The features of old Jim were like the solace of a reef-light in a tempest—old Jim, whose son had fallen, and who had forgiven without weakness. If what Kenneth knew to be duty prevailed over the passionate tide that ran high in temptation, what then? Would he live to serve as shepherd if his stern purpose were waived, and Bas Rowlett stood free to indulge his murderous perfidy? Finally he laid his hand on the shoulder of the veteran.

"Mr. Rowlett," he declared steadily, "I've got ter ask ye ter give me full twenty-four hours afore I kin answer ye fer sartin. Will ye men agree ter hold matters es they stands twell this time ter-morrer?"

Jim Rowlett glanced at Hump Doane, and the cripple nodded an energetic affirmation. He was hard to convince, but when convinced he was done with doubt.

"I'd ruther hear Mr. Thornton talk thetaway," he declared crisply, "then ter hev him answer overhasty."

With his knee brushing against that of old Jim Rowlett, Kenneth Thornton rode away from the meeting; and from the sentinels in the laurel he heard no sound. When he had come to the place where his pistol lay hidden, he replaced it in his pocket.

A little farther on, where the creek wound its way through a shimmering glade, and two trails branched, the veteran drew rein.

"I reckon we parts company hyar," he said; "but I feels thet we've done accomplished a right good day's work. Ter-morrer Hump an' me 'll fare over ter yore house and git yore answer."

"I'm obleeged," responded the new chief of the Thorntons.

But when he was left alone, he did not ride on to the house in the river bend. Instead, he went to the other house, upon whose door the first threatening letter had been posted. Hitching his horse in its dilapidated shed, he set out on foot for the near-by place where Bas Rowlett dwelt alone.

Twenty-four hours had been all he could ask in reaching a decision on such an issue; yet before he could make answer much remained to be determined, and in that determination he must rely largely on chance. He had no way of guessing how long it would be before Bas returned to his farm, or whether, when he came, he would be alone; and to-morrow's answer depended upon an unwitnessed interview between them.

Concealing himself at the back of the log house, he had waited only a half-hour when the other man appeared, riding in leisurely unconcern, and unaccompanied. Thornton loosed his pistol and drew back into the lee of the square stone chimney, where he remained safe from sight until Bas had passed into the stable and begun to ungirth his saddle.

The house stood remote from any neighboring habitation, and the road at its front was a little-used sledge trail. The stable was at its side, while behind the buildings themselves, screened by the shoulder of a steep spur of hillside, stretched a small orchard, where only gnarled apple-trees and a few bee-gums broke a level, narrow amphitheater into which a passer-by could not see.

The lord of this manor stood bent, his fingers wrestling with the stubbornness of a

rusted buckle, when he heard close behind him, spoken in a low tone but startlingly staccato in its quality of imperativeness, the single syllable:

"Bas!"

Rowlett wheeled, leaping back with a hand sweeping instinctively to his holster; but he arrested that belligerent gesture with a sudden paralysis of caution because of the look in the eyes of the surprise visitor, who stood poised with a revolver leveled on Bas's heart.

"I'm on my feet now, Bas," came a quiet voice that chilled the hearer with an inexplicable rigor. "I reckon ye hain't fergot my promise."

Rowlett gave way backward until the wall obstructed his retreat. In obedience to the unspoken command in the eyes of his visitor he had extended both arms high above his head; but while he stood unmoving, his adroit mind was racing. He knew what he would do if the situation were reversed, and he believed that the other was waiting only to punish him with a castigation of vengeful words before he shot him down and left him lying in the trampled straw of the stable.

He had to brace himself against the tortures of a physical fear from which he had believed himself immune. So he stood breathing unevenly and waiting; and while he waited the temper of his nerves was being drawn as the temper is drawn from overheated steel.

"Come with me," commanded Thornton.

The surprised man obeyed sullenly, casting an anxious eye about in the slender hope of interruption. When they reached the orchard, where even that chance ended, Thornton spoke again.

"When us two tuck oath ter settle matters betwixt ourselves, I didn't skeercely foresee what was comin' ter pass. Now I kain't seek ter make the compact hold over till a fairer time, ner seek ter change hits terms, nuther, without ye're willin'."

"Suppose I hain't willin'?"

For answer, Thornton sheathed his weapon.

"Now," he said with a deadly quiet, "we're on even terms. Either you an' me draws our pistols an' fights, twell one of us draps dead, or else—"

He paused, and saw the face of his enemy go green and pasty as Rowlett licked his lips yet left his hands hanging at his sides. At length the intriguer demanded:

"Or else—what?"

Thornton knew then beyond doubt what he had already suspected—this man was quailing, and had no stomach for the fair combat of a duel, yet would never relinquish his determination to glut his hatred by subterfuge.

"Or else ye've got to enter inter a *new* compact."

"What's thet?"

A ring of hope sounded in the question.

"Ter go on holdin' yore hand twell this feud business blows over, an' I sarves notice on ye thet our own private war's opened up ergin."

"I reckon," said Rowlett, seeking to masquerade his relief under the semblance of public spirit, "common decency ter other folks lays thet need on both of us alike."

"I'm offerin' ye a free choice," warned Thornton; "but unless ye're ready ter fight hyar an' now, ye've p'intblank got ter walk in thar an' set down in handwrite, with yore name signed at the bottom, a full confession thet ye hired me shot thet night!"

"Like hell I will!"

Bas roared out his rejection of the alternative with his swarthy cheek-bones flaming redly, and into his rapidly working mind came the comfort of a realization which in his first surprise and terror had escaped him. It was not to his enemy's first interest to goad him into a mortal clash, since that would make it impossible to give a favorable answer to the leaders to-morrow; and incidentally it would be almost certain to mean Thornton's own death.

Rowlett straightened up with a ghost of renewed bravado, and shook his head, while an enigmatical grin twisted his lips.

"S'posin'," he made insolent suggestion, "I don't see fit ter do nuther one ner t'other? S'posin' I jest tells ye ter go to hell?"

Thornton had anticipated that question, and was prepared, if he were forced so far, to back threat with execution.

"I aims ter *make* ye fight or agree, either one," he answered evenly.

Bas laughed at him. In reply, Thornton stepped forward with the lightning quickness of a leopard and struck the other across the face. Though the blow fell open-handed, it brought blood from the nose and a flash of insane fury from the eyes.

Rowlett kept his arms down, but he

lunged and sought to drive his knee to his adversary's groin, hoping to draw during the moment of paralyzing pain that must ensue.

As it happened, though, Thornton had anticipated that maneuver of foul fighting, and he sprang aside in time to let the unbalanced Rowlett pitch stumblingly forward. When the latter straightened up, he was again looking into the muzzle of a drawn pistol.

Rowlett had been drawing his own weapon as he lunged; but now he dropped it as if it had scalded his fingers, and once more hastily raised his hands above his head.

The whole byplay was as swift as sleight-of-hand, but the split-second quickness of the left-hander was as conclusively victorious as if the matter had been deliberate. He now had margin to realize that he need not fire—for the present.

"Ef ye'd been jest a mite quicker in drawin', Bas," he declared ironically, "or jest a mite tardier in throwin' down thet gun, I'd hev hed ter kill ye. Now we kin talk some more."

The conflict of wills was over, and Rowlett's voice changed to a whine as he asked beseechingly:

"What proof hev I got ye won't show the paper ter some outsider afore we fights hit out?"

"Ye've got my pledge," answered Thornton disdainfully. "Albeit ye don't keep pledges yoreself, ye knows thet I don't nuver break 'em. Ye've got the knowledge, moreover, thet I hain't a goin' ter be content save ter settle this business with ye fust-handed, man ter man." He paused, and his tone altered. "Thet paper 'll lay whar no man won't nuver see hit save myself, unless ye breaks yore word. Ef I gits murdered, one man 'll know whar thet paper's at, but not what's in hit. He'll give h't over ter the Harper's, an' they'll straightway hunt ye down an' kill ye like a mad dog. What does ye say?"

The other stood with face demoniacally impassioned yet fading into the pasty gray of fear—fear that was the more unmanageable because it was an emotion he had never felt before.

"I knows when I've got ter knock under," he made sullen admission at last, "an' thet time's come now; but I hain't the only enemy ye've got. S'pose atter all the war breaks out afresh, an' ye gits slain in battle

or in some fray with another man. Then I'd hev ter die jest the same, even ef I didn't hev no hand in the matter."

Thornton laughed.

"I hain't seekin' ter make ye gorryntee me long life, Bas. Ef I falls in any pitch-battle, or gets kilt in a fashion thet's p'intedly an outside matter, ye hain't a goin' ter suffer fer hit."

As the long-drawn breath went out between the parted lips of Bas Rowlett, he weakened into a spectacle of abject surrender. Then, turning, he led the way to the house, found pencil and paper, and wrote laboriously as the other dictated. At the end he signed his name.

"Now," said Thornton, "I aims ter hev ye walk along with me till I gits my horse an' starts home. I don't aim ter trust ye till this paper's put in a safe place; an' should we meet up with anybody, don't fergit! I won't fail ter shoot ef ye boggles or gives a sign!"

XX

THE sun, dropping into a western sea of amber and opal, seemed to grow in diameter. Then it dipped until only a flaming segment showed, and the barriers darkened against the afterglow. Still Kenneth Thornton had not come home, and Dorothy, standing at the open window, pressed both hands over eyes that burned hot in their sockets.

The slow procession of minutes and hours had marched like an army of black apprehensions tramping down fortitude into despair.

Old Aaron Capper had mounted his horse a half-hour ago and ridden away somewhere. She knew that he, too, had begun to fret against this insupportable waiting, and had set out on the unpromising mission of searching for the ambassador—who might already be dead.

A nervous chill shook the girl. She started up from the seat into which she had collapsed, frightened at the incoherent moaning that sounded from her throat.

She went again to the door and looked out into a world that the shadows had taken, save where the horizon glowed with a pallid green at the edge of darkness. Leaning limply against the uprights of the frame, and clasping her hands to her bosom, she distrusted her senses when she fancied that she heard voices. A moment later she saw two horsemen draw up at the stile and

swing down from their saddles. Then she sank slowly down, and when Aaron Capper and Kenneth Thornton reached the house they found her lying there insensible.

Carrying her to the old-fashioned bed, they chafed her wrists and poured white whisky between her pale lips until she opened her eyes in the glow of the lighted lamp.

"Did they harken ter ye, Ken?" she whispered.

Her husband nodded.

"I compassed what I aimed at," he told her brokenly; "but when I seed ye layin' thar, I feared me hit hed done cost too dear!"

"I'm all right now, Ken," she declared five minutes later. "I were jest terrified about ye. I had nervous tremors."

"Aaron Capper," he told her, with sudden thought of matters less personal, "is goin' ter stay the night. Ter-morrer Doanes an' Harpers aims ter meet tergether hyar an' make pledges of peace anew."

The stars were hanging low and softly magnified, and Dorothy, blithe with her reaction from despair, was cheerfully singing a most lugubrious ballad over her tasks in the kitchen. But in the main room, where moths fluttered in the yellow lamp-light, old Aaron smoked in gloomy silence.

"I seeks ter be a true Christian," he said at length in a melancholy voice; "an' I ought ter be down on my marrow-bones right now givin' praise an' thanksgivin' ter the blessed Lord, who's done held back the tormints of tribulation; but"—he broke off, and his voice sank into something like a sob—"but yit hit seems ter me like es my three boys air sleepin' res'less an' oneasy-like in thar graves ter-night!"

Thornton rose from his low chair. His face, too, lacked the exaltation of a victor who had come successfully out of extreme jeopardy.

"Aaron," he said, "I was called on ter give a pledge of faith over yon, an' I promised ter bide my time too. I reckon I kin feel fer ye."

Informal and seemingly loose of organization was the meeting of the next afternoon, when three Harpers and three Doanes met where the shade of the walnut-tree fell across dooryard and roadway. The sun burned scorchingly down, and waves of heat trembled vaporously along the valley, while over the dusty highway small flocks of white and lemon butterflies hung drift'ing

on lazy wings. From the deep stillness of the forest came the plaintive mourning of a dove.

Jim Rowlett, the hunchback, and another came as representatives of the Doanes; and Kenneth Thornton, Aaron Capper, and Lincoln Thornton met them as plenipotentiaries of the Harpers. When common-places of greeting had ended, Jim Rowlett turned to Aaron Capper as the senior of his group.

"Aaron," he said, "this land's hurtin' fer peace an' human charity. We craves hit, an' Mr. Thornton hyar says you wants hit no less. We've come ter git yore answer now."

"Jim," responded Aaron gravely, "from now on, I reckon, when ye comes ter the Harpers on any sich matter as thet, Kenneth Thornton's the man ter see. He stands in Caleb Harper's shoes."

That was the simple coronation ceremony which raised the young man from Virginia to a position of responsibility for which he had had no wish, but from which there was no escape. It was his acknowledgment by both clans. To him again turned Jim Rowlett, with an inexpressible anxiety of questioning in his aged eyes.

Then Thornton held out his hand.

"I'm ready," he said, "ter give ye my pledge an' ter take yourn."

The two palms met, the fingers clasped, and into six emotional faces flashed an unaccustomed fire.

"Thar's jest one thing more yit," suggested the practical-minded hunchback. "Some few wild fellers on both sides of the line air apt ter try out how strong we be ter enfo'ce our compact. Hit's kinderly like young colts plugin' erginst a new hand on the bridle-rein. We've got ter keep cool-headed an' patient an' ack tergether when a feller like thet shows up."

Kenneth Thornton nodded, while Hump Doane took off his hat and ran his hand through his bristling hair.

"An' now," he announced, "we'll ride on home an' pass the word along thet matters stands es they stud in old Caleb's day an' time." He paused; then, noting the weariness on the face of Jim Rowlett, he added tentatively: "All of us, thet is ter say, save old Jim. He's sorely tuckered out, an' he dwells right distant. I reckon ef ye invited him ter stay the night with ye, Mr. Thornton, hit would be a kinderly charitable act."

"He's mighty welcome," declared the host heartily. "Dorothy 'll look after him like his own daughter an' see that he gits enjoyed."

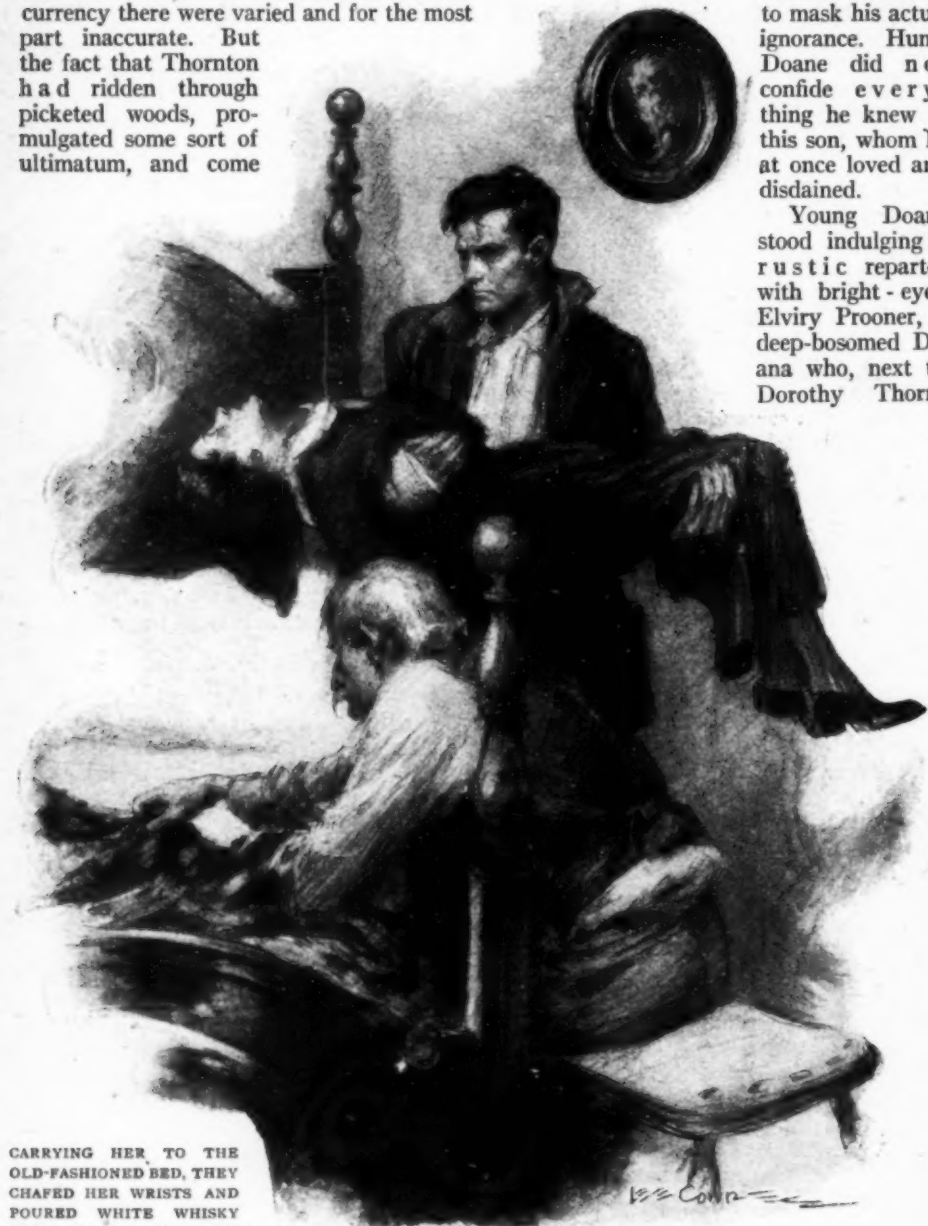
At Jake Crabbott's store the loungers were in full attendance on the morning after Kenneth Thornton's ride to Hump Doane's house, and the rumors that found currency there were varied and for the most part inaccurate. But the fact that Thornton had ridden through picketed woods, promulgated some sort of ultimatum, and come

away unharmed, had leaked through and endowed him with a fabulous sort of interest.

Young Pete Doane was there. Since he was the son of the man under whose roof the stirring drama had been staged, he assumed a magnified importance and affected

a sphinx-like silence of discretion to mask his actual ignorance. Hump Doane did not confide everything he knew to this son, whom he at once loved and disdained.

Young Doane stood indulging in rustic repartee with bright-eyed Elviry Prooner, a deep-bosomed Diana who, next to Dorothy Thorn-



CARRYING HER TO THE OLD-FASHIONED BED, THEY CHAFED HER WRISTS AND POURED WHITE WHISKY BETWEEN HER PALE LIPS

ton, was accounted the "comeliest gal along siv'ral creeks."

When Bas Rowlett joined the group, interest fell promptly away from Pete and centered around this more magnetic pole; but Bas turned upon them such a sullenly uncommunicative face that the idlers were quick to recognize his unapproachable mood and to stand wide of his temper.

After he had bought twist tobacco, lard, salt, and chocolate-drops, Bas summoned Pete away from his temporary inamorata with an imperative jerk of his head. The youthful hillsman responded with the promptness of a lieutenant receiving instructions from his colonel. When the two were mounted, the son of the hunchback gained a more intimate knowledge of actual conditions than he had been able to glean at home.

"The upshot of that matter's this, Pete," declared Bas earnestly. "Sam Opdyke lef' thet meetin' yestidday with his mind made up ter slay this man Thornton; but the way things hev shaped up now, hit won't no fashion do. He's got ter be halted, an' I kain't afford ter be knowed in the matter one way ner t'other. Go see him, an' tell him he'll incense everybody an' bring on hell's own mischief ef he don't hold his hand. Tell him his chanst 'll come afore long; but right now I say he's got ter quit hit."

An hour later the fiery-tempered fellow, still smarting because his advice had been spurned yesterday, straightened up outside his stable door, where he was mending a saddle-girth, and listened while the envoy from Bas Rowlett preached patience.

Now it was Bas himself who had coached Sam Opdyke with inflammatory counsel. The man had taken fire, and the fire was not easy to quench. At first a disciple, he had been converted and then contemptuously treated. The grievance he paraded had become his own, and the nature of the man whom Bas had picked for such a purpose was not an April spirit, to smile in sunlight twenty-four hours after it had fulminated in storm.

Opdyke gazed glumly at his visitor, as he listened; and then he lied fluently in response.

"All right! I had my say yestidday, an' now I'm done. Next time the circuit-rider holds big meetin', I'll come through ter the mourners' bench an' howl out sanctimony so loud I'll bust everybody's ear-drums!"

But an hour later Opdyke was greasing and loading his squirrel-gun.

When the supper dishes had been cleared away that night, old Jim Rowlett and Kenneth Thornton sat for a long while in the front room. Because it was a sultry night and peace had been pledged, both door and window stood open.

Dorothy sat listening while they talked. The theme which occupied them was the joint effort that must be made on either side of the old feud line for the firm enforcement of the new treaty. They discussed plans for catching in time, and throttling by joint action, any sporadic insurgencies by which the experimentally-minded might endeavor to test their strength of leadership.

"Now thet we stands in accord," mused old Jim, "jestice kin come back ter the cote-house ergin. The jedge won't be terrified ter dispense hit, with me settin' on one side of him an' you on t'other. Men mistrusted the law when one crowd held all hits power."

Outside, along the roadside margin of deep shadow, crept the figure of a man with a rifle in his hand. It was a starlit night with a sickle of new moon, neither bright nor yet densely dark, so that shapes were opaquely visible but not clear-cut or shadow-casting.

The man with the long-barreled rifle avoided the open road and edged along the protecting growth of heavy weed-stalk and wild rose thicket, until he came to a point where the heavier shadow of the big walnut-tree blotted all shapes into blackness. There he cautiously climbed the fence, taking due account of the possible creaking of unsteady rails.

"I'd love ter see men enabled ter confidence the cote ergin," said Thornton, answering his old guest after a long and meditative silence. "Hit would spare a heap of torment. Up ter now they've hed ter trust thar rifle-guns."

As he spoke, his eyes went to the wall by the door, where during these weeks of disuse his own rifle had stood leaning. His wife smiled as her glance followed his. She was thinking that soon both his arms would be strong enough to use it again, and she was happy that he would need it only for hunting.

By this time the man outside had gained the door yard, and stood beside the tree-trunk, where the shadow was deepest. He

raised his long barrel and steadied it against the bark, not knowing that, as coincidence would have it, the metal rested against the initials carved there generations before, making of the tree itself a monument to the dead.

Through the raised window he could see two heads in the lamp-light—that of Kenneth Thornton and his wife—and it was easy to draw his sights upon the point just below the left shoulder-blade of the man's back. Old Jim Rowlett sat too far to one side to be visible.

High in the top of the walnut a shattered branch had hung in a hair balance since the great storm had stricken it. High winds had more than once threatened to bring this dead wood down, yet it had remained there, out of reach and almost out of sight, but still precariously lodged.

The wind that night was light and capricious, yet it was just as the man who was using that tree as an ambush established touch between finger and trigger that the splintered piece of timber broke away from its support and ripped its way noisily downward until a crotch caught and held it. Startled by the unexpected alarm from above, given as if the tree had been a living sentinel, the rifleman jerked his gun upward as he fired.

The bullet passed through the window, to bury itself with a spiteful thud in the wall above the hearth. Both men and the woman came to their feet with astonished faces turned toward the window.

Thornton reached for the pistol which he had laid on the mantel; but before he gained the door he saw Dorothy flash past him, seizing his rifle as she went. A few seconds later he heard the clean-lipped crash of its voice in a double report.

"I got him!" panted the young woman, as her husband reached her side. "Git down low on the ground!" She did likewise as she added in a guarded whisper: "I shot at his legs, so he's still got his rifle an' both hands. He drapped right thar by the fence!"

They went back into the house, and old Jim Rowlett said grimly:

"Now let me give an order or two. Thornton, you fotch yore pistol. Gal, you bring thet rifle-gun an' give me a lantern. Then come out the back door an' do what I tells ye."

A few minutes later the voice of the old Doane was raised from the darkness.

"Whoever ye be over yon," it challenged, "lift up both yore hands! I'm a goin' ter light a lantern now an' come straight to 'ds ye; but thar's a rifle-gun ter the right of ye an' a pistol ter the left of ye, an' ef ye makes a false move both of 'em 'll begin shootin'!"

Out there by the fence a voice answered sullenly, in recognition of the speaker, and in realization of failure:

"I hain't a goin' ter shoot no more. I gives up!"

XXI.

THEY helped Opdyke into the house and bandaged a wound in his leg. Old Jim sat looking on with a stony face, and when the first aid had been administered he said shortly:

"Mr. Thornton an' me hev jest been a studyin' erbout how ter handle the likes of you. Ye come in good season, an' so fur as kin be jedged from the place whar thet ball hit, no man kin say which one of us ye shot at. We aims ter make a sample of ye, fer others ter regulate theirselves by, an' I reckon ye're goin' ter sulter in the penitentiary fer a spell of y'ars!"

When county court day came, there rode into town men of both factions, led by Hump Doane and Kenneth Thornton, and the court-room benches were crowded with sightseers eager to hear the trial. It had been excitedly rumored that Opdyke would have something of defiant insurgency to say, and that perhaps a force would be found at his back sufficiently strong to give grim effect to his words.

The defendant himself had not been held in jail, but had walked free on his own recognizance, and, if report were true, he had been utilizing his freedom to organize his sympathizers for forcible resistance. All in all, it promised to be a court day worth attending.

The judge ascended the bench and rapped with his gavel. When the name of Sam Opdyke was called, heads craned, feet shuffled, and an oppressive silence fell.

Then down the center aisle, from rear door to crescent-shaped counsel table, stalked Opdyke himself, with a truculent glitter in his eyes and a defiant swing to his shoulders, though he still limped from his recent wounding. A pace behind him walked two black-visaged intimates.

He looked neither to right nor left, but held the eyes of the man on the bench;

and the judge—who was slight of stature, with straw-colored hair and a face by no means imposing or majestic—returned his glance unwaveringly.

At the bar Opdyke halted, with nothing of the suppliant in his bearing. He thrust a hand into each coat pocket, and, with an eloquent ringing of ironmongery, slammed a brace of heavy revolvers on the table before him. The two henchmen stood silent, each with his right hand in a pocket.

"I heared my name called," announced the defendant in a deep-rumbling voice of challenge; "an' hyar I be—but, afore God on high, I aims ter git me jestic in this cote!"

Had the man on the bench permitted the slightest ripple of anxiety to disconcert his steadfastness of gaze just then, pandemonium was ripe for breaking loose in his court-room; but the judge looked down with imperturbable calm, as if this were the accustomed procedure. *When a margin of pause had intervened to give his words greater effect, he spoke in a level voice that went over the room and filled it—not to the defendant, but to Joe Bratton, the high sheriff of the county.

"Mr. Sheriff," he said slowly and impressively, "the cote instructs you to disarm Sam Opdyke an' put him under arrest fer contempt. An', Mr. Sheriff, when I says ter arrest him, I mean to put him in the jail; an' I don't mean only to put him in jail, but in a cell, and leave him there till this cote gets ready for him. When this cote is ready, it will let you know."

He paused there in the dead hush of an amazed audience, then continued in an even key:

"An', Mr. Sheriff, if there's any disquiet in your mind about your ability to take this prisoner into custody, an' hold him securely in such custody, the cote instructs you that you are empowered by law to call into service, as your posse, every able-bodied man in the jurisdiction of this county. Moreover, Mr. Sheriff, the cote suggests that when you get ready to summons this posse—an' it had ought to be right here an' now—you call me fer the fust man to serve on it, an' that you call Hump Doane and Kenneth Parish Thornton fer the second an' third men on it."

A low wave of astonished voices went whispering over the court-room, from back to front. The judge, ignoring the two revolvers, which still lay on the table fifteen

feet away, and the livid face of the man from whose pockets they had been drawn, rapped sharply with his gavel.

"Order in the cote-room!" he cried.

There was order. Before the eyes of all those straining sightseers, Opdyke glanced at the two men who composed his body-guard, and read a drooping spirit in their faces. He sank down into his chair, beaten, and knowing it.

When the sheriff laid a hand on his shoulder, he rose without protest, and left his pistols lying where he had so belligerently slammed them down. His henchmen offered no word or gesture of protest. They had seen the strength of the tidal wave which they had hoped to outface, and they realized the futility of any effort at armed resistance.

When he rode home from the county seat, after attending that session of the county court, Kenneth Thornton found Bas Rowlett smoking a pipe on his door-step.

That was not a surprising thing, for Bas came often and maintained flawlessly the pose of amity he had chosen to assume. In his complex make-up paradoxes of character met and mingled together, and it was possible for him, despite his bitter memories of failure and humiliation, to smile with just the proper nicety of unrestraint and cordiality.

In the doorway, behind the visitor, stood Dorothy with a plate and dish-towel in her hand, and she was laughing.

Of late Dorothy seemed to have developed a liking for this discarded lover. As he came and went with familiar freedom, he appeared to drop into a niche in her life, and his visits seemed to give her genuine pleasure.

That was a natural enough reaction from the disguised dread with which she had regarded him when he had been a suitor, favored and urged upon her by her grandfather. He had been repugnant then, but now she saw in him one who had gracefully accepted his defeat in love, and had contented himself with the paltrier currency of friendship. Still more strongly was she influenced in his favor by her belief that this man had stood bravely by her husband through danger, and had saved his life.

Thornton himself recognized these subtle changes, but because he understood them they gave him no concern or anxiety. He knew his wife's heart, and was content.

"Howdy, Ken?" drawled Bas, without rising, as the householder came up and smiled at his wife. "How did matters come out over there at cote?"

"They come out with right gay success," responded the other. In his manner, too, as in Rowlett's, there was just the proper admixture of casualness and established

friendship. "Sam Opdyke is sulterin' in the jail-house now."

"Thet's a blessin'," commended Bas.

As Dorothy went back to the kitchen, Thornton lifted his brows and inquired quietly:

"Ye war over hyar yistiddy an' the day afore, warn't ye, Bas?"



BEFORE THORNTON
GAINED THE DOOR
HE SAW DOROTHY
FLASH PAST HIM, SEIZING
HIS RIFLE AS SHE WENT

The other nodded, and laughed with a shade of taunt in his voice.

"Yes. It pleasures me ter drap in whar I always gits me sich an old-time welcome."

"Did ye aim ter stay an' eat ye some dinner?"

"I 'lowed I mout, ef so be I got asked."

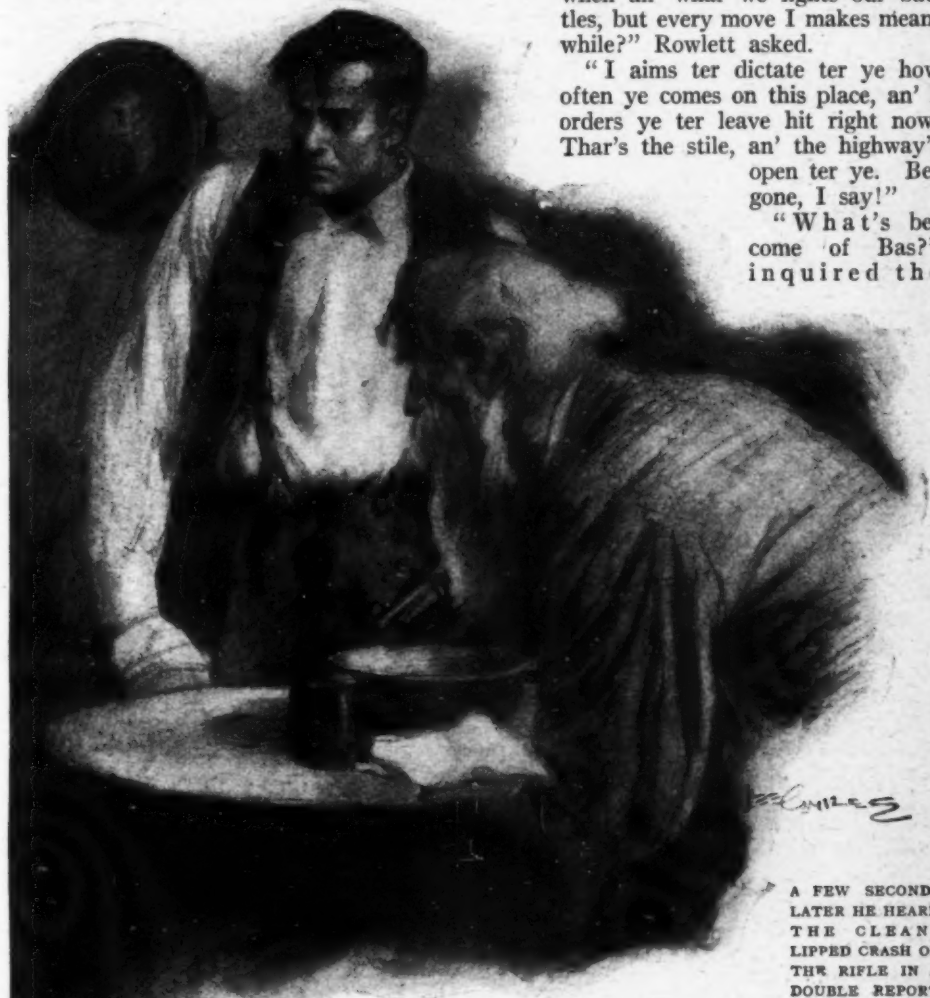
"Well, ye gits asked ter go on home, Bas. I'm askin' ye now—an' hereatter ye needn't bother yoreself to be quite so

t'other's our leetle matter of blood-lettin'—albeit thet comes later on."

"Does ye aim ter dictate ter me not only when an' whar we fights our battles, but every move I makes meanwhile?" Rowlett asked.

"I aims ter dictate ter ye how often ye comes on this place, an' I orders ye ter leave hit right now. Thar's the stile, an' the highway's open ter ye. Begone, I say!"

"What's become of Bas?" inquired the



A FEW SECONDS
LATER HE HEARD
THE CLEAN-
LIPPED CRASH OF
THE RIFLE IN A
DOUBLE REPORT

neighborly. Hit mout make talk ef ye stayed away altogether; but I wants ye to stay away a heap more than what ye've been doin' of late."

The other rose with a darkening face.

"I thought ye 'lowed hit war wiser fer us ter ack like we war a couple of blood-brothers, so fur es folks could see."

"Thet's all right. I still says thet; but thar's two things I'd sooner hev take place somewhars else than right hyar. One of 'em's this blood-brother business, an'

young wife, when she came back from the kitchen a few minutes later.

Her husband smiled with an artless and infectious good humor.

"He hed ter be farin' on," came his placid response. "He asked me ter bid ye farewell fer him."

But to Bas Rowlett came the thought that if his own opportunities of keeping a surveillance over that house were to be circumscribed, he needed a watchman there in his stead.

In the first place, there was a paper

somewhere under that roof, bearing his signature, which prudence required him to purloin if he could. So long as it existed, it hampered every move he made in his favorite game of intrigue; although he had begun to wonder whether any one, save the old man who was dead, knew of the receipt he had given for the old debt. He had informed himself that only a week ago it had not been recorded at the court-house. Perhaps Caleb had never spoken of its nature to the girl. He had been a taciturn fellow in many respects—perhaps also in this.

Caleb had once mentioned to Bas that the paper had been put for temporary safe-keeping in an old "chist" in the attic; but he had failed to add that it was Dorothy who had placed it there.

Then one day Bas met Aaron Capper on the highway.

"Hes Ken Thornton asked ye ter aid him in gittin' some man ter help him out on his farm this fall?" demanded the elder, who, though he religiously disliked Bas Rowlett, was striving in these exacting times to treat every man as a friend.

Bas rubbed the stubble on his chin reflectively for a moment.

"No, he hain't happened ter name hit ter me yit," he admitted. "Men's right hard ter git. They've all got thar own crops ter tend."

"Yes, I knows thet. I war jest a ridin' over thar, an' hit come ter me thet ye mout hev somebody in mind."

"I'd love ter convenience ye both," declared Bas heartily; "but hit's a right bafflin' question." After a pause, however, he hazarded the suggestion: "I don't reckon ye've asked Sim Squires, hev ye? Him an' me, we hain't got no manner of use for one another, but he's kinderly kin ter you, an' he bears the repute of bein' the workin'est man in this county."

"Sim Squires!" exclaimed old Aaron. "I didn't niver think of him. I reckon Sim couldn't handily spare the time from his own farm."

"I reckon mebby he couldn't," agreed Bas; "but the thought jest happened ter come ter me, an' he don't dwell but a whoop an' a holler distant from Thornton's house."

That same day, in pursuance of the thought "that just happened ter come ter him," Bas took occasion to have a private meeting with the man for whom he had no manner of use.

"Hit's plumb providential," declared Rowlett joyfully. "Ef old Aaron ricommends ye, he'll be delighted ter hev ye work round thar. Hit's a right gay joke fer the feller thet shot at him ter be, in a manner of speakin', a member of his own family!"

"Mebby hit's providential fer *you*," demurred Sim, bent on driving a thrifty bargain; "but how erbout me? I've got craps of my own comin' on, an' hogs ter kill afore long."

"I reckon ye've got other matters ter study erbout, too," retorted the other significantly; "but we don't need ter haggle. Thornton 'll pay ye good wages, an' I'll pay ye some more. Ye kin afford ter hire yore own work done, an' still make money."

Three days later found Sim Squires sitting at the table in Kenneth Thornton's kitchen, an employee in good and regular standing, though at night he went back to his own cabin—which was, in the words of his other employer, "but a whoop an' a holler distant." Household affairs were to him an open book, and of the movements of his employer he had an excellent knowledge.

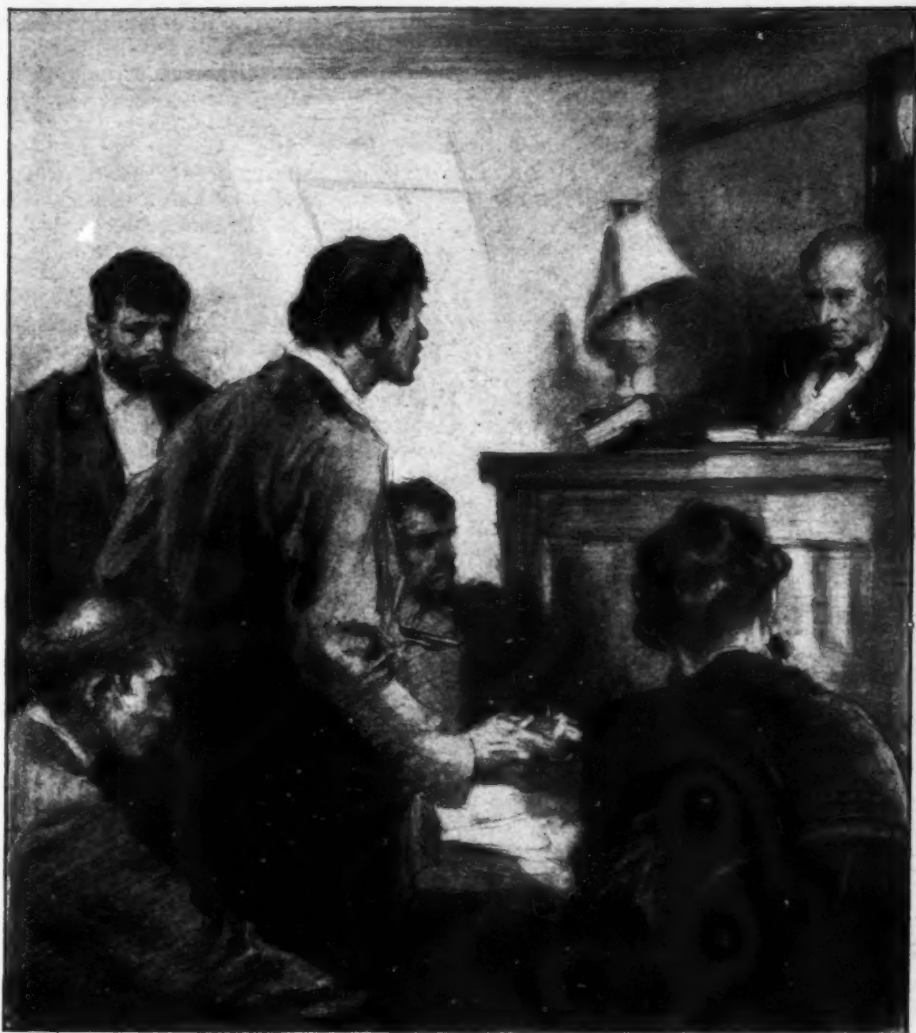
XXII

THE earliest frost of late September had brought its tang to the air with a snappy assertion of the changing season when Kenneth Thornton first broached to Dorothy an idea which, of late, had been constantly in his mind. Somehow that morning, with its breath of shrewd chill, seemed to mark a dividing line. Yesterday had been warm and languorous, and the day before had been hot. The ironweed had not long since been topped with the dusty royalty of its vagabond purple, and the thistle-down had drifted along air currents that stirred light and warm.

The walnuts on the big tree were round and full of pungent fragrance, awaiting only a heavy frost to bring them thudding down with spongy hulls; and already among the green masses of the lower branches one saw occasional sprays of yellow leaves.

"Honey," said the man gravely, as he slipped his arm about Dorothy's waist on that first cold morning, while they were standing together by the grave of her grandfather, "I hain't talked much erbout hit, but I reckon my sister's baby done hed hits bornin' afore now."

"I wonder," she mused, as yet without suspicion of the trend of his suggestions,



AT THE BAR OPDYKE HALTED. HE THRUST A HAND INTO EACH POCKET, AND, WITH AN ELOQUENT RINGING OF IRONMONGERY, SLAMMED A BRACE OF HEAVY REVOLVERS ON THE TABLE BEFORE HIM

"how she come through hit all by herself thetaway!"

The man's face twitched with one of the emotional paroxysms that once in a long while overcame his self-command. Then it became a face of shadowed anxiety, and his voice was heavy with feeling.

"I've done been ponderin' thet day an' night hyar of late, honey. I've got ter fare over thar an' find out."

Dorothy started and caught quickly at his elbow; but at once she removed her hand and looked thoughtfully away.

"Kain't ye write her a letter?" she de-

manded. "Hit's walkin' right inter sore peril fer ye ter cross the State line, Cal."

"An' yit," he answered with convincing logic, "I'd ruther trust ter my own powers of hidin' out in a country whar I knows every trail an' every creek-bed than ter take chances with a letter. Ef I wrote one, hit would carry a post-office mark on the envellup ter tell every man whence hit come."

She was too wise, too sympathetic, and too understanding of that clan loyalty which would deny him peace until he fulfilled his obligation, to offer arguments in

dissuasion; but she stood with a shadow of trouble in her deep eyes until at last she asked:

"When did ye aim ter start over yon?"

"Hit ought ter be right soon now, while travelin's good. Come snowfall, hit 'll git ter be right slavish journeyin'. But I don't 'low ter tarry there long. I kain't noways be content away from ye."

The thoughts that were occupying Dorothy were for the most part silent ones, but at length she inquired:

"Why don't ye bring her back with ye, ter dwell hyar with us—her an' the baby?"

Thornton shook his head, but his heart warmed because she had asked.

"Hit wouldn't do—jest yit. Folks mout seek ter trace me by follerin' her. I kin slip in thar an' see her, an' mebby comfort her some small degree, an' then slip back home ergin without no man's knowin' I've ever been thar."

Instinctively the wife shuddered.

"Ef they *did* find out!" she exclaimed in a low voice.

The man nodded in frank comprehension.

"Ef they did," he answered candidly, "I reckon hit would be hangin' or the penitentiary fer me; but they hain't a goin' ter."

"I don't seek ter hinder ye none," she told him in a faltering voice, "despite hit's goin' ter nigh kill me ter see ye go. Somehow hit seems like I wouldn't be so skeered ef ye war guilty yoreself; but ter hev ye risk the gallers fer somethin' ye didn't nuver do—"

The words choked her, and she stopped short.

"I'm goin' ter hev a mouty strong reason fer seekin' ter come home safe," he said softly; "but even ef hit did cost me my life, I don't see as I could fail a woman thet's my sister, an' thet's been facin' her time amongst enemies, with a secret like thet hauntin' her day an' night. I've got ter take the chanst, honey."

A sound came to them through their pre-occupation, and they looked up to see Bas Rowlett crossing the stile.

His case-hardened hypocrisy stood valiantly by him. His face revealed nothing of the humiliation he must feel in playing out his farcical rôle of friendship before the eyes of one to whom it was transparent.

"I war jest passin' by," he announced, "an' I 'lowed I'd light down an' make my manners. I'd love ter hev a drink of water, too."

Without a word, Thornton turned and went toward the well. The visitor's eyes lit again to their avid hunger as he gazed at the girl. Abruptly he declared:

"Don't ever fergit what I told ye, Dorothy. I'd do 'most anything fer *you*!"

The girl made no answer, but she flushed under the intensity of his gaze, and to herself she said, as she said once before:

"I wonder would he do sich a thing fer me as Ken's doin' fer his sister?"

The scope and peril of that sacrifice seemed to stand between her and all other thoughts.

Thornton came back with a gourd dipper, and forced himself for a few moments into casual conversation. To intimate his purpose and destination would have been a fatal thing, but it would have been almost as foolish to wrap in mystery the fact that he meant to make a short journey from home; so as Bas mounted, Kenneth said:

"I've got a leetle business acrost in Virginy, Bas, an' afore long I'm goin' over thar fer a few days."

When Elviry Prooner had consented to come as a temporary companion for Dorothy, it seemed merely an adventitious happening that Sim, too, felt the call of the road.

"I don't know es I've named hit to ye afore, Ken," he volunteered the next day, as the three sat at the dinner-table, "but I've got a cousin thet used ter be more like a brother ter me, an' he got inter some leetle trouble."

"Is thet so, Sim?" inquired Thornton, with a ready interest. "War hit sore trouble?"

"Hit couldn't skeercely be holped—but he's been sulterin' in the penitentiary down thar at Frankfort fer nigh on to two y'ars now. Erbout once in a coon's age I fares me down thar ter fotch him tidin's of his folks. Hit pleasures him."

Thornton began to understand, or thought he did, and again he inclined his head.

"I reckon, Sim," he said, "ye wants ter make one of them trips now, don't ye?"

"Thet's a right shrewd guess, Ken. Hit's a handy time. I kin git back afore corn-shuckin', an' thar hain't no other wuck a hurtin' ter be done right now."

"All right, Sim," the permission came readily. "Light out whenever ye gits ready; but come back fer corn-shuckin'."

When Sim related to Bas Rowlett how easily it had been arranged, Bas smiled in contentment.

"Start out an' slip back, an' don't let him git outen yore sight till ye finds out whar he's goin' an' what he's doin'," came the crisp order. "He's up ter suthin' thet he hain't givin' out ter each an' every, an' I'd love ter know what hit is!"

Along the ridges trailed the misty, smoky glamour with which autumn dreams about the gorgeous pictures she means to paint with the woods for a canvas and the frost for a brush.

Bas Rowlett had shaved the bristles from his jowl and chin, and thrown his overalls behind his cabin door. He had dressed in high laced boots and donned a suit of store clothes, for in his mind were thoughts livened and made keen with the heady intoxication of an atmosphere like wine.

He knocked on the door of the house which he knew to be manless, and waited until it was opened by Elviry Prooner.

His swarthy face, with its high cheekbones bequeathed from the shameful mixing of his blood in Indian veins, wore a challenging smile of daredeviltry, and the buxom young woman stood regarding him out of her provocative eyes. Perhaps she owned to a revival of hope in her own breast, which had known the rancor of unacknowledged jealousy because this man had passed her by to worship at Dorothy Harper's shrine. Perhaps Bas Rowlett, who "had things hung up," had at last come to his senses, and meant belatedly to lay his heart at her feet. If he did, she would lead him a merry dance of doing penance, but she would nowise permit him to escape.

But Bas saw in Elviry only an unwelcome presence interfering with another tête-à-tête; and the hostile hardening of his eyes angered her so that the girl tossed her head and, wheeling haughtily, swept into the house. A minute later he saw her, still flushed and wrathful, stalking indignantly along the road toward Jake Crab-bott's store at Lake Erie.

Bas set his basket down, removed his hat, and let his powerful shoulders relax themselves restfully against the door-frame. He was waiting for Dorothy, and he was glad that the obnoxious Elviry had gone.

After a little while Dorothy appeared. Her lips were innocent of the flippant sneer

that the other girl's had held, and her beauty was not so full-blown or material.

Bas Rowlett did not rise from his seat, and the young woman did not expect it. Casually he inquired:

"Is Ken hyar?"

The last question came so innocently that it accomplished its purpose. Bas seemed to hope for an affirmative reply, and his manner robbed his visit of any apparent intent of calling to see a husbandless wife. Since no one but himself knew that his jackal, Sim Squires, was at that moment trailing Thornton as the beagle courses after the hare, he could logically enough make such an inquiry.

"No. Didn't ye know? He started out soon this mornin'. I reckon he's fur over to'rds Virginny by now."

"Oh!" Bas Rowlett seemed surprised, but he made prompt explanation. "I knowed he hed hit in head ter go, but I didn't know he'd started yit."

For more than an hour their talk went on in friendly channels of reminiscence and commonplace; then the man lifted the basket he had brought.

"I fotched some 'simmons off o' thet tree by my house. Ye used ter love 'em right good, Dorothy."

"I does still, Bas."

She smiled with the sweet serenity that men found irresistible as she reached for the basket; but the man sat with eyes brimming melancholy and fixed on the violet haze of the sky-line, until she noticed his abstraction and inquired:

"What ails ye, Bas? Ye're in a brown study erbout somethin'."

He drew back his shoulders then and said:

"Sometimes I gits thetaway. I fell ter thinkin' of them days when you an' me used ter gather them 'simmons tergether, little gal."

"When we was just kids, Bas," she answered, nodding her head. "We hed fun, too, didn't we?"

"God Almighty, how I loved ye!" he exclaimed impetuously and suddenly.

The girl drew away, and her answer was at once sympathetic and defensive.

"Thet war all a right long time back, Bas."

The defeated lover rose to his feet, and stood looking at her with a face over which his passionate feeling came with a sweep and surge that he made no effort to con-

trol. In that instant something slipped in Bas Rowlett, and the madman that was part of him became temporarily all of him.

"Hit hain't so long a time ago," he vehemently declared, "thet I've changed any

hadn't 'a' come, I couldn't niver hev wedded with ye. He did come, though, an'—in thet way of carin'—thar hain't no other man in the world fer me. I kain't never pay ye back fer all thet I'm beholden ter ye—fer savin' him an' fotchin' him in when thet craven shot him, an' fer stayin' a friend when most men would hev gotter be enemies. I knows all them things; but don't seek ter spile none of 'em by talkin' love ter me. Hit's too late; I'm married."

For an instant he stood as if long-arrested passions were pounding against the dams that had held them. Then his words came like a torrent that makes driftwood of all obstacles in its path.

"Ter hell with this man



"EF I'D HED THIS KNIFE A MINUTE AGO," SHE BEGAN IN A VOICE THAT THROBBED LIKE A MUFFLED ENGINE, "I'D HEV CUT YORE HEART OUT!"

in hits passin'. So long es I lives, Dorothy, I'll love ye more an' more—till I dies!"

She drew back another step and shook her head reprovingly. In her eyes were disappointment and astonishment.

"Bas," she said earnestly, "even ef Ken

Thornton! Ye didn't never hev no chanst ter know yore own mind. Ye jest thinks ye loves him because ye pitied him. Hit won't last noways!"

"Bas!" She spoke his name with a sharp and stinging note of command. "I'm

willin' ter look over what ye've said so fur, because of what I owes ye; but don't say no more!"

In a frenzy of wild and sensuous abandon he laughed. Then, leaping forward, he seized her and crushed her to him, with her arms pinioned in his and her body close against his own. Her struggles were as futile as those of a bird held in a human hand—the hand of one who does not care how severely he may bruise his victim, and who thinks only of making firm his imprisoning hold.

"Ter hell with him!" repeated the man, in a low voice, but one of white-hot passion. "I says hit ergin! From the time thet ye fust begin ter grow up, I'd made up my mind thet ye belonged ter me; an' afore I quits ye're goin' ter belong ter me. Ye talks erbout bein' wedded, an' I says ter hell with thet, too! Mebby ye're his wife, but I say ye're goin' ter be my woman!"

The senses of the girl swirled madly and chaotically during those moments, which seemed like hours, when she strained against the rawhide strength of the arms that held her powerless. The man's hot breath burned her like a blast; and through her reeling faculties rose that same impression of nightmare that had come to Kenneth when he lay wounded on his bed. In a flash she had to alter her whole conception of Rowlett's loyal steadfastness to a realization of unbelievable and bestial treachery.

The fact was patent enough now, and only the hideous possibilities of the next few minutes remained doubtful. His arms clamped her so tightly that she gasped stranglingly for breath, and the convulsive futility of her struggles grew fainter. Consciousness itself wavered.

Then Rowlett loosened one arm and bent her head upward until he could crush his lips cruelly against hers and hold them there in a long kiss.

When again her eyes met his, the girl was panting with an exhaustion of breath that sounded like a sob. Desperately she sought to fence for time.

"Let me go!" she panted. "Let me go—thar's somebody comin'!"

That was a lie born of the moment's desperation, but, somewhat to her surprise, it served its ephemeral purpose. Rowlett released his hold for an instant, and wheeled to look at the road; and with flashing

swiftness his victim leaped for the door and slammed it behind her.

XXIII

AN instant later, with a roar of fury, as he realized the trick that had been played upon him, Bas was beating the panels with his fists and hurling against them the weight of his powerful shoulders. But those hot moments of agitation and mental riot had left him breathless too, and presently he drew away for a quieter survey of the situation.

He strolled insolently over to the window, which was still open, and leaned with his elbows on the sill, looking in. The room was empty. He guessed that Dorothy had hurried out to bar the back door, forgetting, in her excitement, the nearer danger of the raised sash.

Bas had started to draw himself up, and had thrust one leg over the sill, when caution prompted him to turn first for a look at the road. He ground his teeth and abandoned his intention of immediate entry, for there, swinging around the turn, with her buxom vigor of stride, came Elviry Prooner.

Rowlett scowled as he folded his arms and leaned over the sill. Then he saw Dorothy appear in the back door of the room, and he cautioned her in a low voice.

"Elviry's comin' back. I warns ye not ter make no commotion."

To his astonishment, Dorothy, whose face was as pale as paper, no longer wore in her eyes the desperation of terror or the fluttering agitation that seemed likely to make outcry. In her hand she held a kitchen knife, which had been sharpened and resharpened until its point was as taperingly keen as that of a dirk.

She laid this weapon down on the table, and hastily rearranged her disheveled hair. Then she said, in a still and ominous voice, more indicative of aggressive temerity than shrinking timidity:

"Don't go yit, Bas. I'm comin' out thar ter hev speech with ye; an' ef ye fails ter harken ter me, then God knows I pities ye!"

Waiting a little while to recover from the aftermath of her recent agitation, she opened the front door and went firmly out, as Elviry, with a toss of her head that ignored the visitor, passed around the house to the rear.

Dorothy's right hand, armed with the

blade, rested inconspicuously under her apron, but the glitter in her eyes was unconcealed. To Bas, who smiled indulgently at her aspect of hostility, she gave the command:

"Come out hyar under the tree, whar Elviry won't hear us."

Curious and somewhat mystified at the transformation from helplessness to aggression of bearing, the man followed her. As she wheeled to face him, with her left hand groping against the bark, he dropped down into the grass with insolent mockery in his face, and sat cross-legged, looking up at her.

"Ef I'd hed this knife a minute ago," she began in a voice that throbbed like a muffled engine, "I'd hev cut yore heart out! Now I've decided not ter do it—jest yit!"

"Would ye ruther wait an' let the man with siv'ral different names ondertake hit fer ye?" he queried mockingly.

Dorothy Thornton shook her head.

"No, I wouldn't hev him dirty his hands with no sich job," she answered with icy disdain. "Albeit he'd t'ar hit out with his bare fingers, I reckon, ef he knowed!"

Bas Rowlett's swarthy face stiffened, and his teeth bared themselves in a snarl of hurt vanity; but as he started to speak he changed his mind. For a while he sat silent, watching her as she leaned against the tree, her breast rising and falling to the storm tide of her indignation.

Rowlett's thoughts had been active in these minutes since the craters of his sensuous nature had burst into eruption. Already he was cursing himself for a fool who had prematurely shown his hand.

"Dorothy," he began slowly, and a self-abasing pretense of penitence sounded through his words, "my reason plumb left me a while ago. I was p'intblank crazed fer a spell. I've got ter crave yore pardon right humbly; but I reckon ye don't begin ter know how much I loves ye!"

"How much ye loves me!" She echoed the words with a scorn so incandescent that Rowlett winced. "Love's an honest thing, an' ye hain't nuver knowed the meanin' of honesty!"

"Ye've got a right good license ter git mad with me, Dorothy," he made generous concession. "I wouldn't esteem ye ef ye hedn't done hit; but afofe ye lets thet wrath sottle inter a fixed hate, ye ought ter think of somethin' ye've done fergot."

He paused, but received no invitation to present his plea in extenuation; so he proceeded without one.

"I kissed ye erginst yore will, an' I cussed an' damned yore husband, but I did both them things in sudden heat an' passion. Ye ought ter take thought, afore ye disgusts me too everlastin'ly much, thet I've done loved ye ever since we was both kids tergither. I've done been compelled ter put behind me all the hopes I ever hed endurin' my whole lifetime, an' hit's been makin' a hell of torment out o' my days an' nights hyar of late."

He had risen now, and as he bowed a bared and seemingly contrite head he was managing to put an excellent semblance of sincerity into his plea for forgiveness.

"When a stranger come along an' won ye away from me, without no warnin', I befriended the man thet did hit—fer yore sake. I hain't seekin' ter brag none, but I stud by him like es ef the same mother had bore us both; an' them matters ought ter count in my favor now, in deespite of the sorry fact thet I fergot myself an' affronted ye."

But it was before a court of feminine intuition that Bas Rowlett stood arraigned, and his perjury fell flat as it came from his lips. She was looking at him now in the glare of revelation, and seeing a loathsome portrait.

"An hour ago," she declared, with no relenting in the deep blaze of her eyes, "I believed all thet. Now I sees ye fer what ye air, an' I suspicions iniquities thet I hedn't nuver dreamed of afore. I wouldn't put hit past ye ter hev deevied all them things ye claims ter hev saved Ken from. I wouldn't be none astonished ef ye hired the man thet shot him—an' yit I'd nigh cut my tongue afore I'd drap a hint of thet ter him!"

That last statement both amazed and gratified the intriguer. He had now two avowed enemies in this house, and each stood pledged to a solitary reckoning. His warfare against one of them was prompted by murder-lust and against the other by love-lust; but the cardinal essence of good strategy is to dispose of hostile forces in detail, and to prevent their uniting for defense or offense. It seemed to Bas that the woman was preparing to play into his hands; but he inquired, without visible eagerness:

"Fer why does ye say thet?"

Out of Dorothy's wide eyes there blazed upon him torrential fury and contempt; yet she did not give him her truest reasons in her answer. She had no fear of him for herself, but she trembled inwardly at the menace of his treachery against her man. If she committed her husband to so mortal an issue with an enemy who fought by stealth and deceit, she dared not contemplate the result.

"I says hit," she answered, still in that level, ominously pitched voice that spoke from a heart too profoundly outraged for gusty vehemence, "because, now thet I knows ye, I don't need nobody ter fight ye fer me. He trusts ye an' thinks ye're his friend, an' so long es ye don't lift no finger ter harm him I'm willin' ter let him go on trustin' ye."

She paused, and to her ears, with a soothing whisper, came the rustle of the crisp leaves overhead. Then she resumed:

"Ef he ever got any hint of what's come ter pass ter-day, I mout es well try ter hold back a flood-tide with a splash dam es ter hinder him from follerin' atter ye an' trompin' ye in the dirt like he'd tromple a rattlesnake. But he stands pledged ter peace, an' I don't aim ter bring on no feud war ergin by hevin' him break hit."

"Ef him an' me fell out," admitted Bas, with wily encouragement of her idea, "right like others would mix inter hit."

"Hit wouldn't be no fallin' out," she promptly assured him. "Hit would be a snake-killin'. Hit would start other bloodshed to boot, because other deluded folks trusts ye, like I done afore ter-day; but ef I kills ye, hit won't start no war. A woman's got a right ter defend herself!"

"Dorothy, I've done told ye I jest lost my head in a swivet of wrath. Ye're jedgin' me by one minute of frenzy and lookin' over a lifetime of trustiness."

"Ef I kills ye, hit won't start no war," she reiterated implacably, ignoring his interruption. "An' betwixt the two of us, I'm the best man, because I'm honest, an' ye're as craven as Judas was when he earned his silver money. Ye needn't hev no fear of my tellin' Ken, but ye've got a right good cause ter fear me!"

"All right, then." Once more the hypocritical mask of dissimulation fell away, and the swarthy face showed black with the savagery of frustration. "Ef ye won't hev hit no other way, go on disgustin' me—but I warns ye thet ye kain't hold out er-

ginst me. The time 'll come when ye won't kick an' fly inter tantrums erginst my kisses; ye'll welcome 'em!"

"Hit won't be in this world," she declared fiercely, as her eyes narrowed and the hand that held the knife crept out from under the apron.

The man laughed again.

"Hit 'll be right hyar on yarth," he declared with undiminished self-assurance. "You an' me air meant ter mate tergither like a pair of eagles, an' some day ye're goin' ter come inter my arms of yore own free will. I reckon I kin bide my time twell ye does."

"Eagles don't mate with snakes!" she shot out at him, with a bosom heaving to the tempest of her disgust. "I don't even caution ye ter stay away from this house. I hain't afeared of ye, an' I don't want Ken ter suspicion nothin'. But don't come hyar too often; ye fouts the air I breathes whenever ye enters hit!"

She paused and brushed her free arm across her lips, as if in shuddering remembrance of his kiss. Then she continued with a tone of finality:

"Now I've told ye what I wanted ter tell ye. Ef need arises ergin, I'm goin' ter kill ye; but this matter lays betwixt me an' you, an' nobody else hain't a goin' ter be brung inter hit. Does ye onderstand thet full clear?"

"Thet's agreed," Bas gave answer, but his voice trembled with passion. "An' I've done told you what I wants ye ter know. I loves ye, an' I'm goin' ter hev ye. I don't keer how hit comes ter pass, but sooner or later I gits what I goes atter, an' from now on I'm goin' atter you!"

He turned and walked insolently away; and the girl, with the strain of necessity removed, sat back weakly against the cool solidity of the walnut trunk. Except for its support she would have fallen.

After a while, hearing Elviry's voice singing off at the back of the house, and realizing that she was not watched, she turned weakly and spread her outstretched arms up in embrace against the rough wood, as a frightened child might throw its arms about a protecting mother.

When Sam Opdyke had been taken from the court-room to the jail, that his wrath might cool into submissiveness, and when later he had been held to the grand jury, he knew in his heart that ahead of him lay

the prospect of leaving the mountains. The hated lowlands meant to him the penitentiary at Frankfort; and with Jim Rowlett and Kenneth Thornton united against him, this was his prospect.

The two men who had shared with him the sensational notability of his entrance and the deflated drama of his exit, had gone home rankling under a chagrin not wholly concerned with the interests of the defendant.

Enmities were planted that day that carried the infection of bitterness toward Harpers and Doanes alike, and the resentful minority began taking thought of a new organization—a thought secretly fanned by emissaries of the resourceful Bas Rowlett.

Back in the days that followed the Civil War, the word "Ku-klux" had carried a meaning of both terror and authority. It had functioned in the mountains as well as elsewhere through the South. It had been, in its beginnings, a secret body of regulators filling a void left by the law's failure.

Since then other occasional organizations of imitative origin had risen for a time and fallen rapidly into decay, but these were merely gangs of predatory activity and outrage.

Now once more, in the talk of wayside store and highroad meeting, one began to hear the name of the Ku-klux; but it was mentioned as a vague thing of which no man had seen any tangible evidence. If it had anywhere an actual nucleus, that center

remained as impalpable and immaterial as foxfire.

But the rumor of night meetings and oath-bound secrecy persisted, and some of these shreds of gossip came to Dorothy Thornton over the dooryard fence as passers-by drew rein in the shadow of the black walnut. Nearer anxieties just now made her mind unreceptive to loose and improbable stories of that nature, and she gave them scant attention.

She often found herself coming out to stand under the tree, because it seemed to her that here she could feel the presence of the man who had gone away on a parlous mission. It was during the time of his absence that she found more to fear in a seemingly trivial matter than in the disquieting talk of a mysterious organization stirring into life.

When she looked up into the branches that were coloring toward autumnal hues, she discovered here and there a small, fungus-like growth and leaves that were dying unnaturally, as if through the agency of some blight that diseased the vigor of the tree.

Her heart was ready to be frightened by small things, and through her thoughts ran that old prophecy:

I have stronge faith that whilst that tree stands and growes stronge and weathers the thunder and wind and is revered, the stem and branches of our family also will waxe stronge and robust, but that when it falls, likewise will disaster fall upon our house.

(To be continued in the January number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE)

DAWN OF MY DAY

WHEN you shall go away,
If it be only for a little space,
Dawn of my day,
How I shall miss your face!

Then will the laggard hours
Move round the dial as in somber dress;
Then will the flowers
Lose half their loveliness.

Then will the hills that dream
Put off their amber, as if sorrowing;
Then will the stream
Seem to forget to sing.

But this will pass away,
And I shall know new rapture in its place,
Dawn of my day,
When I shall see your face!

Clinton Scollard

The Moon and Six Bits

BY RALPH E. MOONEY

Illustrated by Dudley Gloyne Summers

TO say that Lawrence Bright had a direct premonition of what was to happen would be going too far. Possibly he felt that the day would mean much to him. Perhaps he even sensed the nearness of magnificent adventure connected with an automobile and with romance, with the moon and six bits; but he could not know all, of course. He could merely realize the tingling inspiration of the moment; could merely feel wildly cheerful when, in response to the call of the rising sun, he bounded from bed at nine o'clock and hastened to his window.

It is a matter of record that he did feel so. Nothing, for example, was farther from his mind than an intention to indulge in deep-breathing exercises on that brilliant morning of early October. Yet such was the nervous thrill of the moment, such the brilliance and beauty of the scene which met his eye, such the tonic of the air which struck his nostrils, that he gasped long and heavily in proud excitement.

Lawrence's room overlooked a certain city thoroughfare which, through years of usage, had come to be known as Automobile Row. True, the window was a trifle far above it — fourth floor front — but it was as near to the beloved street as Lawrence could afford. Below him the wide stretch of asphalt was full from curb to curb with delightful engines of varnished wood and enameled metal. The shrilling of electric signals, the honk of horns, and the bleat of exhaust whistles arose in pleasant staccato trills above the harmony of roaring cylinders.

In all the near-by garages — and Lawrence's rooming-house was the last surviving residence on that block — the mechanics were at work, and the sound of their hammers, the whirling shafts and flapping belts of their machinery, added pleasantly to the morning's exuberant music.

Lawrence was uplifted. His heart-beats were strong and rapid. His brain tingled.

"Oh, boy!" he gasped. "Oh, boy!" Later he added a somewhat irrelevant but considerably more vehement apostrophe: "Oh, mamma!"

Then, with cold practicality, he abandoned the poetry of life and caught up the first essentials of his clothing.

"Well," he announced with a deprecatory frown, "I gotta hustle. Can't lay in bed and get rich, y' know!"

There being no objection from his conscience, which had been unsuccessfully urging this same truth for a year or more, he went about the business of shaving, washing, and scrambling into his scattered wearing-apparel. It was a piecemeal, catch-as-catch-can engagement, which ended victoriously for him when he finally put on his blue serge suit and took from beneath his pillow the sum of fifteen cents. This was all the money that remained to him after heavy expenditures from a roll of two dollars or more which he had owned on the previous evening. He placed it carefully in his vest pocket.

Then, after brushing his hair to a piano surface and adjusting a soiled white silk handkerchief to protect a collar upon which protection was wasted, he donned his snappy overcoat and made his way to the street and to breakfast.

When he had spent his fifteen cents upon a bowl of *chile con carne* and a piece of pie at Smith's Mexican Restaurant, and had partaken of these edibles with mighty zest, he moved off to the Row, reflecting momentarily upon his penniless condition. This was a result of his having spent the previous evening at a picture-show with a dame. Lawrence now decided, offhand, to cut out dames in future. They were too expensive. Women could keep a man broke for fair, so what was the use?

All of these facts may combine in circumstantial indictment to make it appear that Lawrence was entirely inconsequential—which, to speak frankly and sorrowfully, was the truth. He didn't belong on Automobile Row; he merely patrolled, absorbed, and infested it. He had no regular job, and would, if questioned on that delicate point, make an evasive and almost untruthful assertion that he was in the "general" automobile business.

To do away with all subterfuge and deal in exact truth, Lawrence was just a young per-

son in his twenty-third year who owned a good suit of clothes and a firm conviction that all was well. He was of the melancholy few in the city who had made the discovery that a young fellow could get by on surprisingly little and have surprisingly much free time. Occasionally, from deep

in his mind, the stagnating puddles left from a flood of high-school education sent up vapors of doubt as to the wisdom of his course; but these were quickly dispelled by the sunny optimism that played through the upper levels of that same mind.

But while the indictment was true, and the fact existed that Lawrence was inconsequential, both fact and indictment should be considered as applying only to that one



A PORTLY CITIZEN BURST FROM THE DOOR AND SHOUTED: "STOP HIM! HE'S A THIEF!"

morning of that one October day. They are no longer valid. By way of a hint as to the reason for the change in his condition, let us remark that inconsequential may become consequential when urged by the pressure of chance and coincidence. Let us recall to mind that humans are frequently caught up by the wind of fate and lifted from one place to another. And, bearing this in mind, let us follow as careful a record as can be made of the momentous day in question.

II

AFTER deciding forever to avoid and distrust designing dames, Lawrence looked in upon Brodie's Used Parts Company. Finding Brodie asleep in his swivel chair, and the company asleep upon a pile of worn-out skid chains, he moved along up the Row to drop in at the Flying Four Agency. There, from what we can learn, he spent an hour or so arguing on behalf of the administration at Washington. It seems that he was not invited into the argument, which was a three-cornered affair between the stenographer, the office-boy, and a country customer. Having entered it clandestinely, however, he became so vehement, and held his ground so firmly, that in the end he drove all others from the floor.

Next he descended upon old man Hotchkiss, and put in a long period advising that gentleman upon matters of business efficiency in general, and with regard to the disposal of a slowly moving stock of second tires in particular. It is known that he even went so far as to hint that all old man Hotchkiss needed to be assured of business success was a live salesman—a hint which was not accepted, and which consequently had no result. Thereafter came a barren period, upon which we have no report.

On the whole the morning was quite profitless, it seems, and one o'clock found Lawrence hungry and unfed. He began to worry. A slight depression of spirits came upon him. It is a matter of record that he told the car-washer at Cardwell's that he thought he would get him a good job somewhere, and that the car-washer told him it was a bad season to look for a job on the Row, because in winter there was nothing doing. Lawrence said he would get him one anyhow.

Later, he changed his mind. At half past one, it appears, he shifted a tire for an elderly gentleman and earned a quarter.

Immediately afterward he helped to unload three trucks of casings at the Day-Nite Tire place, and earned fifty cents more. Before he could even get lunch, he delivered a message for a customer at the Packillac shops, and dragged down another quarter. Consequently, when three o'clock approached, he emerged from the smoky odors of Maw's Lunchery with a bowl of goulash, an order of baked beans, and a dish of ice-cream inside him, and was able to survey the Row with an air of easy tolerance.

"Say," he told Al Brown's mechanic, "no regular job for me! I'm for the easy money every time."

"Nice if you can get it," nodded Al Brown's mechanic. "But you can't always get it."

"Aw!" derided Lawrence. "Aw!"

"Well, so-long," said Al Brown's mechanic. "I got to be getting back."

Lawrence yawned indulgently.

"Don't lemme keep you," he advised. "I think I'll go call up a dame and fix a date for to-night."

In pursuance of which object he made his way toward the free telephone at Mike Daniels's Agency and Repair-Shop for Henrys—only to have his attention diverted; only to walk straight into the first and perhaps the most exciting adventure of the day; only—and it is with sincere apologies that we mention it—to have the dame driven clear out of mind, and so to leave her waiting in growing despair for his telephone-call. She did not get dated up that night, nor has she heard from Lawrence since; for Lawrence not only saw an automobile stolen, but had the honor of talking confidentially to a policeman! Enough and more to unbalance the steadiest of men.

It was in front of the Maryland Six place. A large and beautiful car was drawn up at the curb, and Lawrence found it of such magnificent design that he stopped to give it a good once-over. As he did so, a young and dapper gentleman approached it nonchalantly, glanced carelessly toward Lawrence, and took position at its wheel. A quick whirl of the starter, a movement of the gear-lever, and the beautiful thing swung out into the traffic, with Lawrence gasping in awe at its every movement.

Immediately a portly citizen burst from the door of the Maryland agency, and shouted furiously:

"Great Scott! What do you think of that? Stop him! Stop him! He's a thief!"

The car turned the next corner, and the outraged owner pursued it, bellowing wrath and destruction. Lawrence, his heart leaping and his eyes wild, fell in train of the portly man, joining in his outcries. At the corner they came upon a stately and forceful member of the metropolitan police-force known as Harry McCandless. The portly citizen seized him and poured forth his tale of woe. Lawrence managed to maintain a place at the officer's elbow.

"I saw him, Harry," he offered, when opportunity came. "I c'n describe 'm."

Harry, brawny and awesome figure, turned to Lawrence and spoke to him—spoke to him as an equal! Lawrence, before an admiring audience, was able to recount his part of the adventure.

"Who is this boy?" demanded the portly citizen suspiciously.

"He's all right," nodded Harry. "I know him." Lawrence swelled visibly, and gave the citizen a nod of condescension. "I know the thief, too." Lawrence nodded again, beaming in unholy delight. "Well, all I can do is send in a report right away and have them look out for her."

"Very well," urged the portly man. "Do that, then, and tell them I'll pay a hundred dollars reward, in addition to the insurance company's two hundred, if the car is returned safely with my surgical instruments still in it. Man, there's over two thousand dollars' worth of instruments in there!"

III

AFTER a time, Lawrence proceeded mechanically to Mike Daniels's shop; but, as has been said, all memory of the intention which sent him there had left him. He seized upon the office-boy and began an excited narration of the events connected with the theft—a narration which was so thrilling that before long it had drawn all four salesmen and both stenographers to him. Eventually, Mike Daniels himself joined the group, and surveyed Lawrence with far-away interest as he heard the story.

Then the second adventure of the day's succession began.

"Say!" exclaimed Daniels, with a sudden brightening of countenance. "Can you drive a side-car, Lawrence?"

Lawrence was surprised, but he replied with instant eagerness.

"Sure!"

"Well," explained Mike Daniels, "I want you to take our side-car and run out to Riverview with a crank-shaft. Got a customer out there, and nobody to send to him. It'll take you all afternoon and evening. What you say?"

"I'm ready."

"How much do you want?"

Lawrence figured carefully.

"Let's see—that's three hours afternoon time and a couple hours overtime. Oh, about a dollar."

"All right! I'll pay you to-morrow. Get ready. The side-car's out front now, and the night man will show you where to leave it when you get back."

"And supper money," stipulated the businesslike Lawrence.

"Here's fifty cents."

Very shortly the people at the front windows of the shops along the western half of the Row were regaled with the vision of an erratically guided motor-cycle side-car being driven at the speed of forty miles an hour, or better, with Lawrence presumably in control—a pallid, excited vision amid a blur of motion. Lawrence's statement that he could drive a side-car had been based more on theory than fact. He had never driven one before.

The period of suspense incidental to learning passed, however, and after an hour or so he found himself skimming delightfully along a country road, with the second adventure near its pleasant termination. October had turned the rolling hills to sweeping banks of color; the air was brisk and invigorating; both cylinders were hitting, and there was very little dust.

"Gosh!" breathed Lawrence. "Ain't this some party? Now watch me, boys! I bet I can get seventy out of her!"

Which he did, and to such good effect that nightfall not only saw the crank-shaft delivered, but saw Lawrence flying cityward through the pale light of a half moon. The second adventure was almost ended, and the third about to begin.

Here, by the way, it is well to remark that the adventures can no longer be numbered. After the third they came rapidly and with such overwhelming magnificence that they are a mere confusion in Lawrence's mind to this day.

Half-way to the city, where the Natural

Bridge and St. Charles Roads join, Lawrence stopped for supper. The hostelry which received him was a more or less dubious concern known as the Caseyville Wine (Dealcoholized) Garden; but Lawrence had fifty cents to blow for a meal, and he meant to tell the world that he would grab off a good feed at a swell place for once in his life. Not that he meant to sit at a table and hear the music or anything. Lawrence was of that shadowy outer world of motordom where such diversions are sneered at, when they are mentioned at all. To Lawrence, the main issues of life, political and economic, were riding, repairing, and talking about both.

Accordingly, he took his fifty cents' worth

cheese, three hard-boiled eggs, a cup of coffee, and two pieces of pie; also a Prima-donna cigar.

Then he strolled expansively forth. The



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standing up at the denatured and harmless bar, amid a score or more of chauffeurs, truck-drivers, and mechanics. Mixed with much petrolic and babbited conversation, he consumed something tasty in the way of a sardine sandwich, a nice bit of

scene about the bar entrance was most enthralling, and held him for five minutes or more. To his left was the wide expanse of the one-time wine-garden, dusky and deserted in the brightening moonlight. Before him was the long shed which protected guest cars from the rain—aglow with head-lights and side-lights, and foggy with drifting smoke and dust—through which shadowy figures moved. To his left was the kitchen wing of the restaurant

building, glowing with electricity and resounding to confusion and clatter.

Delightful, all of it, especially when you consider that far away—in the main dining-room—a negro orchestra was blasting its way through the latest fox-trot, and that over and above all other noises there sounded a constant roaring of motors and hooting of electric signals.

"This is *the* life," muttered Lawrence philosophically. "Gosh, I wish I could come out here every night!"

At which moment his attention was attracted to a distraught man who, in company with a waiter and the estimable Mme. Casey of Caseyville in person—none other than the owner of the establishment—seemed to be searching for something or some one.

"She's not anywhere inside," were the words of Mme. Casey. "I've looked all over."

"I wonder—" gasped the young man. "By thunder, I wonder what's happened to her?"

Lawrence could stand no more. He moved up and bent careful scrutiny on the ground round about them.

"Lose something?" he inquired eagerly.

The trio bent cold eyes upon him. Mme. Casey jumped perceptibly.

"Mind your business!" she snapped.

"Mind your own business!" seconded the young man in a most impressive way.

"Min' your bus'ness," completed the waiter in Greco-American.

Lawrence grinned and left them.

"I heard you the first time," he advised. "What if I ain't got any?"

IV

LAWRENCE now proceeded along the row of cars in the open shed, searching for his own conveyance. Of course, his progress was slow, for it was absolutely necessary that he should take in each machine in detail. He could no more pass a high-class car than an old-time racing man could ignore a finely bred horse. Toward the end of the row he paused with an exclamation of surprise.

The car before him was a Maryland Six. Lawrence knew at a glance that it was *the* Maryland Six, but made a second scrutiny to be quite sure. Yes, beyond all doubt, it was the fat doctor's car—the car which Lawrence had seen stolen. In the first place, it had a special body which Law-

rence will remember to his dying day; and, in the second, a very cursory examination of the front license-plate showed him that it had lately been attached in place of the doctor's regular number. Acting upon impulse, Lawrence lifted the hood and glanced at the serial number of the motor. It was the same as that given by the doctor in his report to Harry McCandless.

Lawrence crouched in the shadow of the machine, thinking. The car had undoubtedly been brought here by the thief. That old surgeon was no mutt to hang around a tough joint like Caseyville. No, the doc was a real swell, and—there was three hundred dollars reward for this boat.

If Lawrence called the police, then the county sheriff would get most of it. Why shouldn't he have that little old roll for himself? All he had to do was drive the car into town and find the old doctor. Gosh! Hadn't he been aching for years to drive such a car—just once?

With the matter so decided, Lawrence walked to the rear of the Maryland Six and scanned the gasoline gage. The tank was half full. Oh, boy! Lawrence walked out front again, smiling admiringly up at the towering tonneau walls, which were an inch or so above his head. Oh, baby!

He scuttled off to his side-car, and, with the help of the negro watchman, rolled it to a safe place in a small tool-shed, some distance away.

"You lock her up," he told the negro, after explaining that he was going joy-riding with a friend who had a big car. "I'll be back in a couple hours."

While the negro locked the shed, he walked hastily to the Maryland Six, climbed to her wheel, and threw her switch. The coils buzzed. Of course! He had been sure of that. If the thief could start her so easy, Lawrence could, too.

He choked her, and pushed the starter pedal. The motor caught at once and roared savagely. The crook had left the cut-out open. Glancing off through the dust, Lawrence could see the watchman hastening toward the Maryland, anxious for the small reward usually accorded such officials at such places. Lawrence shifted a gear and prayed that he would find a forward speed, because of course he didn't know which notch to use, that being a strange car to him.

He found one. The gear-shift was standard, and he caught second, as he had

hoped. A roar and a jerk, and the car leaped from the shed, groaning at Lawrence's unskilful use of her clutch; but he was started, and all Hades couldn't hold him now.

He wrenched into the driveway, narrowly missing Mme. Casey in his haste. A second later, and he was on the main road, making the turn on two wheels, and was running blithely in high—toward the city and three hundred dollars!

Frequent glances to the rear soon made it plain that no pursuit was under way. As a matter of fact, he hadn't expected any, unless the watchman had got up near enough to recognize him. Sudden departures were not uncommon at Caseyville, and breakneck driving was even less out of the ordinary. No, the wine-garden people merely decided that somebody had found it necessary to go somewhere else, and had left in a hurry. Accordingly, when the speed-meter showed that some five miles had been covered, Lawrence eased down, and, running slowly, turned toward the tonneau.

"I hope those instruments are there," he murmured. "I need that extra hundred!"

He extended his left arm toward a bulky heap on the floor of the car, and felt for an instrument-case. His hand touched something alive that jumped, and he almost drove the car into a fence.

"Ow!" he yelled, in startled tones.

V

A FEMININE shriek arose in answer, and he yelled again. Then the pretty face of a girl who had no hat arose a few inches from his own, and Lawrence jumped a mile high—or, if he didn't, he jumped sufficiently to depress the accelerator, and to drive the car into a shallow ditch and out again before he could control himself—which felt like going a mile high, anyhow. Then, in sudden recovery, he jammed on the brake and brought the Maryland Six to a stop.

"Well, for the love of Pete!" he gasped. "Well, for the love of Pete!"

The girl, who had been thrown off her balance by his exploit in the ditch, arose again and scanned him fearfully. Her eyes were large and bright, her expression pleading, her bearing timorous. For several seconds neither spoke, and then Lawrence's ready tongue found itself.

"Well, for the love of Pete, how did you get there?" he demanded.

"Oh, forgive me—please forgive me!" begged the girl.

Lawrence thought it over.

"What for?" he returned.

"For hiding in your car," the girl explained. "I—I didn't mean to—but I just had to."

Lawrence scratched his head.

"For hiding in my car?" he repeated.

"Well, for the love of Pete, how did you get in it?"

The girl extended a hand in terrified supplication.

"Out at that cabaret place," she told him. "I'd been in it half an hour. I was in it when you started."

"Well, for the love of Pete! Didn't you go out there in it?"

"No, no!" Here the girl's voice betrayed a rural accent. "I went out with Mr. Robson, but he—well, I had to run away from him, and I hid in here. I wouldn't have stayed, but they were looking for me. They were coming our way—when we left."

"You ran away? Well, for the love of—"

"Oh, please," begged the girl, with tears in her eyes, "please take me back to my father!" She paused, with a sudden fit of trembling. "I tell you I had to run away from him. He wasn't nice, but I thought he was, or I wouldn't have gone with him. Father said not to, but I sneaked off, and then he scared me so I had to run. First I hid in a limousine, but I saw them coming, and I ran down to this car. I was only going to stay until they went somewhere else, and then I'd have walked back to town. I only knew him since we came to the hotel from Boonville."

At the conclusion of this somewhat mixed utterance, the girl dabbed her eyes with a handkerchief. Lawrence sat watching her suspiciously.

"Well?" he began.

"Won't you take me back in your car, please? I know father will pay you for it, when I tell him about it."

"Where?" asked Lawrence.

"To the Alhambra Hotel."

"Oh! All right. Sure, I guess so."

"Oh, thanks! Wait, I'll come up there with you."

Whereupon the girl scrambled to the road, revealing the fact that she was attired in a neat tailored suit, although she had no hat, as before mentioned. A mo-



SHE WAS A SWELL GIRL,
BUT LAWRENCE COULD
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ABOUT HIM

ment later she was beside Lawrence in the front seat, and smiling wanly.

"Now, will you hurry, please?" she asked.

Lawrence put the car in motion. He drove mechanically, his brows wrinkled in thought. Within him, vast feeling struggled for utterance. Time and again he made to speak, only to find himself incapable of doing so. At last, after protracted thinking and much reconsideration, adequate words arose in his mind and flowed from his tongue.

"Well, for the love of Pete!" he exclaimed in slow, intense syllables. "For the love of Pete!"

The girl smiled—more comfortably than before.

"Were you surprised?" she asked, and her voice still trembled.

Lawrence trembled in response to it.

"I'll say so," he affirmed. "I'll tell the world I was."

"I was, too—out there. I wasn't scared of you," she said.

"Ha! I guess you were scared—out there.

You oughtn't to 'a' gone there. Well, you're jake now. You're on your way to the Alhambra right now, bingo!"

The girl laughed, and again the quivers of dying emotion sounded in her voice.

"Don't worry any more," urged Lawrence. "You're ridin' with a gentleman now."

A statement which surprised Law-

rence himself. He hadn't hitherto been noted for his gentility, or even for his pretensions to such a quality; but then, as he saw, this was a different kind of girl.

"I knew that," she answered. "I knew it the minute I looked at you."

"Aw!" deprecated Lawrence.

VI

SILENCE fell. They sped along a gleaming white road with a brilliantly lit coun-

tryside about them. There was just a suggestion of frost in the wind, which blew gaily over the side doors in clean, field-filtered blasts. There were brilliant stars in the sky, besides the moon, with one or two white cloud-billows near the horizon. There were lights twinkling in the houses, and the Maryland Six, purring like a rolling flood, was stepping off a good forty.

"Gee gosh!" exploded Lawrence. "Ain't this swell?"

"Yes, it is," agreed the girl. "You know it is."

"Say, is there a doctor's grip back there in the tonneau?" asked Lawrence.

"Yes—there's a little bag there."

"Good!"

Again silence.

"Say, what's your name?" demanded Lawrence, choosing this as a graceful way of breaking the rapidly forming ice.

"Oh, you don't want to know," she parried. "My goodness, but this is a fine car you've got!"

Lawrence sniffed, to indicate that such possessions were nothing.

"What is it?" he insisted with a chuckle.

"What's the name, please? I wantcha to meet a new friend of yours."

"Oh, hush! My father's got a Brown Beauty, but it's nothing like this," she evaded.

"Well, then, what's your father's name?" inquired Lawrence roguishly.

"Sterrett," admitted the girl amid outbursts of laughter. "His name is Sterrett—Jim Sterrett."

Lawrence went into the deepest throes of mirth as he framed his next question.

"Well, an' I suppose when he calls you he just says, 'Miss Sterrett,' then? Say, what's he call you when it's time for breakfast?"

"He doesn't," retorted Miss Sterrett. "I call him. I always get his breakfast."

"Well," pursued Lawrence, when he had mastered his joy at her reply—"well, then, when somebody writes you a letter, how do they put your name on the envelope?"

"I won't tell you," was her answer. "No, sir."

"I'll bet they call you Mary. I'll bet they do. It is Mary, isn't it?"

"No, it's not Mary! My, but you're awful!"

Lawrence eliminated several other feminine names, and then began to shake with daring mirth again.

"Well, see here," he protested. "Suppose we get married some day, what'll I tell the minister to call you?"

"I'll tell him—if it happens."

"Well, then, I don't need to know it, I guess."

At last, as they entered the city, she admitted it was Lorena. The syllables thrilled Lawrence.

"Gosh!" he sighed. "Oh, gosh! Well, my name's only Lawrence."

And so, when they arrived at the Alhambra, in due time, they found themselves the best of friends. No, in all truth, they found themselves more than friends. They were twin souls in education and development. They had been several hours together in the clear October moonlight, and moonlight has worked its spell on mightier folk than they. Forever afterward in their lives they were to see each other with eyes that had known the moon madness. They were to be aware of a pale, glorifying light about each other. Forever afterward—as now—when Lawrence took her arm to assist her at some awkward time, he was to squeeze that arm and to feel it pressed against her side in return.

"I'll tell you," said Lawrence clumsily, as they stood on the sidewalk before the Alhambra. "I'll tell you. I've been fooling you. This ain't my car. It's a stolen car. I'm taking it back to the man that owns it."

"Oh, what difference does that make?" asked Lorena.

"I just wanted you to know," averred Lawrence, broken by a weight of sadness.

It was all over now, and time to end the bluff. She was a swell girl, but Lawrence could never see her again, or she would find out all about him. He stared sadly at the rich exterior of the Alhambra.

"Why'm I such a bum?" he demanded of himself.

VII

INSIDE, they found Mr. Sterrett pacing the lobby anxiously. He came toward them with a menacing frown, but changed in manner as he heard the story of the evening.

"Oh, father," concluded the girl, "he was worse than you said he'd be, so I ran away from him, and got this gentleman to bring me back!"

She waved toward Lawrence and toward the big car outside. Jim Sterrett eyed both

gratefully. He offered the young man a cigar.

"Well, see here," he hesitated, scanning Lawrence's good suit of clothes and the overcoat draped artistically over his arm. "I don't know what to say. I don't want to offer you money. I don't suppose it would interest you, anyhow."

It was a grateful moment for Lawrence, despite its sadness. Gosh, what a night! Here these rubes took him for a swell guy, and he had only to play the part for a little while to live forever in their memories as a real sport. He could get away clear and never be shown up before the girl. He smiled and shook his head. He waved his hand carelessly.

"That's all right," he said. "Perfectly all right!"

"What's your name, anyhow?" asked Sterrett. "I'll send you a barrel of my cider. It's the best in this country."

"Why, shucks," answered Lawrence. "It's Bright—Lawrence Bright."

Thus was his forgotten family emblem dragged from obscurity.

"Well, Mr. Bright, I'm certainly grateful to you. I wish there was something I could do. I suppose you're in business here?"

Mr. Bright! Gosh! Lawrence all but jumped at the queer sound of it.

"Yes," he proclaimed, still playing high and mighty. "I'm in the automobile business." His right hand drifted into his hip pocket and encountered some silver coins. He stiffened perceptibly. "I'm in the general auto business," he supplemented.

"Indeed!" cried Sterrett. "Why, you're just the young man I'm looking for, maybe. I've bought the Star Garage and Tire-Shop in Boonville. It's a town of fifteen thousand, and there's only two other auto places there. The country around it is rich as can be. I came up here to get a man to run it for me." Then his voice dulled. "But you wouldn't be interested in that. You've already got a successful business in the city."

Lawrence's joy in his bluff faded. A trifle gloomily, he began to shake his head in negation—to carry it off like a swell, you know, and walk out on them, saying that he couldn't consider it; but he wanted, oh, how he wanted to take that job!

And then inspiration came to him. A flood of ideas, of ways and means and schemes, darted through his brain. He

smiled and stopped shaking his head. He closed his fingers tightly upon the silver in his pocket.

"Why, say," he blurted, while his brain danced to joyous impulses. "Say, is anybody down there dealing in second tires—at low prices?"

"No. That's just what I wanted to get in there—a line of cheap—"

"Well, by thunder!" Lawrence nodded gravely. "By thunder! You know I've a mind to take you up? Selling tires is my game. And there's too much competition here. Say, you know I might put five hundred in tires and come down there with you."

"As a partner?" cried Sterrett. "Do you think you could? There may not be as big an income as you'd have here, but you wouldn't need as much, you know."

"That's it," agreed Lawrence. "That's it. I'll come down with my tires and go in with you, and prob'ly make more in the end than here. There won't be the advertising expense, or the overhead; and then, too, why my doctor says I got to get out where the air is better. I got to leave town, he says, and live in the country."

Here Lawrence coughed delicately several times to indicate a badly run-down system. Sterrett eyed him joyfully and urged early action. Lawrence took tight hold of the money in his pocket, and soon, very soon, the plan, in essence, was settled and agreed upon.

Then Lawrence floated dreamily outside. He stood beside the Maryland Six for a moment of soliloquy.

"Let's see," he muttered. "I'll take one hundred of the reward, and I'll get old Hotchkiss to give me five hundred on consignment, with that as first payment. And I'll take another hundred for clothes. They'll never know but what I'm the real thing—a business man—a tire man—until after I get rich selling those Boonville boys tires. Which I will—I will! I'm through being a bum. And the other hundred 'll help on the 'ngagement ring. And now I better take this boat back to the doc, and get him to take me out for that side-car; and then I'm all set."

After which, he drew his right hand from his pocket and surveyed the quarter and the half-dollar it contained.

"Six bits!" he apostrophized. "Gosh, can't a guy talk big when he's got money in his pocket?"

Country Love

A STAGE GIRL'S STRUGGLE AGAINST FAME AND FORTUNE

By Hulbert Footner

Author of "Thieves' Wit," "The Huntress," etc.

XVII

MEANWHILE Taylor was waiting. This gentleman has appeared before. A highly important adjunct to Mr. Tawney's business, he had no regular duties, and enjoyed no title. He was supposed to be within call by day or by night, and was expected to carry to a successful conclusion whatever negotiations might be entrusted to him.

Some of these matters were queer enough. No limit was placed on the resources that he might employ; Tawney's credit was his credit. On the other hand, no excuses might be offered; orders *had* to be carried out.

A diplomat of no mean order, a man of good breeding troubled by no scruples, Taylor's value to Tawney may be readily understood. It is hardly necessary to state that he enjoyed a princely salary. In person Taylor was a slender, comely gentleman of fifty, who looked younger.

Upon entering the room, Taylor, without appearing to look at anything, took in the facts of the smashed vase, the overturned chair, and his employer's bloodshot eyes, and drew his conclusions. His voice, his manner, took on an added silkiness.

There was no need for Tawney to make any pretenses with Taylor.

"Eve's found," he said curtly.

Taylor's eyes shot out a spark that he quickly controlled.

"Ah!" was all that he said.

Tawney gave him a brief outline of the story as he had told it to McVeagh. Reading his employer's countenance, Taylor was able to gauge the real state of affairs pretty closely.

"Now," said Tawney in conclusion, "the New York man through whom the discovery was made is called Howe Snedecor, and he works for Sanderson Ellis, the hotel man—one of his secretaries, I understand. I want you to get in touch with this Snedecor to-night—without showing your hand. How will you go about it?"

"I'll put it up to Sanderson Ellis," said Taylor. "You know he's been making us overtures with a view to adding the Vandermeer to his string. He'll be keen to do us any little favor."

"All right," said Tawney. "See to it. The young fellow will require nice handling. What I want you to do is to see that he writes to his friend down in Maryland, not later than to-morrow, warning him that the supposed Merridy Lee is no other than the famous Eve Allinson; and that it is a matter of common knowledge that Eve Allinson has been—er—under my protection for the past year. Do you get me?"

"Perfectly," said Taylor, without changing a muscle of his face. He rose.

"Wait—there's more," said Tawney. "Is Mrs. Kittson still in this hotel?"

"No, sir. You instructed me to limit her to fifty dollars a week. She's living in a boarding-house on Forty-Ninth Street."

"Telephone?"

Taylor gave him the number from his note-book. Tawney took down the receiver and put in a call for Mrs. Kittson.

"The Pocahontas is lying in Manhasset Bay?" he said to Taylor.

"Yes, sir."

"Steam up?"

"Fire under her boilers, sir."

"Good! Get hold of Mackenzie to-night. Can you reach him by wireless?"

"Doubtful if the operator's on duty, sir. Safer to motor out there."

"Very well! Mackenzie is to have steam up by dawn. He is to pick me up at the yacht landing, foot of Twenty-Sixth Street, at nine o'clock. We'll be taking a cruise of four or five days."

"Yes, sir."

"I want you to be at the yacht landing at a quarter to nine to-morrow, to report and to receive final instructions. I'll tell you then what word to carry to the office. Of course I shall not be out of touch of wireless while I am gone."

Taylor rose. The telephone-bell rang.

"Wait a minute till I see if I can get this woman," said Tawney. "Hello? Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Kittson? One moment, please." He put a hand over the transmitter. "That's all, Taylor. Run along."

Mr. Taylor vanished.

Tawney's voice over the telephone was almost as silky as that of his lieutenant.

"Mrs. Kittson, I have a wonderful piece of news for you! What do you think? Eve has been found! Yes, isn't that splendid? Yes, perfectly well, I understand. I scarcely like to talk about it over the telephone. If you can give me half an hour, I'll tell you all the details. I'm at the Vandermeer. Get a taxi and come right over. I'll instruct them to show you right up. Good-by!"

While he waited for her, the financier took care to straighten the overturned chair, and he actually got down on his marrow-bones to pick up the pieces of the smashed vase—a novel posture for the great Brutus Tawney. Down to the smallest fragment he collected the pieces, and concealed them in a larger jar standing in the corner. Mrs. Kittson was not to be allowed to suspect that there had been a disturbance. Tawney regretted his outburst now, but he was not the man to cry over spilled milk. The matter was dismissed with a shrug.

Mrs. Kittson came in fluttering. Tawney's voice had been very reassuring over the telephone, but she could not overcome her terror of the man.

Tawney was beaming again.

"Splendid news, eh, Mrs. Kittson? I lost not a moment in calling you up."

She sank on a sofa.

"Where is Eve?" she faltered.

Once more Tawney told the story as he

desired it to be known, and Mrs. Kittson ran the whole gamut of "Ohs!" To her Tawney said nothing about Gibbon's visit to Rhett'sboro.

"Why did she ever do such a thing?" gasped Mrs. Kittson.

"Oh, she wanted to show her independence, I suppose," said Tawney lightly. "Natural enough in the young."

"I must go to her at once!"

"Assuredly! I have already made all arrangements. I'll be bound that Eve is thoroughly sick of her experiment by this time. She will be charmed to see us!"

"U-us?" stammered Mrs. Kittson. "Hadn't I better go on alone first?"

"No, that wasn't exactly my idea," said Tawney, with a sort of steely, smiling courtesy that froze the unfortunate woman where she sat. He waited a moment to allow it to sink in, then resumed: "It's a horrible journey down there; and when you got there you'd find no fit place to stop. I have ordered the Pocahontas, so that we can go in comfort, and make the dear girl comfortable when we find her. Fancy her delight at the sight of civilized food again, and a real bed! You shall take her clothes to her, too."

"Yes," said Mrs. Kittson helplessly. She was like a bird in the presence of a snake.

"I shall have to ask you to make a scandalously early start," Tawney went on affably. "Can you be ready at half past eight to-morrow morning?"

"Any time you say," she murmured.

"Well, I give you ten minutes longer," he said jocularly. "I'll send for you at 8.40. I must ask you to be prompt, for I've made a careful schedule. I want to be outside Sandy Hook by eleven. We have to go down outside the capes, you know. It will take more than twenty-four hours."

"When will we return?" she asked.

"Oh, we'll come right back," he said carelessly. "Four or five days, probably. Bring along some of Eve's prettiest dresses. I'll send a man for the luggage at the same time." He rose. "Now I know you'll have a lot to do, so I won't detain you. I'm through here. I'll take you downstairs and put you in a cab. What a delightful surprise, eh, when Eve sees us?"

"Y-yes," said Mrs. Kittson, with a nervous laugh.

He bade her a friendly good night at the door of her cab, and she drove home in a

sort of daze. She was a foolish woman, but she was not without some glimmerings of sense. Tawney's extraordinary condescension alarmed her instincts.

"What does he want of me?" a voice within asked clearly.

Unfortunately most people get into the habit of stifling their instincts when they run counter to their wishes.

"How foolish I am!" Mrs. Kittson said to herself. "Mr. Tawney is a gentleman. He would never attempt anything crude. Besides, I'll be there. And when we get back—"

A picture of their former luxurious suite at the Vandermeer arose before her mind's eye—the perfectly trained maids, the motor-cars, unlimited credit at the stores, the general deference and obsequiousness that smoothed their path wherever they went. It was not to be resisted.

Away in the back of Mrs. Kittson's mind there was an ugly little thought which she would have been scandalized to see dragged out into the light.

"After all, Eve is a famous woman, and the ordinary conventions don't apply to her. It wouldn't hurt her professionally. She's famous enough to do what she likes."

Meanwhile Taylor was engaged in trying to run down Sanderson Ellis by telephone. He finally found him in attendance at a banquet in his own biggest hotel, the Bienvenu. Taylor apologized profusely for calling him to the telephone.

"That's all right, that's all right, Taylor. Delighted to hear from you at any time. What can I do for you?"

"I want to ask a little favor of you. Hope you won't think I'm a nuisance."

"Anything in my power, Taylor. Shoot!"

"You have a young fellow working for you called Howe Snedecor?"

"Yes, one of my secretaries. What about him?"

"I'd like to get in touch with him in a natural sort of way."

A wary note crept into the hotel man's voice.

"What for, Taylor?"

"Well, it's quite a long story. I'll give you the details when I see you. Briefly, it concerns Eve Allinson, the actress. It appears that she slipped out of town a few weeks ago, and for a stunt engaged herself under an assumed name to sing in a float-

ing theater down Maryland way. Young Snedecor comes from there, doesn't he?"

"Yes, I believe he does."

"A friend of Snedecor's wrote to him telling him about the wonderful singer and enclosing a photograph, and in this way the whole thing came out."

"Upon my word! Quite a story, eh?"

"Yes, isn't it? The papers have got hold of it. The whole thing will be out tomorrow. Naturally, we're interested; and what I want is to ask Snedecor a few friendly questions in an offhand way before any one else gets hold of him. Could you bring me in touch with him to-night without its looking too queer?"

"Why, sure, Taylor! He lives in the hotel here. All my young fellows understand I'm likely to call on them at any time. Tell you what you do—you call here to see me at half past ten, see? I'll tell Snedecor I'm expecting an important caller at that hour, and instruct him to receive you and keep you entertained until I can get away from this banquet. Then I'll turn up at eleven. Will that do?"

"First-rate!" said Taylor. "Ever so much obliged, Ellis."

"That's all right. Always happy to do any little thing I can. See you later!"

Having despatched a dependable messenger to Port Washington with the instructions for Mackenzie, skipper of the Pocahontas, Taylor presented himself at the Hotel Bienvenu at the hour agreed upon. He was shown to the suite of Mr. Sanderson Ellis, where he was received by a good-looking young fellow with a friendly smile.

"How do you do, Mr. Taylor?" said this young man. "You are expected; but Mr. Ellis, unfortunately, is still stalled at that confounded banquet up-stairs. He asked me to tell you that he would sneak away at the earliest possible moment. In the mean time, if you will be good enough to wait, I am to keep you company."

"Why, certainly, Mr.—er—"

"Snedecor," said the young man.

"Snedecor!" repeated Taylor, with an appearance of great surprise. "Not Howe Snedecor?"

"The very same," said the other, smiling. "What's the matter?"

"An odd coincidence," replied Taylor.

"I just heard a story about you."

"That's interesting," observed Snedecor.

"What was it?"

"In connection with Eve Allinson."

"Haven't the honor of the young lady's acquaintance."

"Just the same, you seem to have been instrumental in finding her."

"Didn't know she was lost," said Snedecor in surprise. Then recollection began to stir. "Eve Allinson!" he cried, with rising excitement. "Surely you don't mean that—"

"You got a letter from a friend down in Maryland."

Snedecor smote his fist into his palm.

"Eve Allinson!" he repeated. "Do you mean to say it *was* she? The photograph—I saw the resemblance, but I never supposed—good Lord, how do you know?"

"Maurice Gibbon told me. The story is out. It'll be in the papers to-morrow."

"Gibbon! Of course! That explains everything. What a situation!" cried Snedecor in amazement.

"Seems she hankered for a taste of the simple life," Taylor went on. "Slipped away without telling any of her friends, and engaged herself under an assumed name."

"Good Lord!" cried Snedecor again. "What a shock to Page! No wonder he picked her out as something out of the common!"

"Who's Page?" asked Taylor carelessly.

"My friend down in Maryland—the one who wrote to me."

"Oh, of course," said Taylor, careful to betray no more than a moderate degree of interest.

"Has Gibbon been down there already?" asked Snedecor.

"Yes."

"The son of a gun! He needn't have been so mysterious with me."

"Oh, you know these managers!"

"Page knows by now who the girl is?"

"I couldn't say. Gibbon didn't mention him."

"Is the girl coming back under Gibbon's management?"

Taylor hesitated. He couldn't know, of course, how often or how intimately the two young men might correspond.

"Gibbon let on that she was," he said finally; "but he didn't seem quite easy on the matter. I guess she made conditions."

"Well, well!" said Snedecor. "What a facer for old Page!"

"Is he in love with the girl?" asked Taylor carelessly.

"He says not; but you can't go by that. I think he is. In fact, I'm sure he is."

"What sort of fellow is he?"

"One in a thousand," said Snedecor simply. "Absolutely straight and clean."

"Too bad!" said Taylor. "A girl like that!"

"Eh?"

"Well, you know what she is."

"I don't know anything about her."

"Brutus Tawney's girl."

"The deuce you say! Seems to me I have heard that. Didn't take any stock in it, because such stories are circulated about every prominent person."

"But I happen to know that this story is true," said Taylor.

"How do you know?"

"All last winter Allinson lived like a princess at the Vandermeer, Tawney's hotel."

"By gad!" said Snedecor softly.

"Her clothes, her pearls, her motor-cars, were town talk; yet Gibbon only paid her a hundred and fifty a week under an old contract. I know that, because I've heard him brag about it."

"Hell!" muttered Snedecor.

"What would your friend do if he heard that?" asked Taylor.

"Do!" cried Snedecor. "God knows! He'd kill somebody. I don't know what he'd do. One of these quiet, close-mouthed fellows—when he does blow up, hell is let loose. And that sort of thing—a woman's virtue—is like a fetish with us. You don't understand up here. It's a fighting matter down home."

Taylor raised his expressive eyebrows.

"Yet I suppose you'll have to tell him."

"Tell him! I'd as lief walk into an active volcano!"

"But, as a friend—why, suppose he asks the girl to marry him?"

Snedecor clutched his head.

"Good God, you're right!" he said.

"But I'd rather be shot!"

"He may follow her up here," suggested Taylor. "Then he couldn't help but hear the story. He'd turn on you, wouldn't he, for not putting him wise?"

"Sure he would!"

"A nasty mess, any way you look at it," said Taylor sympathetically; "but if the young fellow is clean and straight, as you say, it would seem a shame to let him—"

Snedecor came to a sudden resolution.

"You're right," he said. "I'll write to

him. I'll write to him to-night, and get it over with."

They went on to discuss other angles of the story. Presently Mr. Sanderson Ellis came bustling into the room.

"Hello, Taylor! So sorry to keep you waiting."

"That's all right, Ellis," said Taylor affably. "Snedecor and I were talking."

The young secretary retired.

XVIII

PAGE got home late Sunday night after a day of happiness at Rhett'sboro. The Thespis was to move down the river to Cupplestone on Monday morning. Page arose at dawn on Monday, and did the work of two planters in the tobacco-field. By noon his field was fully planted.

When he came up to the house, dinner was not yet on the table. He hung around the kitchen, whistling between his teeth, glancing shyly at Miss Molly, trying to scowl with smiling lips, and succeeding only in looking self-conscious. He was longing to tell Miss Molly his secret, but could not bring himself up to the point.

These evidences of uncertainty were very noticeable in the self-controlled Page, and she wondered.

"Have a good time yesterday?" she asked as a leader.

"Mother, Merridy's going to marry me!" he blurted out breathlessly.

Miss Molly dropped her fork into the frying-pan and let it fry unheeded. She turned toward him with her arms outstretched and her face working.

"Page! My boy!" she faltered.

He could not face the impending shower. With a comical look of dismay he fled out of the house. She was not hurt; she knew him. She turned back to the stove and salvaged the fork. With one hand she continued her cooking, the other wiping away the happy tears on her apron.

Page walked through the woods to the mail-box on the road. His breast was humming with happiness. He filled his lungs with great drafts of the pine-scented air. Oh, but life was sweet, and the old earth was a good place to be on! The squirrel that scampered up a tree-trunk and scolded him from a branch, the cardinal bird flitting through the shadows like a vagrant flame, even the squawking catbirds, all were his little brothers.

Above the tree-tops the June sky was as

blue as Merridy's eyes. He had been working so hard all morning that he had not been able to think of her properly. Now the amazing recollection came rushing back.

"She loves me! She loves me!"

He felt like a god.

The entrance to Brookins Hill was from a side road a mile or two off the State road. This side road stretched away through the tall pines. The mail-box was a rough affair, one of Page's own early efforts in carpentry. He carelessly threw back the cover, expecting nothing in particular, but in addition to the Baltimore paper there was a letter for him from Howe Snedecor.

Before he had time to open the letter, Page's attention was sharply caught by some head-lines in the paper.

"Lost New York star discovered in Maryland," he read. "The famous Eve Allinson singing in a floating theater at Rhett'sboro."

Page, aware of a curious sensation like a dull, heavy knocking on his heart, started to read the story. It had been reprinted from the New York papers of the day before. It was a curious mixture of fact and invention; but at first he could get no sense out of it at all. The commotion in his breast was too violent. The printed letters merely danced before his eyes.

With a dogged effort of self-control he began at the beginning again, and spelled it out as if he were just learning to read. This time he got the sense of the words, but he felt nothing. His faculties were slightly numbed. He started to walk mechanically back to his dinner.

Suddenly he recollected the letter, and stopped to open it. It was not long—half a dozen terrible sentences. Page read it over and over. As before, he got the sense of it quite clearly before he felt that it applied to him in any way; but his face went gray to the lips, and his eyes glared around him wildly, as if seeking escape from unthinkable pain.

The letter by itself he might have repudiated; taken in connection with the damning newspaper story it crushed him. He neither believed nor disbelieved; he was incapable of conscious thought. He was aware only of pain mushrooming up inside him like some monstrous nightmare.

He clapped his hands to his head. No sound escaped him. Finally he put his head down and started to run.

His blind instinct was to seek Eve out, and to learn the truth from her lips. Blinded by pain as he was, he nevertheless proceeded with a certain cunning, for above all he dreaded having to face his mother. Oh, if only he had not told her anything!

Making a detour, he got into the back of the barn unseen from the house, and cranked his car before he opened the front doors. Then, when he ran the car out, it was too late to question or to stop him.

Miss Molly came running out on the kitchen porch crying:

"Page! Page!"

Page threw the newspaper out of the car. Let her read that. She must be told something, of course.

Turning the corner of the barn, he was lost in the woods. He had on his working clothes; his head was bare.

Nature is merciful. There comes a point where we can feel no more. That twenty-five-mile drive was a long blank to Page. Yet his subconsciousness worked as usual. He still listened to Madeleine's manifold voices; he manipulated the match-sticks in the coils. At the first tank alongside the State road he automatically stopped for gasoline and oil.

In order to avoid meeting anybody, he left the main road at Tom Sutor's place, and made his way by little-used back roads to Bellevue. Bellevue was no more than a store and landing-place opposite the village of Cupplestone. Page hired a skiff from a man who did not know him, leaving the car as security for its safe return. Pushing off, he pulled doggedly for the Thespis, which he could see moored to the opposite shore, half a mile away. He never gave a thought to his tousled hair, his faded shirt, his earth-stained trousers.

Meanwhile Eve had not needed to read the newspapers that morning to learn what had happened, for the morning stage, which brought the papers from Rhett'sboro, brought with them half a dozen reporters. After a brief and unsuccessful attempt to cope with them, Eve had fled to her room. Thereafter Mr. Jolley and the male members of the company loyally held the forward deck of Thespis against boarders.

The little company was slightly stunned by the event, but for them it had as yet no tragic implications. Eve, tormented by her private anxieties, suffered under their kindness. After lunch, in order to escape her

friends no less than the reporters, she went up on the roof of the vessel. Here she could keep a lookout. She knew that the mail arrived at Brookins Hill about noon, and she guessed that Page would come at once. She timed his arrival almost to a minute. She saw him as soon as he pushed off from the other side, and awaited his coming, sick with dread.

She was not altogether without hope, however. What if she had not told him the whole truth? Surely the fact that she had been famous for a brief period would not make him stop loving her! Would it not count for her just a little that she was willing to give up so much for him?

It was the recollection of the scene with Gibbon when Page was present that chiefly tormented her. Page was as proud as Lucifer.

When he drew close, Page was somewhat intimidated by the little crowd that he saw on the forward deck of the Thespis. His raw nerves apprehended reporters.

Nobody on board took any notice of him in his old clothes, and, changing his course, he headed for the stern. Something caused him to glance up. He saw Eve leaning over the edge of the roof, and beckoning him to come up there. She drew back hastily. Even at the distance she was shocked by his face. It was gray and marked with dark streaks, his eyes were dull, and he looked almost middle-aged. This was worse than she expected!

Page tied his skiff to the stern rail and drew himself on board. Just inside the back door the three women of the company were seated on the stage, sewing at the everlasting costumes, and no doubt discussing the amazing event of the morning. At sight of Page they exclaimed as at an apparition. Page gave them a sort of nod, quite unseeing, crossed the stage, went through the little door, up the gallery stairs, up the ladder to the pilot-house, and so out on the roof.

Eve was waiting for him in the spot where they had sat together so happily the night before. He had to traverse almost the whole length of the vessel to reach her. Her eyes were fixed on him with an imploring smile, but when he came close she could not support his dull, fixed glance. Her eyes fell. He stood looking down at her in silence.

"You have read the paper?" she faltered at last.

"I have read more than the paper," Page said harshly.

A terrible fear entered Eve's breast. Of course they would not stop with printing that story!

"What do you mean?" she gasped.

Without speaking, he drew Howe Snedecor's crumpled letter from his pocket and handed it to her. Eve had no need to study it. The swiftest of glances told her what it contained. Her breath failed her.

"It's not true! It's not true!" she stammered. But she saw that she must fight for her happiness, and her voice gathered strength. "Page, it's not true!" she cried desperately. "Surely you can't believe it? Doesn't your heart tell you it's not true?"

Page sneered.

"My heart isn't working," he said. He was not consciously thinking; something inside him was producing words out of his mouth. "I see that you're not surprised. You didn't even have to read the letter."

She looked at him in incredulous horror. Such was the cruelty of his words that for the moment she couldn't feel the hurt.

"Of course I knew what they said about me," she cried. "That's why I ran away. As soon as I learned what people were saying, I ran away!"

"Then it is true that you lived at the Hotel Vandermeer all last winter?"

"Page, you are in no fit state now to judge of the truth."

"Answer me!"

She nodded.

"How much did it cost you?"

"I don't know."

His lip curled.

"I don't know, I tell you! I never thought about such things. Of course it cost lots more than I was making. I'm not trying to deny anything. Mr. Tawney must have paid. As soon as I discovered the net they were weaving about me, I broke out of it. What more could I do?"

"After all winter!"

"Oh, you'll be sorry for this!" she cried. "You'll be sorry!"

"Who do you mean by 'they'?" he demanded.

"That man had an army of spies and servants. Everybody near me was in his pay—even the one I trusted."

"Like a play, isn't it?" said Page.

She stared at him in silent horror. The man before her was a stranger to her.

"Why didn't you tell me the truth in the beginning?" he said.

"Be fair to me," she stammered. "How could I tell such things to a man?"

He did not hear. A dull anger was slowly overmastering him.

"You lied to me from the first," he said thickly. "The very name that I thought of you by was a lie. I used to say it over to myself when I was alone, like a fool! You lied to me before that man! You let him laugh at me! Very likely you laughed at me together when I had gone!"

"No! No!" she whispered, aghast.

"Didn't you see that man after I had gone?"

"Yes, but—but—Page!"

"I thought so!"

This was too terrible to be borne. She could no longer even defend herself. She slipped down in a heap on the deck, and hid her face in her arm, aware that the attitude was one of guilt, but unable to help herself. His frightful, unreasonable rage beat her down.

"The letter lies!" she whispered.

"I can believe Howe," he said. "I know him."

"You believe anybody sooner than me! What kind of a love is that?"

A spasm of rage and pain distorted his face. His hands went to his head.

"Don't speak of love!" he said. "If you were innocent, you could have told me the story. There would have been nothing to hide. But you always lied! And I looked on you as a different sort of being! I could have kneeled to you. I handed myself over to you. I never gave myself before. God, when a man puts all his hopes on a thing and it turns out bad, it turns him savage!"

He turned as if to leave her. She grasped his arm.

"You sha'n't—you sha'n't leave me so!" she gasped.

At her touch Page recoiled in horror. Flames seemed to shoot up in his brain.

"Keep away from me!" he cried hoarsely. "Is this the way you did to him? Oh, God, I'll kill him! I've got to kill him!"

He wrenched himself free of her, and, putting down his head, ran blindly for the pilot-house door. Swift as he was, Eve was swifter. She reached the door first and blocked his way.

"You sha'n't go!" she cried. "You've got to listen!"

"I'll find him out," said Page. "I'll kill him!"

"You're mad! You have no reason to kill him! I was never his!"

"Too many lies!" cried Page harshly. "Get out of the way! I don't want to hurt you."

"I won't!" she cried wildly. "You'll have to hurt me. I won't let you go! I'll follow you wherever you go!"

Reluctant to put his hand on her, Page hesitated, scowling. She took it for a sign that he was weakening. Swiftly gliding to him, she wreathed her arms about his neck, and recklessly pressed her body against his.

"Page, my darling!" she murmured. "There's nobody in the world for me but you! Have you forgotten last night so soon?"

The terrible sweetness of her overwhelmed him. With a cry of rage and pain, he tried to disengage her arms. She clung to him desperately. They struggled.

"Page, I love you!" she gasped. "I'll never let you go! You love me—why fight against it? That's why you suffer so!"

But he tore her arms apart and flung her from him.

"I don't want anything like you!" he cried.

He ran through the door and down the ladder.

The three women were still sitting on the stage, but they were not sewing. They had heard the sound of scuffling overhead, and their faces were frozen. Page passed them without a sign. His eyes were those of a madman. Climbing over the after rail, he dropped into his skiff and cast off.

The three women started to run in little jerks toward the stairs, their hands pressed to their mouths.

XIX

PAGE got home about six o'clock. Mr. Jimmy, pottering around in front of the barn, was lying in wait for the truant. All afternoon he had been working himself up into a fine state of indignation. It was not often that he got so good a chance to assert himself against his masterful son.

"What the devil do you mean by running away like that, and leaving me everything to do?" he began.

Page passed him as if he were not there, and continued on to the house.

"You, Page!" he roared.

With a dim realization that something

serious was afoot, his anger gradually oozed out of him. He stared after Page open-mouthed; he scratched his head. Finally he spat with emphasis, and went to feed the pigs.

Page's mother was not so easily to be got by. She was waiting for him in the kitchen. When he opened the door, her eyes flew to his, and a little sound of terror escaped her; for she read something worse than mere anger or grief there; she read ruin.

"Page!" she faltered.

"Please—don't speak to me," Page said, articulating with difficulty. "I've got to be by myself."

"But Page—I must know—what's the matter!"

"Let me alone, can't you?" he cried in a voice wild with pain.

He ran up-stairs and into the little room over the front door, slamming the door behind him. There was no key in it, or he would have locked it.

Miss Molly crept up after him, with her hands pressed to her breast. For a moment she leaned against the frame of his door with her eyes closed, praying for strength. Then she opened it and went in. Page was lying face down on his bed, with his arms wreathed around his head.

"Page!" she said softly.

He sprang up with a furious face.

"I asked you to leave me alone!" he cried. "Can't I be alone in my own room? Must I go out in the woods?"

But Miss Molly had got her strength. She put her back against the door.

"Don't speak to me like that," she said. "I'm your mother. I have some rights. I want to know what's the matter."

"You read the paper," muttered Page. "Certainly I read the paper," she said; "but there was nothing in that story to account for this. She hasn't taken back her promise, has she?"

"Oh, no," said Page, with an ugly sneer.

"Page, you're breaking my heart!" his mother cried. "What has happened?"

"If I tell you, will you let me alone?" he muttered.

"Yes—if I can't help you."

He pulled the crumpled letter from his pocket, and, handing it over, flung himself down again, his back to her.

Miss Molly read the letter and stood silent for a while, the back of her hand flung over her eyes, while she tried to think. Al-

most any mother, under the circumstances, would have accepted the stigma on the girl, and would have encouraged her son in his resolve to have no more to do with such a creature; but Miss Molly had a deeper insight. She was inclined to love the girl, though of course Eve was nothing to her beside Page. Her mother's instinct told her that if Eve were thrust down into the pit, all that was best in Page would perish with her; so she set to work to fight for the girl in order to save Page.

"Well, are you going to take it lying down?" she said cunningly.

It flicked Page on the raw. He sat up scowling.

"Let me alone," he muttered.

"This thing has got to be talked over," she said. "We are not children. Did she admit it?"

Page laughed hatefully.

"Admit it! What do you expect? Of course she didn't admit it."

Miss Molly breathed more freely.

"It may not be true," she said.

"I'll take Howe's word for that. He's careful what he says."

"But he may have been put up to it without his knowing."

"No fear! Nobody's going to put anything over on Howe. He's sharp—he's sharper than I am!"

"Well, I've got him talking, anyhow," Miss Molly thought. "That's something!"

She went on patiently:

"But Howe says here in the letter, 'I have it on the best authority.' Whose authority? This man Tawney would stop at nothing. How easy it would be for him to get somebody to tell the story to Howe!"

"It's no use, mother," said Page bitterly. He struck his breast. "When a thing is smashed to pieces, you can't stick it together again. She has been lying to me from the beginning. I can't believe in anything any more!"

"Not in me?" said his mother softly.

He did not answer.

"Why shouldn't she have lied to you in the beginning?" Miss Molly went on. "Nobody bares his heart to a stranger. How could she have told such a story to a man, anyhow?"

Page stirred uneasily; this was what Eve had said.

"I wish you'd drop it," he muttered sullenly. "Can't do any good."

Miss Molly took a bolder tone.

"You are hurt and angry," she said, "and you've simply made up your mind not to believe. It's your pride that's hurt as much as anything. The evidence is pretty flimsy, if you want my opinion. I don't believe the story!"

"If you'd seen her!" muttered Page. "She could not look at me!"

"I suspect it was your anger that crushed her, not a sense of guilt."

"That's just your kindness of heart."

"My heart has nothing to do with it. If she was guilty, why on earth should she have run away?"

"Perhaps she tired of the man."

"Shame on you, Page! *That* girl! I've lived my life, and I know something about women. That girl was never any man's mistress—not with those eyes!"

"Mere sentimentality!" muttered Page.

"Would I be urging you to go back to her if I was not sure?"

"Drop it, mother! I never could believe in her again. The only thing for me to do is to forget the whole infernal business!"

He flung himself down on his bed again. Miss Molly lingered with her hand on the door. So she had failed, it seemed! She experienced exactly the same feeling of impotence in the face of man's unreasonableness that had crushed Eve earlier.

She was loath to give up. She threshed her brain for some expedient whereby she might reopen the discussion; but nothing came. Finally with a heavy sigh she went out and down the stairs.

Miss Molly came flying up the stairs again, her eyes wide with excitement.

"Page! Page!" she cried, flinging the door open. "Look out of the window!"

The window was over his bed. Effectually roused by her tone, he sprang to his knees and looked out. Far below in the river he saw a superb vessel headed upstream. He had never seen anything so beautiful afloat. The elegance of her clipper bows, the rake of her masts, and the width of her funnel belied her size at first glance. In reality she was as big as many a liner. She moved through the water with an inimitably lazy grace that was deceiving as to her speed, too. Page's mind did not immediately seize on the connection.

"It must be Tawney's yacht!" cried Miss Molly. "No such vessel as that has ever been seen in our river before. He's going after her while you lie here on your

bed! Will you let him take her without lifting a hand—you, a Brookins?"

She had struck the right note at last. A swift reaction passed over Page.

"Damn him!" he cried thickly. He leaped off the bed. "Let me out of here!"

"Wait! You must dress!" she cried.

"Can't stop for that!" he said, attempting to thrust her aside.

But she held her ground.

"You *must* dress! You must be able to meet the man on his own ground."

He hesitated, and she took advantage of it to push him into a sitting position on the bed. She flung his clothes at him.

"Change your trousers and shoes," she told him. "I'll put the studs in your shirt."

When she got him well started on his dressing, she ran out.

"I'll get your supper," she cried. "You had no dinner. You must eat before you start."

"Put it in a package!" Page called after her. "I'll eat it as I drive."

When she was out of the room, he slipped his revolver into his hip pocket. He sprang down the stairs, snatched up his supper, which lay on the edge of the table, and ran out of the house. Mr. Jimmy, sitting at the other end of the table, stared after him with hanging jaw. When the door slammed behind Page, Miss Molly collapsed in a chair, and, covering her face with her hands, burst into tears.

"Oh, I hope I've done right!" she wailed.

Mr. Jimmy transferred his bewildered stare to her.

"Well, I'll be dog-goned if I don't think the world has gone plumb crazy!" he said. "What in Pete's name is the matter with you all?"

Miss Molly's hands came down, and the gray eyes blazed on him. One saw then that Page was not all Brookins.

"Be quiet!" she said. "Eat your supper! If you speak to me again, I—I don't know what I'll do!"

Then she too ran out, slamming the door after her; but she ran no farther than the yard gate, where she stood with head bent, listening to the sound of the car receding into the woods. When she could no longer hear it, she prayed.

Page took the ruts and the gullies on high. Madeleine complained piteously, but he was deaf to her. By the time he reached

the State road—it seemed half a dozen miles instead of two—she had developed several new squeaks and rattles. Nevertheless, with a savage recklessness, he opened her up wide.

Careless who saw him now, he stuck to the State road for the better going. He passed Tom Sutor's place at about forty miles an hour. Young Ellick was leaning on the front gate, enjoying the evening. His jaw dropped at the sight of Page, with white face and blazing eyes, running wild in Madeleine.

"Hey, Page! Page!" he shouted; but he did not get so much as a look. "He's gone crazy!" he thought anxiously. "I wonder should I follow him up?"

But he decided against it. Ellick was chary of interfering in Page's affairs.

Page made King's Green in forty minutes. Here he had to turn off to a side road—a villainous road; but still he would not spare Madeleine. A mile or so out of the village she retaliated by blowing out a tire. He changed it, cursing continuously. Jumping in again, he pushed her on down the bad road in a suicidal attempt to make up the lost time.

Within another mile, twisting over a rut, he heard a loud metallic crack under the rear, and a truly heartfelt curse was forced from his breast. He knew what it was—a tooth gone out of the ring gear. He did slow down then, and went on with an ominous dull knocking in his differential.

His care came too late. Presently another tooth cracked off, and the knocking redoubled. The end could not much longer be deferred. While he was yet five miles from Bellevue several teeth went at once with a horrid smashing and grinding. He was just able to steer Madeleine into the ditch when she jammed and stopped.

He jumped out. No use to examine the damage! When your ring gear goes, no power on earth will turn your rear wheels save a tow-line. Page ran on down the road.

XX

It was growing dark when Page got to the river. The Pocahontas was riding gracefully at anchor a little below Cupplestone. She bulked large up here where the river was narrower. She was already jeweled with lights, which sparkled through the dusk with a fairylike beauty. Beyond her Page could see the Thespis moored

alongside the farther shore, and lighted up for the evening performance.

The house of the man who owned the skiff was dark, and a vigorous knocking failed to arouse any sign of life within. Very likely the owner was at the store a few hundred yards distant; but Page couldn't wait for explanations. The boat he wanted was moored just off the beach on an endless line, and the oars, Page knew, were under the porch. He took the oars, pulled in the skiff, and set off.

His direct course for the Thespis did not take him close to the Pocahontas, but he passed near enough to appreciate for the first time the immense size of that vessel. It secretly astonished him. She was the largest vessel of which he had ever had a close view. More than anything he had heard of Tawney, her bulk impressed him with the power of the mar with whom he had to deal. The tide was falling, and the big yacht was heading up-stream.

When he got across the river, the performance in the floating theater was already under way. Through the open windows he could hear Mrs. Jolley's rotund tones defying the villain. This was awkward. He couldn't very well stop the show. He pulled under the stern, and, quietly climbing aboard, passed through the rear door.

Mortimer was the first one he met, awaiting his cue behind the scene.

"Where's Miss Allinson?" Page whispered sharply.

"Eh? You!" said Mortimer, startled. "Come out here."

He pulled Page through the door to the narrow deck encircling the stern.

"Is she safe on board?" Page demanded in a strained voice.

"Why, no, she's not aboard," said Mortimer reluctantly.

Page gripped his arm.

"Where is she?"

"Gone out to the big yacht yonder."

Page clenched his teeth.

"When?" he muttered.

"Half an hour ago, maybe—just before the curtain went up. A lady came to get her—her aunt, I believe. Of course, I don't know the circumstances. They were shut up in Miss Lee's—Miss Allinson's room. Finally Miss Allinson went back with her."

"Anybody else come off the yacht?" Page demanded thickly.

Mortimer shook her head.

"The lady was alone."

"Did Miss Allinson say she was coming back?"

Mortimer shook his head again.

"She didn't say good-by to us. Too much upset, I expect. She could scarcely walk; but Mrs. Jolley told us we wouldn't see her again."

Without another word Page turned to the rail. Mortimer laid a hand on his arm.

"Lad!" he whispered in his deep voice. "You're not going out there?"

"Certainly," said Page. "Why not?"

Mortimer stared.

"Well," he said, "I'll say you have pluck! I wish to God I could go along with you; but I'm tied here!"

"Thanks," said Page. "I'm best alone."

"Give me your hand!" said the old man. "And God be with you!"

Untying his skiff, Page dropped into her. Laying a course for the Pocahontas, he pulled with all his strength. Occasionally he glanced over his shoulder to see if he were heading right. Suddenly he saw the yacht's red running-light come on. She was preparing to get under way!

He heard the clank of her anchor chain. He was still more than a furlong away, and a cold terror gripped him. Once the vessel got under way, there was no possibility of his stopping her. Bending to his oars, he made the water fly.

Presently, between strokes, he distinctly heard the jingle of the engine-room telegraph, and a groan broke from him. The sweat was pouring from him, his lungs were laboring like an old bellows, but he still had a spurt in him.

In a few seconds he dared to look again. He was within a hundred yards of the vessel now, but she was moving through the water. It was vain to think of chasing her; but she was still heading up-stream. He could head her off before she got straightened out in the channel—provided there was some means, a ladder, a rope, by which he might scale her side.

"If there isn't," Page thought desperately, "I might as well be sucked into her propeller!"

In front of the village the river was wide enough for the big Pocahontas to make a complete turn; but off the point below the channel narrowed. There was a lighted buoy off the point, and Page knew she must

pass close to this light. He made for it. At the best it was a desperate chance, for it was perfectly dark now, and he would scarcely be able to see what he was doing; but he knew that if there was a boarding ladder down, it would be on the starboard side. Passing out, she would leave the light to starboard.

Page reached the lighted buoy before she did. With a fast-beating heart he beheld the green and red lights bearing down on him. He heard the swish of the yacht's bow wave as she gathered way. Her high bow towered over him like a cliff. It sheared through the water not half a dozen yards from him, and his little skiff rocked drunkenly over the big wave it pushed out.

Page pulled three strokes and hit the hull of the moving vessel a glancing blow. He was suked alongside. Dropping his oars, he stood up. He saw the ladder coming and crouched. It struck him a blow that knocked the wind out of him, but his hands closed firmly around a rail, and he swung himself round on the grating at the foot of the ladder. A corner of the grating caught the gunwale of his skiff, dragged her roaring through the water for a yard or two, then cast her off in the darkness.

For a moment or two Page crouched on the grating, getting his wind back, and wiping the sweat off his face. Then he straightened up and mounted the ladder.

On deck there was nobody in the immediate vicinity. No one saw him. He looked about to get his bearings.

A little forward of where he stood, light was streaming through the open windows of the deck-house. Page went forward and looked in. He saw a beautiful oval saloon, paneled in a rich dark wood—a dining saloon, for there were buffets displaying silver, and in the center a smallish round table, snowy and glittering.

At the table a lady and a gentleman were seated at their meal. The lady's back was partly turned toward Page; she was in evening dress—a lady past her youth. The man faced him squarely—a great, obese figure, with a heavy, strong, and scornful face. By instinct Page knew his mark.

The dining-saloon occupied the forward end of the deck-house. It had windows all around, except at the after end. It had no door leading directly out on deck. Aft of the saloon were two pantries, and two white-clad stewards were passing in and out. Between the pantries a passage led

farther aft, and Page, following back on the outside, made out that this passage ended in a sort of entrance hall, with a stairway leading below. This, then, was the way in.

Page tried the door; it opened. By instinct he pulled off his cap and stuffed it into his pocket. He transferred his revolver from his hip pocket to the side pocket of his coat, and kept his hand on it.

Making his way through the short passage, he entered the brightly lighted saloon. He stopped just over the threshold. The two stewards, men of no stamina, glanced at him in a startled way, and looked at their master for instructions. The lady could not see Page. Tawney looked at him, and in that glance was instantly aware that he was being covered by a gun. He was aware, too, from the look in Page's eyes, that he had to do with Eve's lover, dangerous as a madman and more determined.

It was a nasty surprise; but Tawney came of good stock. He was game.

"Good evening," he said coolly, to gain time. "You are—"

"Page Brookins," said Page.

An exclamation broke from Mrs. Kittson. Tawney scowled at her. To Page he said ironically:

"Happy to see you, Mr. Brookins. What can I do for you?"

The servants, taking from their master's tone that Page was not to be thrown out, went on about their duties.

"I want to see Miss Allinson," said Page.

"You can't see her!" cried Mrs. Kittson, ruffling up like an indignant hen. "The idea!"

Tawney's flesh crawled.

"Good God!" he thought. "The woman will bring down a fusillade on us!"

He said to her quickly:

"Allow me, Mrs. Kittson!"

To Page he went on smoothly:

"Mrs. Kittson means that unfortunately Miss Allinson is indisposed, and was unable to join us at dinner; but since you have taken the trouble to come aboard, we will send word to her. Mrs. Kittson, will you be good enough to ask Miss Allinson if she will see Mr. Brookins?"

Mrs. Kittson, confused, angry, but silenced by Tawney's tone, pushed her chair back, and went out, swishing her skirts. The hope leaped up in Tawney's eyes that

Page would follow her. If Page went below, he would have him!

But the same thought was in Page's mind. He remained covering his man.

There was a brief silence. Tawney glanced at the stewards out of the corners of his eyes. If he could only signal to one of them! No chance while those resolute eyes were fixed on him; and the men were too stupid to guess what was the matter, and to act.

Tawney was horribly conscious of the end of the pistol barrel poking out the stuff of Page's coat. His only hope lay in breaking this young fire-eater's morale.

"Sit down, Mr. Brookins," he said with perfect courtesy, waving a hand toward the seat on his right.

Page reflected quickly. If he continued to stand in that threatening attitude, the servants could hardly fail to see that something was wrong. If they passed the word out, how easy for anybody to pot him through the windows! So far, owing to Tawney's courteous air, they suspected nothing; Page determined to play up to it. He bowed in response to Tawney's invitation, but he did not take the seat indicated. Instead, he went to Tawney's left hand, where there was also a chair. From this side he could keep his man covered.

"You will have some dinner?" said Tawney.

"No, thank you," said Page.

"A glass of wine, anyway."

Tawney signed to a servant to fill a glass for Page.

At a moment when one of the stewards had retired to the pantry and the other was at the buffet, Page said quietly:

"I see I don't have to tell you that I have a gun. I am still covering you under the table. It is natural for me to shoot from the hip. A shot from here would make a nasty wound."

Tawney bit his lip. The most conspicuous part of his person was under the table, and, like all corpulent men, he was peculiarly sensitive in that part.

He quickly recovered himself. He even laughed with a natural ring.

"Excuse me," he said deprecatingly, "but this is too funny! One doesn't expect this sort of thing nowadays."

Page showed no signs of being confused by his laughter.

"I hold by a gun," he said. "It's a good argument."

"But doesn't one generally wait to find out whether that argument is required?"

"It might be too late to use it then," said Page grimly.

Tawney held up his glass and glanced through the ruby fluid at the light. He wished to show Page that his hand was quite steady.

"Do you know," he said musingly, "I have never before been threatened with bodily injury! It sets up a novel reaction. There are some men, you know, that you cannot threaten. I think—in fact, I am sure—that I'm one of them. I would rather die than give in to a threat."

"Suits me," said Page hardily. "Two hours ago I would have shot you on sight without any talk at all."

"Indeed!" said Tawney. "What has changed you in two hours?"

"I no longer think that I have any reason to shoot you."

Tawney winced. There was another silence.

"Well," said Tawney, "if I go, it will be with the satisfaction of knowing that you'll swing for it—that is, if they still hang in Maryland."

"They still hang in Maryland," said Page grimly; "but I shall not hang."

"Oh, I think the murderer of Brutus Tawney would scarcely escape justice!"

"You're a well-known man," said Page; "but I don't think the public regards you with much affection—at least, not in Maryland. We're an old-fashioned lot down here. We have old-fashioned ideas about women. No jury would convict me under the circumstances—not in Maryland!"

Fear began to crawl along Tawney's veins.

"The young madman is right, damn him!" he thought. "Everybody knows what juries are!"

Tawney's hand began to tremble at last. He rested it on the edge of the table. He still sought to shake Page's nerve by a parade of nonchalance.

"Awkward for me if Miss Allinson declines to see you," he said, laughing.

This did reach Page.

"What if I have killed her love by my folly and brutality?" he thought. "I deserve nothing better!"

His heart went down, but he allowed nothing to show in his face.

"She must tell me that herself," he said stubbornly.

"If she doesn't come up, you can go down to her door," said Tawney carelessly.

"Thanks," said Page grimly; "but I stay here—with you. I expect that lady will come back saying that Miss Allinson refuses to see me. You will tell her to bring Miss Allinson up here."

"And if I refuse?" said Tawney softly.

"I will shoot you." For an instant Page's anger escaped his control. His face turned dark. "It would be easy—you beast!"

Page's anger intimidated Tawney less than his deadly coolness. The epithet touched him not at all. He tried one last bluff.

"I have a bell in the floor under my foot," he said coolly. "If I touch it, it will bring twenty men."

"Bring them!" said Page. "Before they get into the room you'll be dead—or mangled," he added with a hard smile.

Mrs. Kittson came bustling back through the passage. Both men stood. She began to speak before she was well into the room. Like all foolish persons, she said too much.

"Miss Allinson begs to be excused. She is not in a fit state to see anybody—anybody at all. Besides, she has nothing to say to Mr. Brookins—nothing whatever! She was quite emphatic as to that!"

It was perfectly evident that the woman was lying. She had not seen Eve.

Page looked at Tawney meaningly. There was a considerable silence. All three remained standing.

"Well, you have your answer," said Mrs. Kittson. "Why don't you go?"

"I'm waiting for Mr. Tawney's answer," Page said.

The servants were at the other end of the room. Page took the revolver from his pocket and held it close to his side. Mrs. Kittson could not see it—only Tawney. It fascinated Tawney's eyes. In imagination he felt the bullet tearing through his flesh. After all, life was sweet. Fine beads of sweat sprung out on his forehead. A violent trembling attacked him. He dropped into his chair.

"Go below and bring Eve up here," he said harshly.

"Wh-what?" stammered the astounded lady.

"Bring Eve up here!"

"But—but—"

"You heard what I said!" he cried.

She scuttled down the passage.

Page put the gun out of sight again, but kept his hand upon it. He slowly backed against one of the buffets at the after end of the room, so that no one might take him in the rear. Tawney had given in for the moment, but his difficulties were by no means over. How was he going to make his getaway? Alone, he could have swum ashore from any point in the channel; but burdened with Eve—

One of the stewards came in to remove the plates.

"Get out!" snarled Tawney.

The man flinched as if he had received a blow, and sidled out. Through a crack in the pantry door he watched his master.

Tawney played with his wine-glass.

There was the sound of swift, light steps in the passage. Eve, dressed just as Page had seen her last, and with her hair disordered, ran in and stopped short. She looked at Page with her very soul in her eyes. A wild hope showed there.

"Have you—have you come for me?" she gasped.

Page lost his masterful air.

"If you are willing," he murmured.

Regardless of Tawney, Eve flung herself into Page's arms.

"Willing! Oh, Page! Oh, Page! You nearly broke my heart! I had no hope—oh, Page, I love you so!"

One of Page's arms went around her; the other hand was still in his pocket. His eyes were fixed on Tawney.

Hearing Eve's confession, the big man seemed to settle slowly in his chair. His head sank forward, and his eyes could not be seen. A livid pallor overspread his face, upon which a network of fine, dark veins stood out.

Mrs. Kittson, following Eve in, stood staring, frightened into silence. The two servants peeped through a crack in the pantry door.

Finally Tawney lifted his head. His face was a livid mask. He addressed Page in a controlled voice:

"How did you come aboard?"

"I had a boat," Page replied; "but I had to jump for it. I lost the boat."

Tawney inclined his head.

"Martin!" he cried in a firm voice.

One of the stewards entered, frightened and self-conscious.

"Ask Captain Mackenzie to step here," said Tawney.

"One moment," said Page quickly. "I

would like to know what you are going to say to Captain Mackenzie."

Mrs. Kittson blinked as if she simply could not credit her ears, hearing Tawney addressed in that tone.

Tawney smiled with a sort of indifferent scorn. To the servant he said:

"Instead of asking the captain to come here, you may take Mr. Brookins and Miss Allinson to him. Tell the captain it is my wish that he should put them ashore in a boat at any point along the river that they may choose."

Page was surprised; but he could respond to generosity in his enemy.

"Thank you, sir," he said.

Tawney bowed, not without dignity. In defeat, there was a sort of grandeur in the old man.

Page and Eve followed the servant out through the passage. Eve had not once looked at Tawney. Mrs. Kittson followed at their heels, whimpering. In the entrance hall she plucked at Eve's skirt.

"Eve," she whispered imploringly, "take me ashore with you! Don't leave me on board with that terrible man! I'm so afraid of him! I've always been your friend, Eve. Don't desert me now!"

Eve looked at Page.

"What should I do?" she asked.

Page had no mercy here.

"She's a liar," he said curtly. "She's been a false friend to you. I don't want her in my house."

Eve pushed the imploring hand away. Mrs. Kittson tottered down the stairs, weeping audibly. Page and Eve followed the steward out on deck, and made their way forward. As they passed the saloon windows, Page saw Tawney still sitting immovable as they had left him, staring sightlessly at his wine-glass. Eve averted her head from the windows.

They mounted to the bridge. There were two shadowy figures upon it. To the first the steward delivered his message. Whatever the captain's thoughts may have been, he did not allow them to appear.

"Very good!" was all that he said, and his voice had a manly, honest ring.

"H'are you, Brookins?" the second figure sang out.

"Who are you?" asked Page, surprised.

"John Ticknor, of Absalom's. I'm on board as pilot for the river."

"Good!" said Page. "We'll stay up here," he whispered to Eve.

The steward was still lingering with his ears stretched.

"Bring Miss Allinson a warm wrap to put around her," Page told him.

The man went about his errand with alacrity. Page was evidently a person to be propitiated.

"How far have we come from Cupplestone, Captain Mackenzie?" Page inquired.

"About eight miles, sir."

"Then that red light ahead is off Stair's Island Point. My place is fourteen miles below Stair's Island. Will you put us off there?"

"Very good, sir."

At nine o'clock Mr. Jimmy Brookins had gone to bed, disgusted. For two hours after that Miss Molly sat in the bare little dining-room, almost in a state of suspended animation—waiting. Shortly after eleven she heard the latch of the front gate click, and sprang up with her heart in her mouth. She had heard no car come. Snatching up the lamp, she carried it to the front door.

She saw Page coming up the path with his arm around Eve. They stepped up on the porch. The lamplight revealed Page's dark face quiet and beaming. A sob escaped Miss Molly, and she began to tremble so that the lamp-chimney rattled. Page quickly took the lamp from her.

She leaned against the door frame and covered her eyes with the back of her hand.

"Oh, Page, is everything all right?" she faltered.

"Quite all right, mother," said Page in a deep voice.

Eve glided to her and wreathed her arms about the older woman's neck.

"Quite all right, mother," she whispered.

XXI

NEXT morning it was raining again, and no work could be done in the fields. Soon after breakfast Ellick Sutor came riding over to Brookins Hill in his flivver, to find out what Page had been up to the day before. He found Page and Eve standing out in the rain, arm in arm, gazing up at the kitchen roof and making passes in the air. Ellick grinned at them delightedly, but somewhat at a loss for words.

"Just the man I want to see!" said Page.

"I was going to walk up to your place directly. By gad, I've put off getting a telephone in too long! Can you take half a day off to tow in Madeleine? She's in

the ditch two miles west of King's Green. Stripped my ring gear."

"I'm not surprised," said Ellick dryly.

"Well, can you come?"

"Reckon I can. Let's start."

"Oh, Page, can I go too?" pleaded Eve.

Young Page, slightly intoxicated by this delicious deference to his authority, answered in a very offhand way:

"I guess so, if you're a good girl."

She ran into the house.

"Well, Peggy, I guess everything's all right, eh?" said Ellick to Page.

"Sure, everything's all right, Ellick," replied Page.

Their right hands found each other.

"Congrats!" mumbled Ellick.

"If you say another word I'll brain you," mumbled Page, scowling.

Ellick laughed in relief.

"Same old Peggy!"

The three of them rode up the county, squeezed comfortably together in the front seat of Ellick's flivver. Eve was wearing Miss Molly's rain-coat and an old hat of Page's. Eve decided that the grinning, rosy-cheeked Ellick was going to make a charming cousin-in-law.

They found Madeleine in the ditch, sodden, decrepit, and discouraged. They laughed again at the absurd sight she made. Ellick jumped out, ready for business.

"If she's jammed," he said, "reckon I'll have to take her down and clean out the broken pieces before we start home."

"Wait a minute," said Page. "I've got to go on to the river and pay a man for his skiff that I sunk last night."

"A skiff, too?" said Ellick, grinning.

Page ignored him.

"Leave Madeleine till we come back," he said.

"That's wasting time. You go on, and I'll be working on the car."

"But I see in Eve's eye that she wants to row over to Cupplestone and say good-bye to her friends."

"That's all right. Madeleine's dry inside. If I get through before you come back, I'll climb in and have a snooze. I can always sleep. Stay as long as you like, my children!"

"Well, if you don't mind," said Page.

When Page and Eve faced the man at Bellevue, and Page told him about the borrowed skiff, a storm gathered; but when Page pulled out his money, and asked the damage, it blew over. The owner of the

boat accepted a little more than a new one would cost, and called it square. It appeared that his neighbor down the beach had another skiff, which they could hire upon leaving the flivver as security.

The male part of the Jolley Dramatic Company, excepting Rollo, who had gone to the post-office for letters, was sitting in the front doorway of the theater, out of the rain, gloomily discussing the probable fate of Eve and Page, and wondering what they ought to do about it, when they were startled by a cheerful hail from the river. Running out on deck, they beheld a pair of bedraggled but smiling individuals approaching in an old skiff. They recognized the man first.

"Page!" they cried.

Eve was almost extinguished by the man's hat, which was shedding water all around the brim, but George got her smile.

"By gad, it's Eve, too!" he cried.

"They're together!"

Four hands were stretched to pull them aboard. Everybody talked at once. Page was slapped on the back until his lungs coughed in protest. Mortimer got hold of his hand.

"I knew you'd do it, lad, if it was with-in human power!"

The racket they made must have reached all the way to the stage, for presently Mrs. Jolley came running out, followed by her two satellites, Luella and Emily. Then there was a to-do! The three women tried to embrace Eve simultaneously. Finding it quite impossible to express themselves in the presence of the men, they finally dragged her away inside.

"Now sit down, Page, and tell us all about it," said Mr. Jolley.

"Ah-h! There isn't anything to tell," declared Page, scowling like a train-robber in his embarrassment. "I just went out on the Pocahontas and got her—that's all."

"But you didn't have time," objected Mortimer. "She got under way almost as soon as you left here."

"I headed her off at the buoy as she went by," said Page carelessly.

The other men glanced at each other.

"Why didn't you come back?" Mortimer inquired. "Why didn't you let us know? We've put in an awful night!"

"Lost my boat," said Page. "By the way, if any of you fellows hear of a skiff being picked up in the river, let me know. I can use her."

"Oh, hang the skiff! What happened to you when you got on board?"

"Nothing," said Page. "They put us ashore down at my place. That's why I couldn't let you know."

"H-m! Tawney must be a real friendly fellow!" said George dryly.

"Well, he's game," Page admitted.

That was absolutely all they could get out of him.

"Never mind, fellows," said Mr. Jolley at last. "Eve 'll tell the girls, and then we'll hear."

As a matter of fact, Eve herself never learned all that happened on board the Pocahontas. Page had a remarkable capacity for keeping his mouth shut.

"I don't suppose Eve is coming back to us," said Mr. Jolley.

Page shook his head.

"If you're going to lose anything by it—" he began.

"Not another word!" said Mr. Jolley heatedly. "I didn't mean *that*! Hang it all, I have my feelings, too!"

"When are you going to be married, Page?" asked Mortimer.

"Soon," said Page, blushing.

Mr. Jolley drove his fist into his palm.

"By gad, I've got a scheme!" he cried.

"We'll be moving down the river next Sunday. We could lie over for a few hours at whatever point was nearest to your church. Pull it off on Sunday, Page, so we can all be there, and let us give you a wedding breakfast on board the Thespis. You owe it to us, boy! Wasn't it us who brought her to you?"

"Well, I'll speak to Eve about it," said Page, blushing and scowling.

The ladies presently returning, Page announced that he and Eve must be off. Loud protests were raised.

"Stay for lunch, anyhow," boomed Mrs. Jolley. "Give us the pleasure of drinking a toast to your future happiness."

Mr. Jolley glanced at her inquiringly.

"Yes, I have the wherewithal," she said.

"Sorry," said Page, "but there's a poor devil waiting for us in the rain across the river."

Just as Page was handing Eve into the skiff, Rollo came aboard, and greetings, explanations, and farewells had to be repeated for his benefit. When they were finally in the skiff, Rollo suddenly cried:

"Bless my stars, there's a letter for Eve! Just thought of it!"

It was handed over, and Page pulled away, followed by a chorus of good wishes.

Eve opened her letter and read it, while Page whistled under his breath and gazed at the sky in an effort to conceal the fact that he was devoured with curiosity as to its contents. When she had finished, she handed it over to him without speaking. Page betrayed himself by the promptness with which he pulled in his oars and took it. He read:

DEAR EVE:

They say open confession is good for the soul, so here goes. In that talk we had together I was lying to you throughout, as you guessed. I was still working for Tawney then, and he was behind the whole thing; but I swear you taught me my lesson, Eve. I'm a changed man now.

When I got back to New York and told the old man my story, he flew off the handle and properly smashed things up. He ordered me back on the next train to make trouble between you and Brookins. That was a bit too thick. I told him to get somebody else to do his dirty work, and I quit then and there. Maybe you won't believe me, but it was a load off my soul. I walked out of that room a free man!

Now Tawney will make all the trouble he can for you. He may go down there himself. You just stand fast. Don't let him pull anything. Above all, stick close to your friends. Don't let him get his hands on you. He'll stop at nothing now. He thinks he's above the law.

Eve, when all this blows over, what do you say to working for me next season? If he can't get you, that production is worth nothing to Tawney. I can get somebody to buy it in for me. The contract with the theater is in my name. To prove to you that I'm acting in good faith, I hereby release you from all obligations under our old contract. That is null and void in any case. If you will make a new contract with me, I will pay you a thousand dollars weekly flat, or five hundred a week and twenty per cent of the net. Let me know quick, for I'll either have to fill that theater or let it go.

My regards to Brookins. He's *all right*, Eve.

Your sincere friend,

MAURICE GIBBON.

Page handed the letter back without comment.

"What do you think of it?" Eve asked eagerly.

"It's up to you," he said with an expressionless face.

Eve sighed.

"I shall never be able to get a thing out of him directly," she thought. "I shall have to learn how to wait, and find out what he thinks by watching him."

THE END

Angel Man

BY WILBER WALES WHEELER

Illustrated by H. T. Fisk

HAVE you ever been incarcerated under the same roof with a couple who have been married for a year and are still basking in the radiance of a long-drawn-out honeymoon?

I have.

Can you imagine a supposedly sane member of my feminine sex walking to the edge of a veranda and calling:

"Come, angel man! Your little breakus is ready!"

And then a big, strong man, typical Westerner and hard-boiled hero of the world war, now a dignified member of the bar, rising up from a flower-bed where he had been planting daisies—mind you, daisies—and replying:

"Yes, treasure love, I'm coming in the tiniest minute!"

And it happened in Denver, too—a place which novelists have usually represented as peopled with red-blooded men and sensible women!

Stopping over in the Western city for one of my periodical rests on my suffragist lecture tour, I was striding up the walk to the Valentine cottage when I overheard the edifying conversation repeated above. Then Mrs. Valentine, spying me, called:

"Hurry up, angel man! Here comes Miss Buchanan."

Thus I became the official guest of the Valentine family by right of a long-standing friendship with both sides of the house;

also, perhaps, because I can remain unmoved and watch them sit on the same side of the breakfast-table, taste each other's coffee to sweeten it, quarrel playfully over the last piece of toast, and indulge in other ludicrous diversions of the newly wedded.

A coworker of mine, a highly intelligent maiden lady, was invited to spend a week at their house; but, according to her own version, she went raving mad, and ran, shrieking, away from them.

After Mrs. Valentine had inquired anxiously as to my health—she was anxious to learn if I could stand the strain for a week, I presume—she cried:

"Oh, I've the grandest news for you! My brother is coming in from the

mountains to visit us! He isn't married. Hasn't seen a woman for years; has been too busy with his old mining schemes. He'd make a mighty fine catch for some old stick



"GOOD MORN-
ING! IS
RUBBISH
GOING FOR
A LITTLE
MOTOR-SPIN?"

of a bachelor girl who does nothing but run around talking votes and isms!"

I hastened to assure that charming young woman that there was nothing further from my mind than matrimony; that there was nothing more noble than my efforts to uplift my sisters in bondage; and that, after spending a week with herself and her equally charming husband, it was by sheer strength of will that I prevented myself from taking the veil.

Mrs. Valentine was gracious enough to smile at my remark. Then she and Jimmy escorted me to the dining-room and permitted me to have some breakfast.

Mr. William Wilding arrived that after-

noon, and I was duly presented. A man of the outdoorsy, caveman type does not as a rule appeal to me, for he either sniffs idiotically at every remark you make or plunges into some supposedly profound discussion of things derogatory to the really advanced and unshackled woman.

To describe him, I shall merely remark that he was easy to look at. He was one of those clean-cut and clean-limbed men that young girls like to dream about—frank, honest, and with a keen sense of humor—for a man. We quickly became friends, and soon were indulging in the chaff and banter that prevail in the Valentine mansion.



MR. AND MRS. VAL-
ENTINE LOOKED AT
ME AS I STOOD BLUSHING
ON THE THRESHOLD, THEN
AT MR. WILDING, AND THEN
AT EACH OTHER. THEY
UNDERSTOOD

We—Mr. Wilding and myself—were sitting on the veranda while Mrs. Valentine was superintending the preparation of dinner. Jimmy Valentine was in the garden, using his college education and legal training to devise new and intricate designs of clam-shells about a flower-bed.

As we sat there and watched the earnest toiler, Mrs. Valentine came fluttering out of the dining-room, and, spying her better half industriously patting a large mound of earth with his hands, called:

"Be careful, angel man, and don't breathe any flu germs!"

"All right, treasure love, I'll be careful," he cheerfully replied, and continued his highly intellectual performance of arranging clam-shells.

Mr. Wilding, hearing the dialogue, looked at me in surprise and asked:

"Do you have to listen to that foolishness all the time you are here?"

I replied that it had long since ceased to be foolish; that I now looked upon it as an outrage.

"Treasure love" again fluttered out on the veranda and instructed "angel man" to enter the house and prepare for dinner. Angel man gave a parting pat to the clam-shells, straightened to his full six feet, and came up the path.

"The idea," remarked Mr. Wilding, "of a big, husky bird like that neglecting his law practise to play with clam-shells and answer to the call of 'angel man'! Something should be done to stop it before they become the laughing-stock of the entire community."

As I said before, though Mr. Wilding was a mere man, he appeared to be sensible. So I assured him that I would do all in my power to assist him in suppressing his esteemed sister and brother-in-law, and suggested strangulation.

The call for dinner interrupted our conversation for the time being. While at table, Mr. Wilding shuddered every time the moonstruck couple patted each other's hands. When angel man cut treasure love's steak into minute particles and tenderly cautioned her to chew it carefully, I could see that he restrained himself with much difficulty.

After dinner, while Mr. and Mrs. Valentine were still cooing at each other over the coffee, Mr. Wilding and I retreated to the veranda.

"Isn't it horrible?" he began.

"Worse than that," I assented.

"Two grown-up people, married nearly a year, talking baby talk to each other. It's scandalous!"

"And they are so unconscious of how it sounds to other people! Imagine a big six-footer, his nose peeling from sunburn, being called angel man!"

Mr. Wilding asked if there was not some way to break them of the habit.

"Justifiable homicide," I suggested.

He shook his head.

"We can mimic them," he continued.

"I will not be called treasure love, under any circumstances," I objected.

"Then I shall call you the opposite. How about 'rubbish'?"

He looked at me and laughed. In my summing up of Mr. Wilding I forgot to mention his laugh. It is a deep-throated rumble, yet somewhat musical, and it causes a gathering of funny little wrinkles about his nose which made him look—well, rather adorable.

The rumble, the wrinkles, and the rest of it made me forget the protest I was about to make concerning my new name, so I merely remarked:

"What shall I call you? How about 'monkey man'?"

"I don't like that," he said antagonistically, just like a man.

"It isn't any worse than rubbish," I stated spiritedly.

"Well, I guess it might as well be monkey man as anything," with a resigned sigh.

"It will be all right when you get accustomed to it. But look at me. Can you imagine the complimentary and congratulatory remarks I shall be subjected to when you first call me rubbish in the presence of those two near-wits? And where will my dignity be?"

"Think of the martyr you are making of yourself."

"Then we shall mart together for the common good," I exclaimed bravely. "And mimic everything they say."

"And do," he suggested.

"Everything they say," I replied, disdaining to notice his interruption, but speaking in a tone that told him not to repeat his remark. "And we shall start to-morrow morning."

The two of us sat on the veranda, totally ignored by the couple inside the house, and practising baby talk, until I felt con-

strained to remark to Mr. Wilding that we were making ourselves too ridiculous, and, leaving him to finish his cigar, entered the house. He followed me shortly afterward and managed to entice the three of us into

as I stood blushing on the threshold, then at Mr. Wilding, and then at each other. They understood.

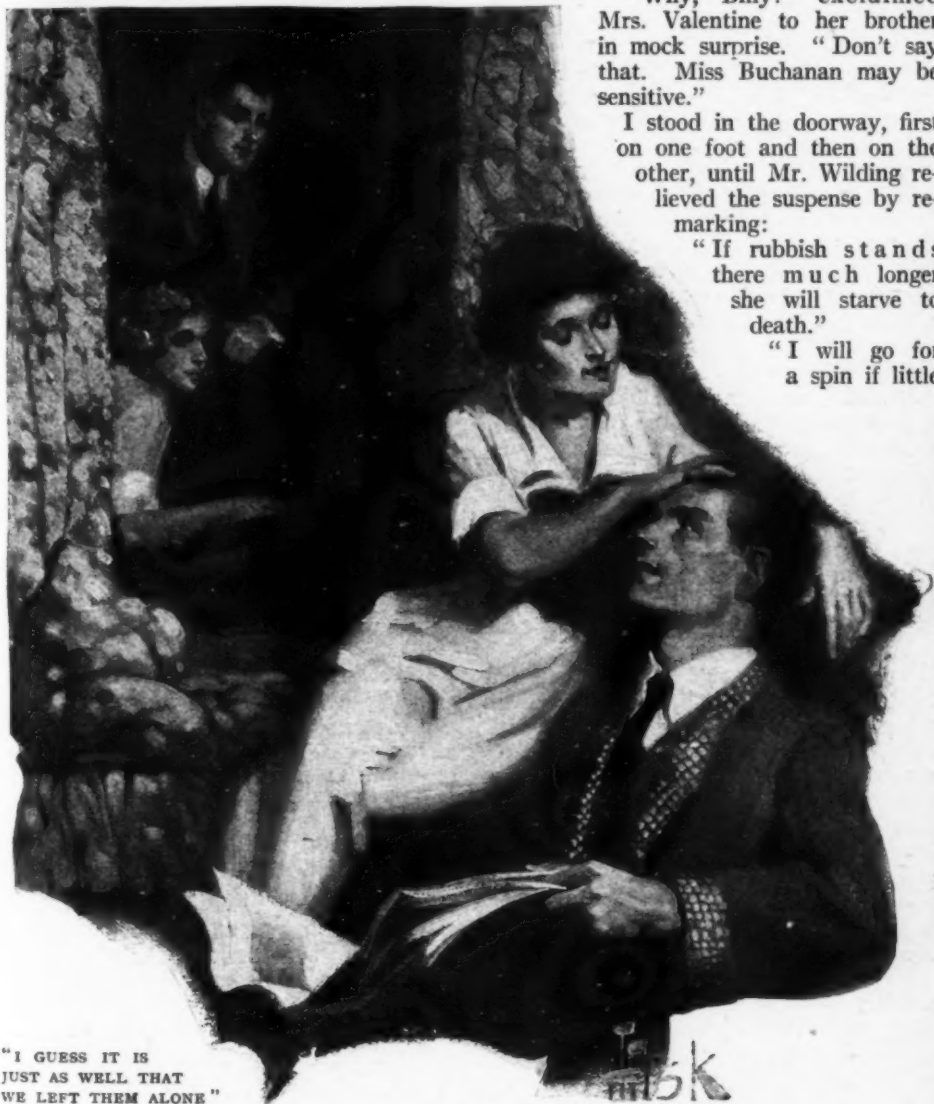
"Out of the mouths of babes and suckers—" murmured Jimmy into his plate.

"Why, Billy!" exclaimed Mrs. Valentine to her brother in mock surprise. "Don't say that. Miss Buchanan may be sensitive."

I stood in the doorway, first on one foot and then on the other, until Mr. Wilding relieved the suspense by remarking:

"If rubbish stands there much longer she will starve to death."

"I will go for a spin if little



"I GUESS IT IS
JUST AS WELL THAT
WE LEFT THEM ALONE"

a game of cards until a respectable hour for retiring.

Next morning, as I entered the dining-room, Mr. Wilding greeted me with the remark:

"Good morning! Is rubbish going for a little motor-spin to-day?"

Mr. and Mrs. Valentine looked at me

monkey man will go with me," I finally managed to answer.

Mr. and Mrs. Valentine gasped as one. Then they dubbed us "the missionaries," and went serenely back to their argument concerning the complexion and physical condition of their prospective daisies.

And so it continued—treasure love, angel

man, rubbish, and monkey man, all jumbled together. The teasing and the sarcastic remarks would have brought disruption to any but the best of friends, and Mr. Wilding had the satisfaction of noticing that Jimmy and Ethel were becoming less frequent with their use of pet names.

The days passed quickly. It was Saturday evening. I was to leave on Monday morning, and Mr. Wilding was to start for his mountain retreat the same afternoon. We had spent a glorious week together, motoring over the mountains or riding horseback along the shady country roads.

Jimmy and Ethel were in the house, reading the paper to each other, and Mr. Wilding and I were occupying our customary chairs on the veranda. The moon, a great red disk, was just rising through the trees.

Mr. Wilding was leaning back in his chair, with one arm behind his head, lost in a profound study of the ceiling, while I, leaning forward in my chair, was surreptitiously lost in a profound study of Mr. Wilding.

"You are really going away on Monday?" I remarked, in order to break the long silence.

"Yes, Monday at four thirty," replied Mr. Wilding mechanically, still lost in contemplation of the ceiling.

There was really nothing about the ceiling to excite any one's interest—just plain matched boards without a break—but gradually I found a fascinating interest in it myself, until at last it got on my nerves. It evidently affected him in the same manner. He threw his cigar over the railing into the beloved daisy-patch in impatience, and made a new and highly original remark by saying:

"You, too, are going away on Monday, I believe?"

"Yes; Monday at four thirty," I replied dreamily; then added a bit crossly: "What a brilliant remark!"

"It is better than time-worn remarks

about the moon or the weather, isn't it?" he retorted in self-defense.

"Ye-es," I replied, debating the matter seriously. "But isn't it too bad that we have to go our respective ways now, just as our missionary work is commencing to have some effect on Jimmy and Ethel? In another week they will be as bad as ever."

He glanced in at the window, and there, sitting by the table in the Morris chair, was Jimmy, with Ethel perched upon one arm of it, one hand firmly grasping her lord and master's raven locks. She was reading over his shoulder.

"They are awfully happy," remarked Mr. Wilding. There was something in his tone—a deeper, fuller note, so different from his usual manner that it struck a similar chord within me. "Shall we go for a walk?" he continued.

As I rose, he reached out to help me up. As he put his hand on mine, a great wave of longing, of lonesomeness, seemed to sweep over us both.

Catching me in his arms, he cried:

"Bettina, there is some one you can make as happy as those two in there—some one who can make you as happy as they—some one who has been searching for you for years. Will you, Bettina—will you let me make you happy?"

Slowly I removed my hands from against his chest, where they had gone from instinct of self-defense; and then, as my warm, clinging arms stole slowly about his neck and my head was buried on his strong, manly shoulder, a great sigh of happiness escaped his lips.

"Treasure love," he murmured, "does oo love oor 'tittle angel man?"

With my strong, capable hands I took his firm, bronzed neck, bent back his head, and, with his love-lit eyes gazing into mine, slowly strangled him. Then I flung his splendidly muscled body on the floor and fled out into the night. After that remark, I could not live with or without him; so better eternal, utter darkness!

WHEN LOVE IS LORD

How wonderful it is that you and I
Each other's secret thoughts can read! No lie
The tongue can ever speak, when soul to soul
Love claims his own in life's momentous whole;
No hidden recess in your heart can be,
When that fond heart is beating all for me!

Ida Eckert-Lawrence